

THE UNIVERSITY

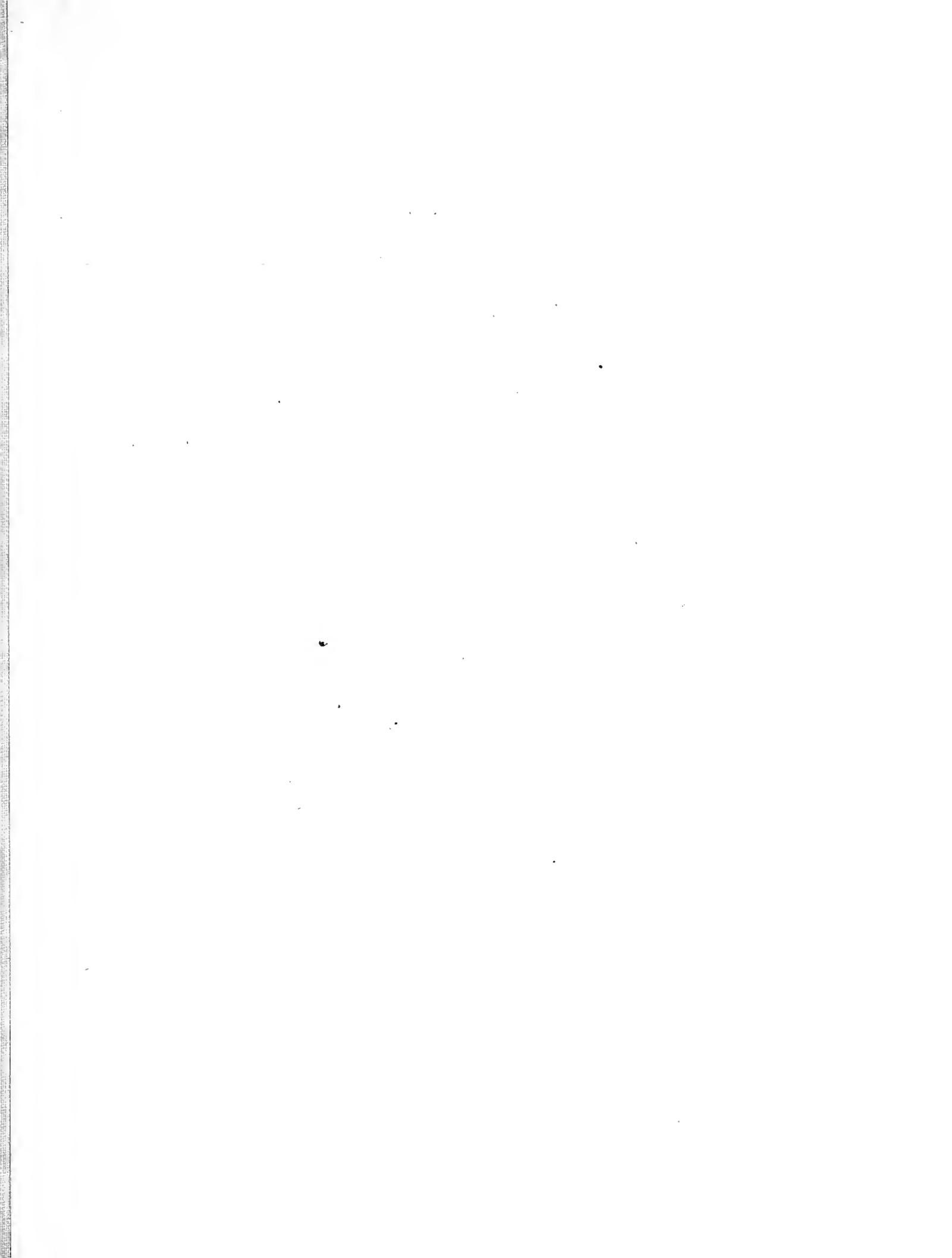
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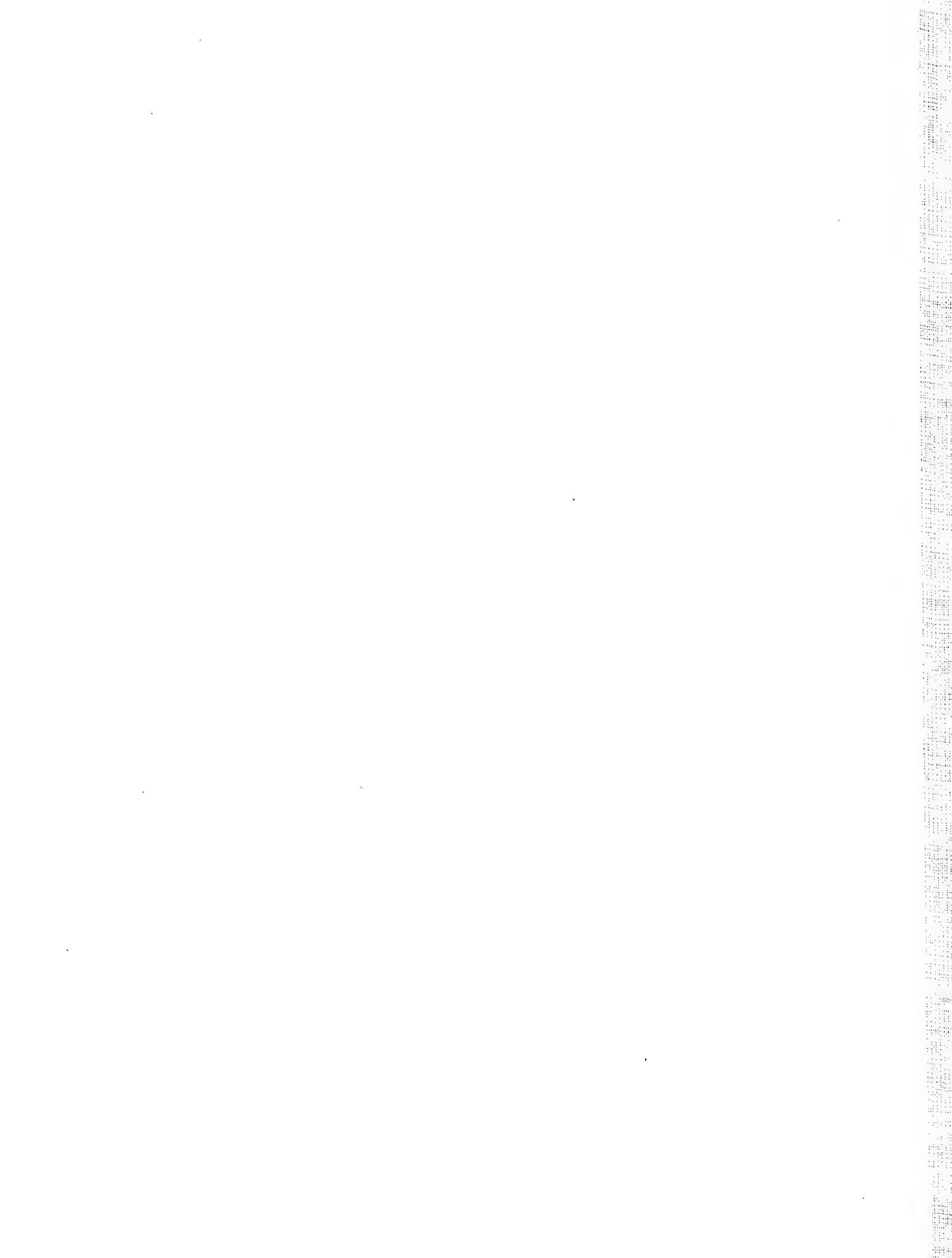
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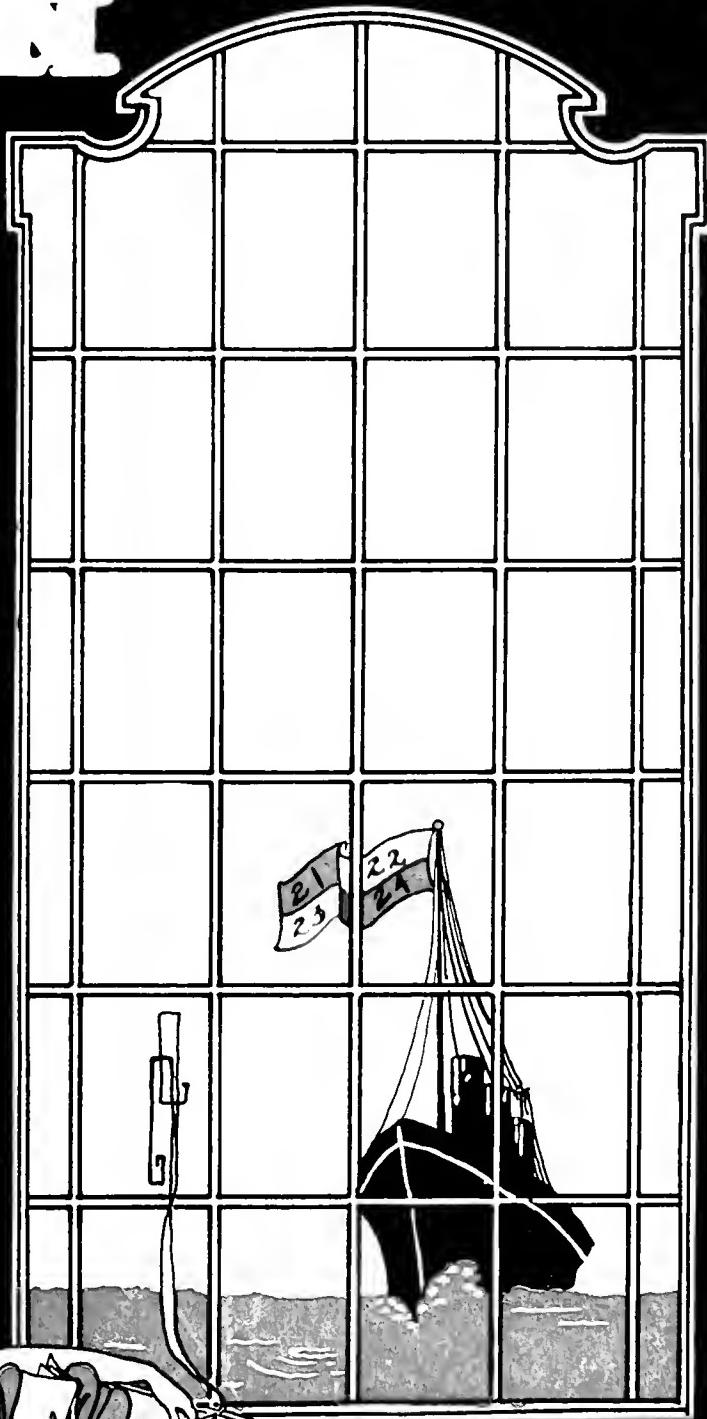
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STYLISH



BALCHMAN
1922

COME BACK NUMBER
SEPTEMBER, 1920

JOS. KUHN & CO.

YOU'LL BE GLAD OF IT

If you make it a point to get clothes of the best quality. You'll find that it's the quality that saves money for you, more than a low price.

Hart Schffner & Marx, Society Brand
Griffon and Clothcraft
Clothes

cost no more than clothes of such quality should cost. You'll find these clothes "cheaper to wear" in the long run because they last longer and look better than clothes which are only "cheap to buy."

New Fall and Winter Styles Now on Display

Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men's Wear

Jos. Kuhn & Co.

33-35-37 Main St.

Champaign

TODAY
V. 1

A downtown bank account will be a convenience for you. We welcome your business.

The Urbana Banking Company

STRAUCH PHOTO-CRAFT HOUSE

Photo Finishing Specialists
Pictures and Framing
Fountain Pens and Stationery

The Art and Gift Shop

625 South Wright Street
Adjoining Campus

THE ONCE OVER
WHEN I was coming back
TO SCHOOL this time
THE TRAIN was
QUITE CROWDED
BUT I managed
TO GET a seat finally
WITH A little fellow
WHO WORE one of those
ANTIQUE COLLARS
AND RIGHT across from us
WAS A fat lady
WHO HAD seven children
AND THE little fellow and I
STARTED A conversation
THAT IN due time
REACHED THE subject
OF MATRIMONY
AND WE agreed perfectly
THAT IT was foolish
FOR A man
TO GET married
AND I used the
THE FAT LADY across
THE WAY as
A HORRIBLE example
OF MATRIMONIAL misbliss
AND I told him
THAT I bet her husband
LED A dog's life of it
AND HE agreed with me
AND I said
WHEN I wanted
TO GO any place
ALL I wanted
TO PACK was a suitcase
AND HE said,
"ME TOO,"
AND I said
THAT THE fellow
WHO CONTEMPLATED marriage
SHOULD CONSULT an alienist
AND HE said,
"YOU BET."
AND BY that time
WE HAD
JUST ABOUT reached Champaign
AND AS I got up
TO LEAVE
THE FAT LADY across the way
SHIVIED AN orange
ACROSS THE aisle
TO THE little fellow
"JOHN! JOHN! JOHN!"
PEEL THIS for the baby."

—G. F. L.

- 5929

WELCOME

The new as well as the old
Students—to the oldest and
most reliable Jewelry Store
in Champaign—you are in-
vited—The better quality of
goods in gold and silver are
found here.

Wuesteman JEWELER

"Hallmark Store" Champaign

For Your Drinks Get

ACCUSTOMED TO
COMING TO

Schuler
BROS.
CONFECTIONERY

NO. 9 MAIN ST.



CHOCOLATE "MALTS" AND BOS-
TONS OUR SPECIALTIES

Welcome to the

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Everything is in readiness for you at this big University Supply Store on the square.

Our salesforce can tell you exactly what you need in supplies. You'll get the most trustworthy advice by men who know.

Make our store your headquarters while attending the University. If we can be of service to you in any way, we are only too glad to do so.

THE CO-OP STORE

The Students' Store—On the Square

I've never met an old soubrette
A tempting, pretty suffragette,
Nor have I see a catfish drinking booze.
But I would give my motor car,
And take my chances as they are,
If I could press two lips and not taste rouge.

"My dear," she remarked to the one with the tortoise-shell glasses, "I don't believe in kissing a man unless I'm engaged to him."

"Hummum," replied she of the t. s. g., "What a quantity of rings you must have."

TOGS

Tailored Individually

---and---

Ready-To-Wear

*Meet us Head of Main St.
CHAMPAIGN*

COOK BROS.

CANDYLAND

CONFECTIONERY

DOWNTOWN

For your ice cream sodas, sundaes and fancy dishes, etc. Home-made candy fresh every day.

When you are downtown, come in, you will be treated right, and don't forget that we make Frappes for clubs, parties and dances. See us before you order.



"HELLO BOYS"

The Arcade Barbers are also
glad to return

Geo. G. Brown

GEE, MN'T IT AWFUL?

She was some woman.
We watched her
--Rolls-Royce up to the curb.
With scarcely a flutter, and
Saw the blue-clad flunkies hop
To her side with
Service written in every
Step. The footman
Assisted the queen to alight.
And she swung down with
A grace that disturbed not
A tassel
On Fido's tricolette.
We followed her majestic approach
To the entrance of the
Bon-Bon Shoppe, thinking
All the time of when knighthood
Was in flower, when
She suddenly turned for
Just one last word
To her chauffeur—
"Say, Steve,
Have you saw
Fido's blanket?"

504 E. Green St.

New Brogues for Men

*Scotch Grain
Norwegian Calf
Cordovan
Boarded Cordovan*

NETTLETON'S
EDWIN CLAPP'S
JOHNSON & MURPHY

Three of the Highest Grade Lines of Men's Shoes

Snyder & Snyder

504 E. Green St.

(Woody's Place)

Bidwells'
Peanuts

Best in town

Nuf Sed

We Supply Ice Cream

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and other large gatherings where food refreshments are served. We guarantee prompt deliveries of the best ice cream made under strictest sanitary conditions and shall be pleased to arrange with committees and others for supplying this best of all refreshments and desserts.



Champaign Ice Cream Co.

Bell 175

115-117 E. University

Auto 2107

THE FIRST VACATION

Glad I was when rolling northward
On the old Illini Central
To the blessed Breezy City
Where the elevateds rumble.



T. M. Bacon & Sons

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass

Corner Walnut and Taylor Streets



On the Boule Mich all the women
Looked like twice a million dollars.
I gazed pop-eyed at their beauty,
Guess they're co-eds from Northwestern.

What relief from Ec and Logic!
Is this brilliant Peacock Alley!
And I yellowed homeward, wond'ring
Why I ever left Chicago.

On the south-bound train for John street.
Soon my nose will graze the grindstone,
Writing checks and buying malteds,
Hoping that I'll pass Accounting.

SERGEANT TAKE HIS NAME

Sergeant (At recruiting office, to prospective recruit): What's your name?

Prospective Recruit: I. Lehigh Low.
Sergeant: Stop your yodeling and answer me!

Announcements?

Programs?

Stationery?

Placards?

Dope Sheets?

Loose Leaf Note Books?

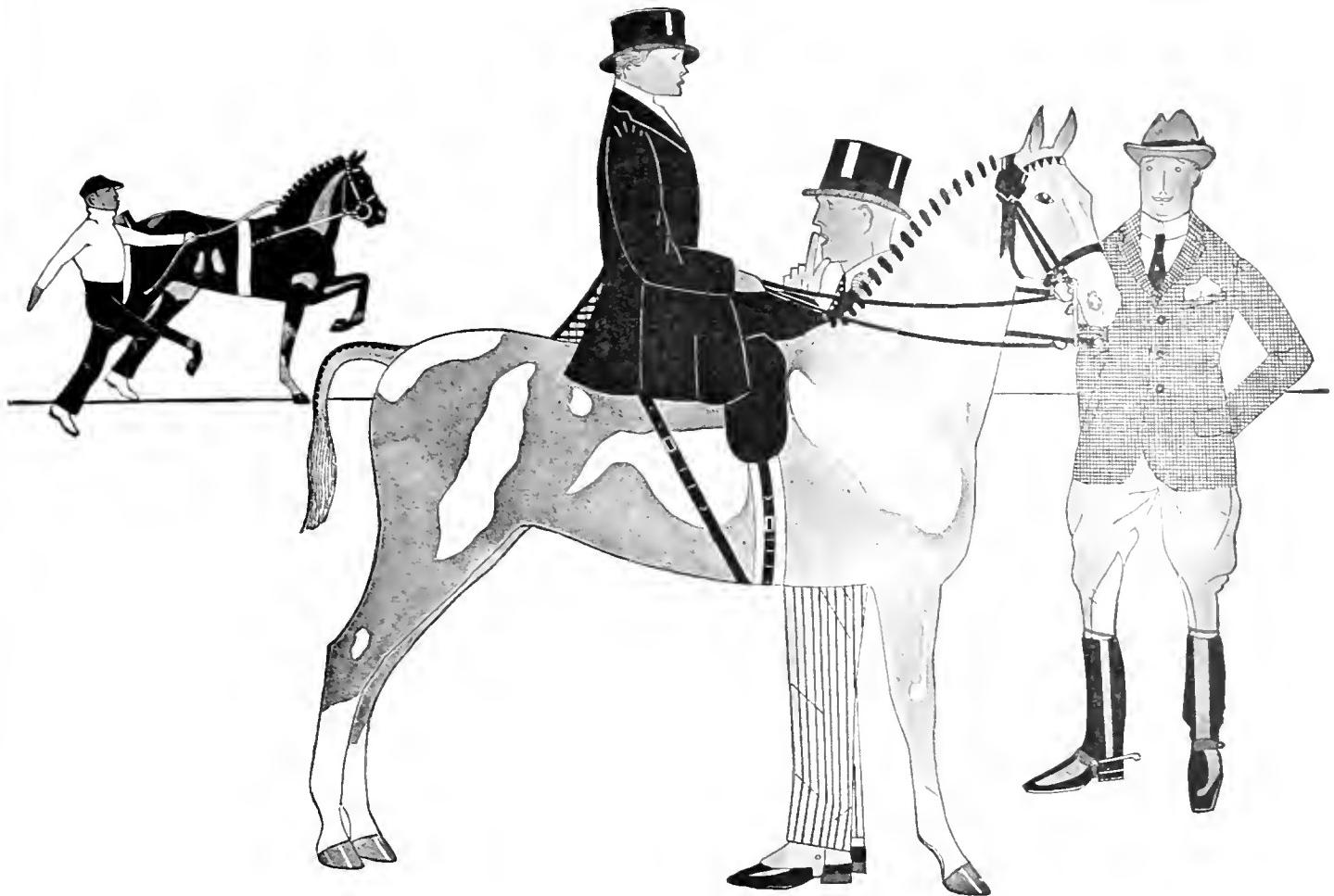
Carbon Paper?

Typewriter Ribbons?

Fountain Pen & Writing Ink?

The Answer

Geo. D. Louden Printing Co.



*Jimmy, I could really learn to love you if you wore a
collar as well as Stubby Bates.*



*Well turned out, isn't he? Crank on dress - always wears
Lion collars and a grey hat.*

*I'm not so fussy about the hat, but Jimmy, do hurry and
get in Lion.*

Billiards

Bowling

Tobacco

*Smokers
Supplies*

**Arcade Billiard
Parlor**

*"Clean Sport for Regular
Fellows".*

Barber Shop--

Two Barbers--

Barber Supplies--

7 A. M. to 8 P. M.

SATURDAY 7 A. M. to 11 P. M.

J. Y. ROSE

One Block East of Chem Building

THAT FATAL WORD

I went to see a doctor today.
What did he say?
No.

GOWNS \$150 PER

"Man wife wants little here below,"
The poet sang with fire;
There's only one comment to make,
That poet is a liar.

EVOLUTION

Whiskey.
Whiskey and soda.
And soda.
Soda.

BROTHERHOOD

The other day Bill
Who is my fra-
Ternity brother
Came to me
And said, "Jim,
Lend me your pin
For a day or two."
So I gave it
To him.

You know that
Swell girl of
Mine up there
In Chicago
Whom I brought
Down for the
Junior Prom?
Well, this morning
I received a
Letter from her
Which commences
"Owfully happy!
Won't you congratulate me
Because now I'm
Wearing Bill's
Pin."

Darn him!

FAMOUS O'S

O Henry
O Min
O hell.

BOY—THE MOP

At 10,000 feet,
Flew Howard Key.
The propelle: dropped—
So did he.

SODAS

LUNCHES

Box Candy

**Banquet
Candy**

**"Home
Made"
Candies**

**Frappes
and
Punches**

Mosi-Over

FOR MORE

on Green Street
To Be Sure

8 Main St., Champaign

Gar. 1121, Main 1

Smith & Picard

(Successors to Dallenbach Bros.)

PORK PACKERS

Home killed Meats and Poultry

From the Farm to You Direct

Special Prices to Sororities, Fraternities and Clubs

Wholesale

Lard

Retail

THE WIDOW'S UNDERSTANDING

The lawyer scanned the document

And figured every single cent;

Then turned, and, "Widow Brown," sez he,

"You have a nice fat legacy."

The widow blushed and turned her head,

Of what remains, let this be said,

She (as a lady, like as not)

Discharged her lawyer on the spot.

***WE'RE GLAD TO SEE
YOU BACK.***

***FACULTY AND
STUDENTS***

**GET ACQUAINTED WITH CHAMPAIGN'S
GREATEST STORE FOR MEN**

**J.M. KAUFMAN
AND COMPANY**



The Siren's Friend

He has a strange form of address—
The poor fellow stutters, I guess;
I asked, "Where shall I go
"To buy most for my dough?"
And he smilingly said, "S-S-S."

STUDENT SUPPLY STORE

service saving satisfaction

GREEN STREET

"Chuck" Baily

—Managers—

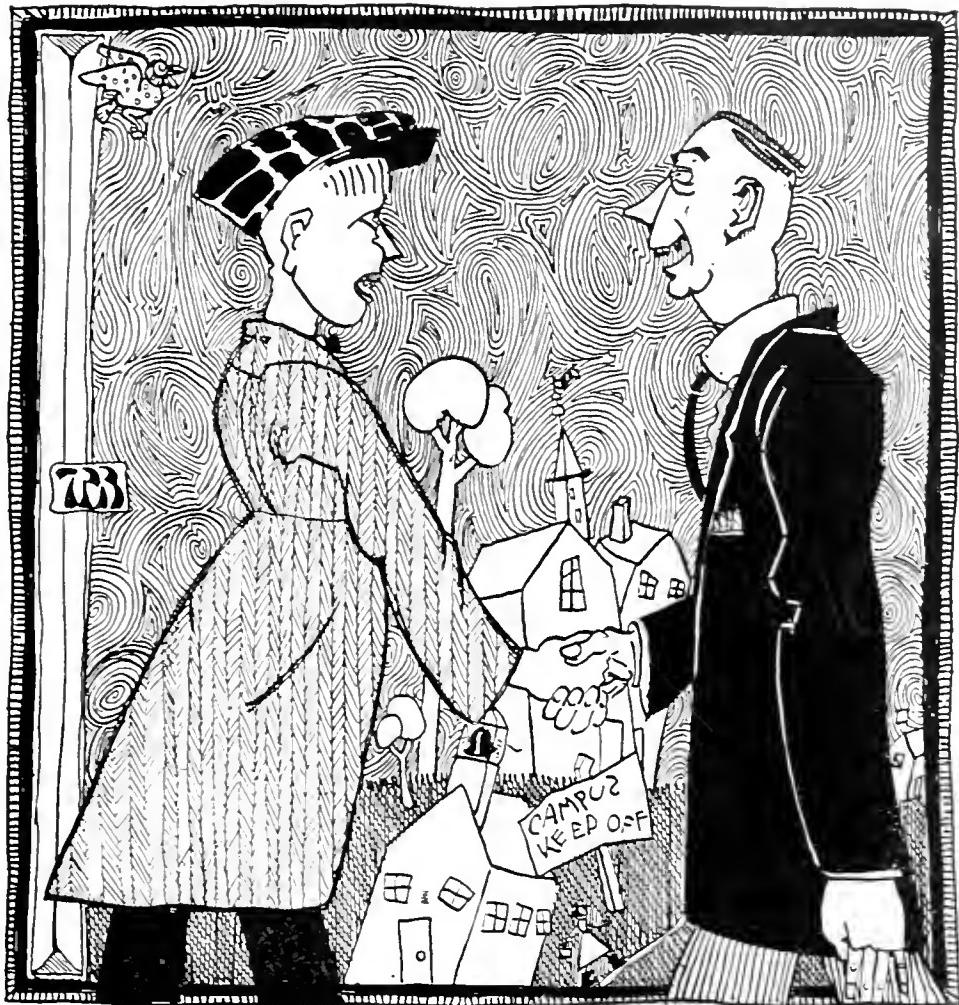
"Shelby," Hines

The Student's Friend

A happy bunch are we
SERVING you, with glee
We help you out just fine
SAVING you steps, money and time
And our patrons are indeed
SATISFIED of all their needs.

We supply to your liking
Books, novelties and paper writing
We help you to select
Pens and Leather goods correct
We suit all your moods
With Music, Fiction and Kodak goods.

3S



Bertie, '22, meets up with Ham, '22 also, after a long hot summer away from college. They are certainly glad to see each other. They say so, in fact. The fact that they both desire the chairmanship of the Prom committee this year makes the reunion all the more touching. Ham is wondering how a bird with a face like Bertie's can hope for honor and position in this life, and Bertie, hard agrip of Ham's moist mitt, is stifling a sob of pity for the other's glaring deficiencies. The moment is a pregnant one.



Observe, my child, how debonaire,
These students are; how free from care.
Observe with what fell looks they scorch
Who chanceth by the sister's porch.
Their pinky hands, their pretty feet
Proclaim that they are the elite.
Oh, emulate, my dear ,their ways,
So that you too, in all your days,
May not with knife insult your pie
And ever rightly knot your tie.
And in your jolly junior year
Be a veranda buccaneer.



'21: I see the Chewa Hunks are
rushing you; are congratulations in
order?

'24: Dunno. They haven't paid
for their new house yet and the
hard-wood floors are immense.

While we are for democracy
And detest aristocracy,
We know that there's a place for everything.
For instance in that hand last night
To make the circumstances right,
We could have stood the presence of a King.

A little vamp, a low turned lamp,
A heart filled high with hope;
A wisp of hair, a shoulder bare,
All is such deadly dope.



Edit. Note: The presence of
this Champaign copper is to us in-
explicable. The art editor says he
is put here to keep the roller skating
dame on page 19 from getting on
a skate. Take that explanation if
you want to. If she can get on one
of those things take her address.



A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



I WAS Aloysius.

Don't you remember me? The guy with the briefcase, the

Cigar holder,

And the sour look. Over and above

Everything else on earth I worshipped learning.

The penurious and bescoffed Professors were my gods,
And I the apple of their dim old eyes.

They predicted great things of me.

After I (and my PBK Key) graduated I

Met

A girl with sky-blue eyes and ambitions.

She worked in a bakery. And

Now—

I work in the bakery too.

"I WONDER IF HE'LL MISS ME," sang the young lady with the cracked voice. And from the balcony came the answer, "If he does he ought never be trusted with a gun."

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPLESS

Being the chronicle of the return of a wanderer and his joys at the return—eke his sorrows.

Monday—Ho! Hum. Up and at the game of bucking the tomes once more, tho i'sooth I'd rather again be battering the one speed mill for my friend's swift "Spectator." To the halls of learning in hopes to sign for the nine months 'battle, but home again when I found hundreds of the early birds there afore and a new system of registration that puzzles me sorely.

Tuesday—Roused by the spouse the morn to do battle with the hordes. Signed for courses after some hours milling with the yokelry already in line—then to do it all over again for the want of sufficient data. Made mine tenth round of the buildings at 5 o' the clock when I had gotten blue cards instead of lavender, and finished—thence to hay.

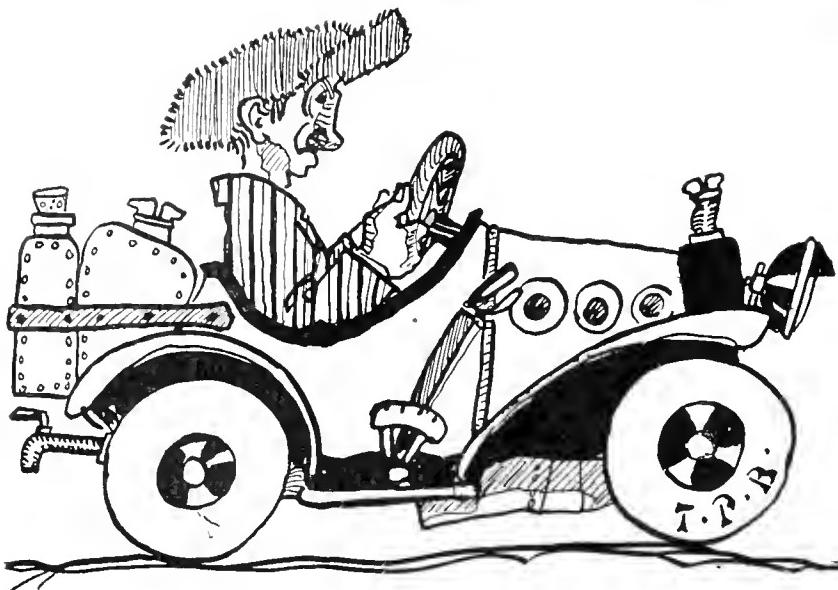
Wednesday—Given time; having registered according to the new system devised by certain learned heads among the faculty, did stop, cogitate and ponder at length on the system of registering alphabetically as promulgated, and 'sooth did wonder how I had ever done it. For the time I was much in the position of one Celestial of my acquaintance whose name is spelled in laundry slip monosyllables and who opined he thought he was supposed to register sometime Sunday week.

Thursday—Saw several notables about the walks this day and remembered the nick-cognomen of a lady friend of the summer called such ones "Hollyhocks," which, if I remember right is a tall, more or less statuesquely beautiful flower that no one ever picks. Some of the men of the by-ways still part their hair in the middle and smoke Milos. Bobbed hair seems less popular this year—which gives us a throb for the girls who bobbed it in ye last epoc and it hasn't grown out again. Ah! Fashion, what crimes are committed in thy name.

Saturday—That practice known as "rushing" seems flourishing, withal the high cost of malts should prohibit some of the wild spending. Saw two brethren of a well known menage looking over the stock of black jacks and purchasing chloroform and am much puzzled as to the meaning.

Sunday—The election being over, did hear two upstarts conversing on Henry Ford and protesting much that he does not drive a perambulator of his own make but chooses a foreign car, and it is another source of wonder to me, why they rant—don't many foreigners drive Ford cars? In truth, 'tis so.

S. P.



SOUR GRAPES

No matter what your talents are
If you but own a motycar
You're certain to be popular.

AH! LA SNAPPY STORIES!

It was for the most indifferent of the young men that her heart yearned; it was the caress of Douglas, who brushed by her with hardly a word, that she craved.

Tonight she would put him to the test.

She walked slowly to a huge arm chair that faced the door, and, settling herself comfortably in it, awaited his coming. An occasional shiver of misgiving shook her slim form as she thought of his arrival. She rested her soft white face on the arm of the chair and closed her eyes.

Suddenly the door opened, her body grew tense with eagerness. Douglas entered, and stopped short as he saw her. A flush of anger reddened his face, then as her large brown eyes sought his, pleading for his love, the anger receded. He laughed good-naturedly.

"You here, Betty?" he said.

She wagged her tail and barked happily.

The artist has featured in many a joke,
We laugh at his hair and his tie.
The jester is always delighted to poke
Lots of fun at the cuss on the sly.

But the poet who said, "He laughs best who laughs last,"

Must have thought of the painter, 'tis clear.
For he is the only one (since some time past)
Who can still draw a small glass of beer.

She stood before her mirror

With her eyes closed very tight,
And tried to see just how she looked
When fast asleep at night.

MOTHER GOOSE (REVISED)

"Where are you going, my pretty lad?"

He thought for a moment, then thrilled,
"For one on the end of this bob-tailed flush,"
And (much to our sorrow) he filled.

Two maids proclaimed their love for me,
I spurned one, then the other.
I told them, tho, that I would be
To each of them a brother.
And now I love, but I love in vain,
(Dame Fortune is a twister);
My idol pauses to explain,
She'll be—to me—a sister.

Don't waste a present on a woman with a past.

Prof: (after long winded proof) "And so, we find
that X equals O."

Sleepy Stude: "Hell, all that work for nothing?"



"IF THE STATEMENT of the prohibition gentleman that a man's life is shortened 25 minutes for every pint of whisky consumed is true," said Raoul Harvey the other evening, "and 15 minutes for every quart of beer, then Steve Dilloughby, with whom I have been associated for the last twenty years, should have been dead seven years, three months and nineteen days, according to my most careful calculations."



PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN'S
FUTURE!

500 FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS 500

(in trade)

will be paid by

THE SIREN

to the estate of any person who is
FOUND DEAD with a copy of the current issue of

THE SIREN

in his pocket, sock, reticule, or carpet bag.

: : : : : : : :

Play safe. Never be without the newest
SIREN. —Adv.



The Absolute Student: Dear me, what's wrong now?

The Relative Cat: You'll have to quit chewing, Master. Every time I chase a mouse into the cuspidor I fail to get him out alive.

MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

With solemn step the King approached the throne. All the vast assembled court did reverence on bended knee, whilst the Royal Band struck up "Rosy O'Grady" on his cornet. Even the jester, ordinarily an obscene Wight, was silent with awe; he even slept at times.

For this was the ceremony of the Royal Footbath, the which is observed once each year in that far land. A golden scuttle of luke-warm suds was held in readiness by the King's own nephew, little Prince Ug. Fresh and snowy towels hung upon the Royal Towel Rack.

Suddenly a gasp of irritation escaped the Imperial Housecop. The King had stumbled! Indeed, he had nearly fallen! An unregarded foot or so of lead pipe, carelessly left about by the Royal Yegg, had done the trick!

The moment was horrible.

But the littlest concubine, being of nimble wit—she was the seventh daughter of a rhetorician—leaped madly toward the tottering King and cried:

"Your Majesty, how did you enjoy your trip?"



The Soviet Comrade: What a curious toy! What is it for?



Ig: Whuzamatter?

Finheim: Zmatter? Oi—the ninth goil she says to the tenth goil, she says, "Meet Mister Moiphy," she says. And you shou ask me whuz-matter!

How times do change!

A year ago
I'd have been strange
To you, I know;
You knew me best behind a plow—
(I wonder who's with Fifi now.)

We understand that a Chicago cash girl, upon being asked if she intended to see the spectacle "Aphrodite" responded, "My Lands, Mag, me spend eleven rocks to see that and me with a full length mirror in my bath-room?"

The state election being over, one faction might be said to have issued the official communiqué, "The Germans have made advances in certain sectors and are in control of several prominent cities."



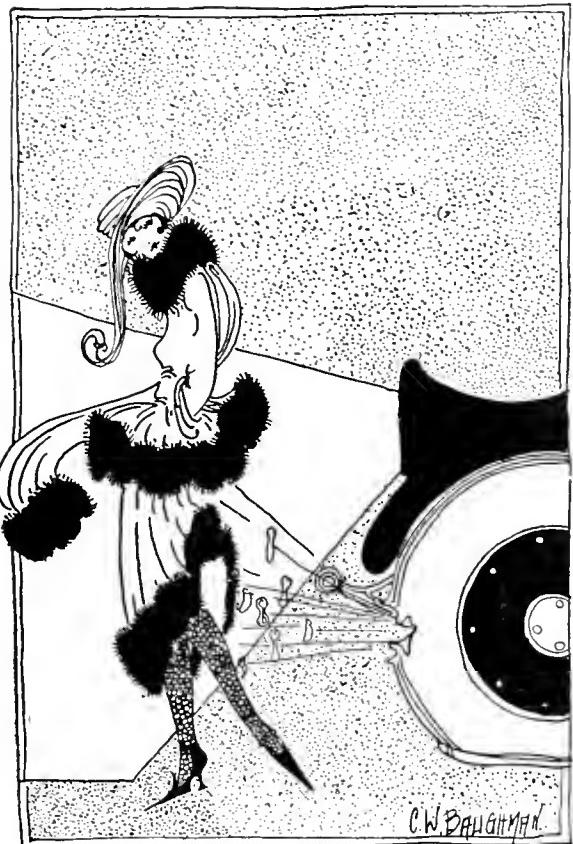
Expect to graduate this year?

Yes. All I have to do to graduate is to keep sober, and pass sixty hours above C.

Can you do that and keep sober?

MAYBE HE WAS A SCOUT FROM THE ANHEU- SER-BUSCH LEAGUE

"B. Weiser from the eastern part of the county was here looking around last week."—Leachville Star.



'Tis an ill wind

OLD PROVERBS REVIVED

The work of man is from sun to sun,
But a woman's work is 'til half past one—
And then she goes to the movies.

HEARD AT THE NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE

Felis: And you were actually egged?

Taurus: Egged? My dear, it was merely to stick out one's tongue to partake of omelette.

OUR CHILD'S PRIMER

Today, dears, we take up the subject of slips. There are many kinds of slips, for instance the one between the cup and the lip (altho they are scarce today), verbal slips, the reading slip, just slips and Princess slips.

The other day a fair co-ed, tripping blithely across the campus trilled to a student, "Hey, Bob, have you got my slip?" She referred to the reading slip, I assure you. Of course she was guilty of a slip when she slipped that one over on him.

Turn in your reading slips next time and be careful, don't slip as you go out the door.

The Siren



Lyle C. Brown, '22
H. S. Haworth, '22
G. R. Stege, '22

G. V. Buchanan, Jr., '22 (ex-'19) ----- Editor
Robert F. Lovett, '21 ----- Business Manager
T. P. Bourland, '23 ----- Art Editor

THE STAFF

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Paul Leach, '23 T. P. Bourland, '23

Justine Pritchard, '22

Art

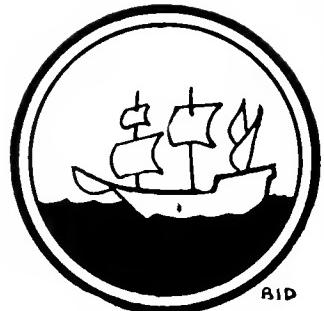
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Business

Martha Pyke

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E. E. Foster, '23
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BACK again.

We seem to hear the ghost of an old-time Scout reminding us that we are "back to the malteds and logic.... and cheek-to-cheek dancing...."

The prospect is good for another huge year. We are all remarkably cheerful and enthusiastic, in spite of prospective creditors looming in the offing, calculus, the unrelieved date-famine, and the high cost of chop suey.

We get a great deal of satisfaction out of knowing that we are at one of the greatest schools in the country. The fame of Illinois is spreading every year and no one need tell us that Illinois is a great l'il old school. We're all back here because we know.

Of course there are a few thousand here who were never here before; to them, greetings. There might well be graven on the lintels of some future University building "The wealth of Illinois is in her freshmen, and her strength lies in their intelligent development."

Anyway, we're back. One more year will roll by, a year of charming inconsistencies and hard work.

Some of the south campus aesthetic dancers remind one of a poor photograph—underdeveloped and over-exposed.

A woman smoking a cigarette is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It's not done well but you're surprised to find it done at all.

IT has been the custom in other years to hand Urbana the gilded razzberry. The Scout, the Illio, and the Old Girl herself have ofttime hung the hooks in Urbana's municipal pride. "The only cemetery in America with electric lights," with variations, has been the theme of many a writer's outburst of idle moments.

This would infer that Champaign were by contrast pulsating with life, athrob (that's a good word, athrob) with vitality, and of a metropolitan trend. But we of the great Outside World who have managed to stay in school as long as this,—why, we know better, that's all.

We do not propose that everybody lay off Urbana, because one gets used to that talk about her. Next after the weather and prohibition the obvious line is to razz Urbana. But why this unfair distinction? There are many of us who actually prefer Urban's shady streets to the no doubt superior attractions of student life in the larger village.

This, to us, is not the least of the problems born of the fact that we find two towns where only one town ought to be. If the number of cracks at a country town is in inverse proportion to the population, then according to Matth. 114 and the census, Champaign deserves at least two jibes to Urbana's three.

We hope that scribblers and professional kidders will remember that the brick sidewalks and the Oregon street car are common features of the Twin Cities. We should be reasonably just.



KIPLING once wrote something about the incompatibility of East and West and wound it up by remarking what a combination it was when two strong men signed articles of agreement and all that sort of thing.

Kipling was right. But he should have pursued the subject farther. Why limit it to males? There is a suffrage amendment to the constitution that should allow the women to have a voice in other things beside politics.

So many twosomes have become proverbial concerning only men such for instance as "when Greek meets Greek." In the case of it being men the meeting resulted in a tug of war or a business partnership. No one has even ventured to express an opinion as to the outcome had it been two women—taking down their hair.

More reputations have been made and lost between the unloosening of the first hairpin and the last of the fifty strokes required to maintain the permaennit wave than there are "Me's" in Ireland.

A woman can no more resist the impulse to confide to her companion the minutest details of her private affairs, and the affairs of others while in the midst of that process universally known as "taking down the hair," than she can resist touching the back of it every three minutes during the day.

The sweet young things do well enough in character vivisection at sorority teas and in the cloak room at dances, but their best work is accomplished during their preparations for slumber—while taking down their hair.

A simple process. Quite. A few hairpins are unloosened, a shake of the head and it is done except for the brushing and braiding. Nothing about it that is especially inspirational, and yet it has the same effect on a woman's tongue as did Johnny Pedestrian formerly have on the speech of the men.

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

The custom of placing the wedding ring upon the third finger of the left hand of the bride originated with the ancients who believed that the nerve of that finger connected with the heart. Nowadays it is put there to keep the engagement ring from slipping off.

THE Siren staff as announced in this issue is by no means permanent. There is a world of room for workers. If you can write, draw or are blessed with ideas, let the Siren have them. If you have a proclivity for selling ads or subscriptions, make it known. It is a good field for scholastic endeavor and a growing one. Women seem to think the Siren offers no opening for them. Bless 'em, what was the 18th amendment ratified for? So they could hang on to straps in street cars and—make the Siren staff.

It is peculiar, but nevertheless a fact, that a woman will talk more and say more at this time than at any other. If you saw Dorothy on her way to Irene's house to spend the night and she saw you—heaven help you if you have ever been indiscreet. She will forget you during the early part of the evening. But when her hair is coming down the memory of your chance meeting a few hours previous will return to her and you will be placed on the slab for verbal dissection.

A girl's plans, her hopes, the secrets of her heart and the gossip she has heard come tumbling out as her hair falls around her shoulders.

At this confidential hour there is but one hope for a person whose life and acts are under discussion,—that it is done while the speaker has her mouth filled with hairpins. The indistinctness of her utterances affords some slight protection for her victim.

In time all state's attorneys, detectives and creatures of that sort will cross-examine their female suspects while they are preparing their coiffure for the night. The suspected girl will be invited to spend the week-end with persons friendly to the state officers. As she is preparing to retire she will be questioned by a woman in the employ of the state. That will be all that is necessary. She will tell all she knows.

For this reason it is not safe to walk too much with the Daisies, for even Daisies have been known to tell while taking down their hair. The only safe thing for a man to do these days is to live in a community where the majority of women have bobbed hair.

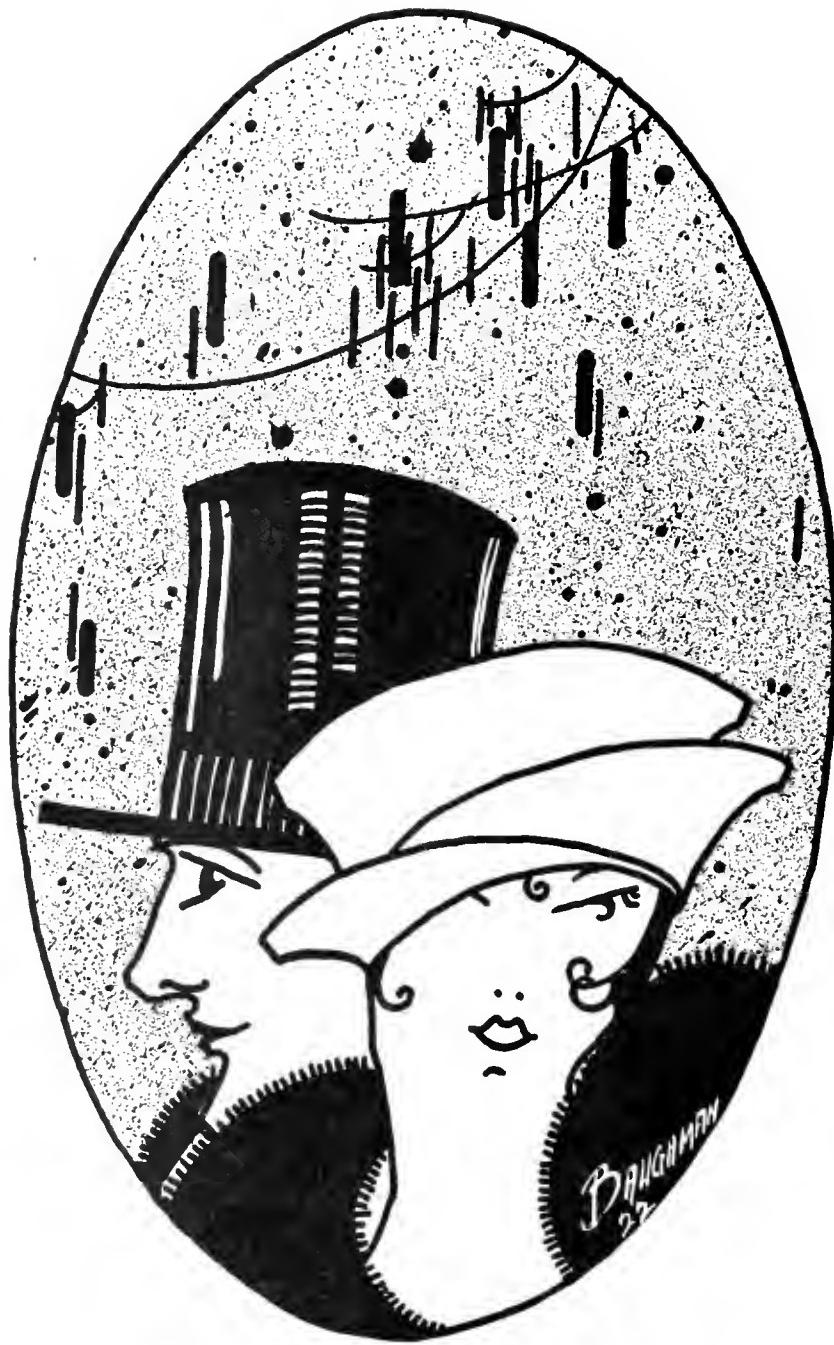
Sampson lost his strength when his locks were shorn. When a woman's hair is scissored her vocal chords are affected, for no woman can gossip effectively when she has no hair to take down. She goes to sleep too easily.

MAKING A HOME MORE HOME-LIKE

An upstate furniture store not long ago had in its window a kitchen table with rolling pin resting thereon. A sign above said "Make Your Home More Home-Like." Whittle your own wheeze.

The October Siren will go to press soon after the tenth of the month. All copy must be in by that time. Your work is requested for that issue and the succeeding ones. Humor, satire, wit, your private peeve—all have a place in the sheet that we say is the 'Life' of Illinois.

The Siren needs various and sundry department editors, notably Exchange and Dramatic. Who wants these jobs—or one of the others?



It: It's all wrong.

That: What's all wrong?

It: That sign.

That: What? That sign which says "Thirsty? Just Whistle?"

It: Yeh. I tried it. It doesn't help a bit.

(Curtain)



MILADY ON WHEELS

Down our street
On pleasant days
With roller skates
Holding their pretty feet up—
Dash our lady friends
Down our street.
Grrrrr-r-r-r-r-r-
What could be sweeter?



Portrait of the genial egg who decided that he couldn't be bothered with further education.

Women's faults are many;
Men have only two,
Everything they say, and
Everything they do.

* * *

When you're walking the floor with baby
Crooning a midnight song,
Be thankful you don't live in Greenland
Where the nights are six months long.

NEWS NOTES

Harding and Cox are both former newspaper men.

Prof. Harrington, the savant of the school of journalism, reports a greatly increased enrollment this year.

The "Siren" cover will be shorter next month. All the other girls are wearing 'em so and we must follow the mode.

But the "Siren" refuses to wear clocked hose. They *will* run, or run down.

"The Price of Love" appeared locally one day last week.

We didn't see it, we have financial difficulties of our own.

The word "flapper" has become passe. "Worm" and "Smelt" we learn on the best of authority are to be used preferably. "Smidge" while not in Webster is admirably adaptable for descriptive purposes.

Dates will be as hard to get as ever, even harder this year, according to Dunn and Bradstreet and the market reports. Those turned down may remember the summer months with a smile, however.

"Dates high, automobiles preferred, Orpheum stock, common;" to quote the market page.



Stude: You look sweet enough to eat.

Gertie: All right. Shall we go to the Innman

I never saw a dinosaur,

A Switzlander man-o'-war,

Nor yet the mammoth fabled Dodo bird.

But all these things are naught to me.

The thing that I want most to see,

Is just a woman who can't speak a word.

REASON ENOUGH

She: Why did they arrest that medium?

He: For raising the devil.



The eighteenth amendment

Has made sexes equal;

Let's all hope that this gent

Don't show us its sequel.

BOOKS, THE STAGE, AND KINDRED Highbrow TOPICS.

F. Scott Fitzgerald "This Side of Paradise"

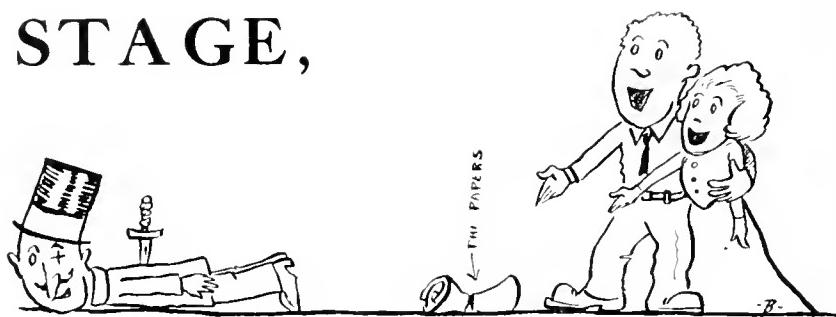
No book that we can name, except F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," really deserves a review in sweet September when the book was published as long ago as April.

But "This Side of Paradise" is a different book. In the winter we read "Head and Shoulders," "The Camel's Back," and another Fitzgerald short story in the Post, and we agreed with ourselves that they were the best things of the kind that we had seen in—well, some while.

So with great interest we started "This Side of Paradise," but it turned out to be utterly different in general tone from the short stories mentioned. In relating the biography of Amory (and some say, of himself,) Fitzgerald even refuses to follow the customery division into chapters, but instead divides his book into parts of considerable length. He further divides it into sections, each one headed, and varying in length from a few lines to a few pages. They are for the most part beautifully unrelated, but taken together they leave a wonderfully clear impression. In fact, our impression of the whole book is that we were impressed.

Amory's (yes, masculine) life is reviewed from as far back as he can remember and quite awhile before that, to that age which most of us here have not quite reached. The story is of Princeton and New York but nevertheless quite understandable to us of the so-called West. All through the tale are found curious replicas of our own experience which, although perfectly proper, we never expected to find in a book. Amory of course led a remarkable life, he did remarkable things, and remarkable things happened to him. But with our knowledge of Things As They Are (and were a year or so ago) we of the oft-mentioned younger generation or "college set"—we can readily believe much that older heads set down as—"clever stuff, but stuff, nevertheless."

We asked a friend of ours what she thought of the story. She said that it was a wonderful book, but it "ended wrong." It does end wrong. In life things end wrong many more times than they do in the popular novels of the day. We remember longer the story that ends wrong, but that is one of the lesser reasons why we remember "This Side of Paradise."



The thing about the book that we admire most is that it is written in what we are pleased to call United States. The language, expressions, and colloquialisms are those that we here use. He throws in a "you win the iron pansy."

Neysa McMein expressed what this book is like in four words: "A baby with rouged lips." Percy Hammond said that this was good stuff. We pass it on to you.

"Apple Blossoms" Colonial

Like musical comedy? Of course you do. See Apple Blossoms at the Colonial. The combination of music and comedy is rare and will surely appeal. Music is by Kreisler and Jacoby, the book by LeBaron.

The "thing" takes on an operatic aspect every now and then that will appeal to many as a bit highbrow, but the lines are clever despite the fact that they concern the well-worn "marriage by family agreement idea" and the music is real albeit the orchestra becomes over enthusiastic at times and throws up a sound screen that most effectively hides the stage.

Fred and Adele Estaire are introduced for no evident reason in two dancing numbers that make you glad they were introduced. The whole entirely worth while.

"Ed Wynn's Carnival" Illinois

Ed Wynn came to the Illinois immediately after "Sweetheart Shop" had slipped around the corner for a two weeks' continuation of its summer triumph and he bids fair to set up quite an enviable record—even as that of his predecessor.

One dare not say much about his show, else it will be spoiled for those who chance to see it. If you expect too much you may be disappointed. If you drop in to be entertained for an hour or so you will be—entertained, not disappointed.

In addition to Ed Wynn's own show you will find certain little bits and numbers wedged in here and there—while Ed is out for a new costume (yes he's still doing that) or a breath of air, that will interest. A Japanese trio that plays Hawaiian music on an American guitar and in an American style is one such. A very, very economically clothed dancer who agitates the muscles "as is the custom in Oriental lands" is another.



We always liked Ed. in the Follies, we like him even better in the play he says he wrote in twenty-nine days and we hope he does, as he said he would "take a lot of time—the next play he writes—a whole month."

The Carnival is all to the merry.

"Transplanting Jean" Powers

We simply call this to your attention. It is a comedy of, we think, French origin, in which Martha Hedman and Arthur Bryan are appearing. It is being noted on Broadway as a coming attraction and leaves Chicago on October 2.

"Aphrodite" Auditorium

Pronounced, (see B. L. T.) as rhyming with "in-discreet" and not with "mighty," the best recommendation for this play, to some minds, might be the already current witticism in which Mable the cash girl spurns the insinuation that she would pay good money to see Aphrodite as long as she has a perfectly good full length mirror in her bath room.

The production is like that.

Little can be said concerning the spectacle. In fact we resolved once not to say anything about it at all—but it simply had to be mentioned. Truthfully, we don't know much about the piece as it is appearing in Chicago—but when we gave it the double O in Gotham some months ago we stood next to a policeman who was there on duty—not pleasure, bent.

With that for a recommendation perhaps the freshmen will part with the eleven it is said the descendent of the James' brothers at the box office requires for admittance. Anyway—you probably won't see many of your respectable friends in the balcony and the seats are cheaper there.



THE RESCUE

The campus gander



YEA! EVEN FOR THE GODS

"At the Cinema theatre on Thursday and Friday, lovers of good entertainment will find a real treat in the shape of Pauline Frederick in the stellar roll of the play 'La Tosca.'"—From the Longford (Ireland) Leader.

I SHOULD SAY SO

With stealth he quickly stole a kiss,

It was a pleasing smack;

And quick she turned an drowned on him,

With, "Now, Sir! Give that back!"

ISN'T HE STRETCHING IT A BIT?

"The neck," says Dr. Evans in the Tribune, "is on a par with the legs."

Tut, tut, Doc, you're slipping. Fancy a chorus girl getting \$50 a week for her neck.

One drop of gall will spoil the cup.

One sour note make Orpheus sad;

The mightiest in pain will snp

If but one upper tooth be bad.

'TWAS EVER THUS

A king was writing his exam.

Some potent facts had missed him;

And so he cribbed, nor gave a damn,

They had no honor system

Back in the good old days. (Of course

E'en History may be phony.)

He said "My kingdom for a horse!"

And should have said "a pony!"

To tell a girl you love her without asking her to marry you is about as flattering as sending a box of candy with the bill attached.

THE GENTLEMAN at the next desk objects to labelling gents who leave their wives as "deserters." "Why not," he whynots, "call them refugees?"

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

"There is a crying for wine in the streets; all joy is darkened, the mirth of th eland is gone,"—Isaiah xxiv 2.



Remember?
The good old days when
He
Came over to help
Her
With her lessons?
And they both studied?

Monty Flagg draws women,
A talent I should prize;
I am but a pastry cook,
All I draw is flies.

OUR LADY SPORT EDITOR

Last Saturday witnessed the most brilliant game of the season. The weather was simply lovely—blue sky, fuzzy little innocent clouds, 'n everything. The crowd—one of the best crowds we have had—was awfully well dressed. I myself saw at least five hats which must have been imported. The visiting team—I think they came from Annie Harbor—some seaport town—all had new uniforms on, with the *cutest* little Alice Blue sweaterettes. Our team wore their old clothes, and looked frightfully manly in them. Everybody hurrahed when they trotted into the pasture, but it was easy to see that the Annie Harbor boys had made a big hit with their new duds. But I'll stand up for Our Team every time; I know several of them personally. What? Who won? Why, my dear, I had to tear myself away before the game was quite over, so I really don't know.



Won't you buy a posy,
A violet, a daisy?
To help the lame and lazy
To grow obese and rosy?

THE TICKET SYSTEM

Courage, Registrants!
No more waiting on the wet, wet grass. No more interminable lines of fainting girls and famished young men.

The problem is solved. Assistant Professor Tapeau-Rouge of the department of musical appreciation has solved it. He has evolved the ticket system, whereby registration is speeded up to an improbable degree, and strict tabs kept into the bargain.

To register under the ticket system, proceed as follows:

1. Go to the gym, give your name and address of your nearest neighbor. Then you will receive a yellow ticket.

2. Take it to the seventh floor of Uni. hall, present it to the janitor in exchange for two blue tickets.

3. Take the two blue tickets to Mosi-Over's Last Chance and get five green tickets.

4 (a). Slip three of these under the back door of the Criminal Law laboratory, knock three times, and run.

4 (b). Take the other two to the Dean of Children, he will give you a baker's dozen of white tickets which

5. When presented at the gym., will be taken in exchange for

6. A yellow ticket.

7. Take the yellow ticket and register as you did last year.



Study of a Jane having a wonderful time.

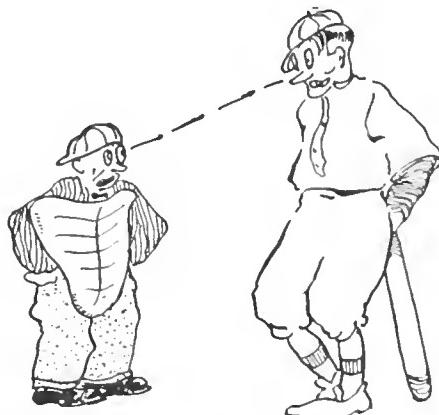
James: Ain't that music dreamy?

Belle: Don' notice. I was dreaming myself.

BELLE TELEPHONE CO.



CHUCK CARNEY
ARRIVING AT WORK.



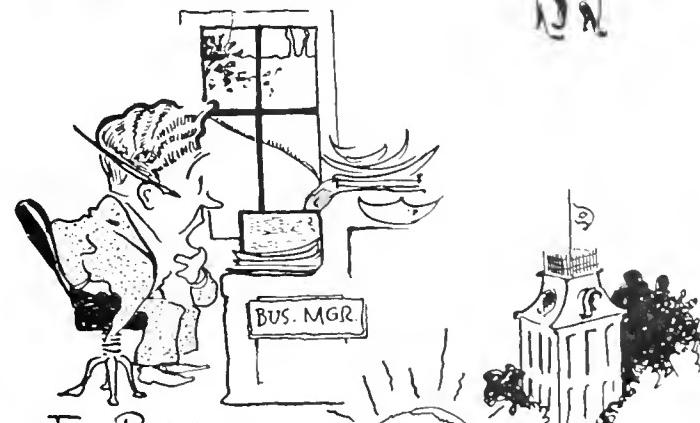
TOM JOHNSON KEPT THEM
WONDERING IN ROCKFORD.



Summer Sojourns of Some of the Satellite



THE E. B. HOTEL IN CHI
ATTRACTED THE TEA DANCERS.



FOS POOLE
WORKED FOR
VIC KRANNERT.



JOHNNY PRESCOTT
WORKED THE BOSS.

MILT MARX - '22.



JOHN DEPLER
WAS FAITHFUL
TO UNI HALL.

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THE BEST FROM THE REST

WITH OUR CONTEMPORARIES

A "Joker" and a "Juggler,"
With a "Widow" in between.
Were sipping from a "Punchbowl,"
(A truly rural scene.)
A "Jack O' Lantern" hung on high,
A "Puppet" underneath its light
Was "Gargoyle-ing" to the moon,
A "Dirge"—if I remember right.)
And "Life" became a funny thing.
The "Froth" I'd drunk went to my head;
I tried to break a "Record" when
I really should have been abed.
A "Sun Dodger" I n'er will be.
A fact you'll "Judge" to be quite true;
For lo—I saw a "Purple Cow"
And then an "Octopus" or two
Came out and with a wicked "Punch,"
Shook out a sly "Virginia Reel;"
And then a "Tiger" and a "Sphinx"
Walked in and shook a nasty heel.

This "Humbug" scene was sad to view;
I crept "Lampoon-ing" to my bed
And let the "Siren" sleep, seduce
The throbings of my tired head.

We used to trip fantastic toes.

But now the world is older.
We learn to shimmy—that is, shake
The light fantastic shoulder.

—Adapted.

"I see by the papers that the King and Queen of Belgium took an airplane trip to England."

"Who took the king and queen?"
"An ace, I guess."

UNION DANCES

Friday and Saturday nights of each week at
College and Bradley Halls.

New lighting and decoration schemes have been
used in renovating both halls.

MUSIC

Bradley
Donoghue with Sally

College
Kahler

Tickets at Union Building \$1.50 including war
tax and checking.



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There is

REAL CLASS

in our

C A P S

and other men's furnishings. You will find
the selections here very tasty and pleasing.

Have you seen our special \$1 Knitt Neckwear?
You will like them.

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Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

SATISFACTION
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Cash or exchange for old gold and silver

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MISS RAY L. BOWMAN, Mgr.

Hamilton Bldg.

Champaign, Ill.



CAFETERIA

GREEN STREET

“CERTAINLY”

“Glad to know You”

Each year we greet the new men with absolute faith in our ability to make of each one a friend.

Any upperclassman will be glad to show you the store which the boys call “Zom’s.”

Roger Zombro
Green St.—of Course.

THAT NEW FALL SUIT

is the thought uppermost in the mind of every man just at this particular time. What to buy and where to buy it.

We can solve both these questions for you very easily and to your entire satisfaction. We are now prepared to show you the newest patterns for fall and winter in all the wanted shades. The prices will be a pleasant surprise to you. We can and will give you a strictly custom tailored garment cut to your own individual measurements at prices no higher than are asked for ready-made garments with their questionable fit.

Extra Trousers

Perhaps you need just a pair of extra trousers to replace those of a suit of which the coat is in good condition. We are in position to fit you out in a way that will give you practically a new suit at the minimum of expense.

We will be more than pleased to show you our line.

Pitsenbarger & Flynn

The Oldest Established Tailors in the District
612 E. Green St. Phone Main 1967

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE



Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.

"How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX
of 10 — BUT THEY'RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

"Judge for Yourself—!"

*Special attention is called
to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes*

Anargyros Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Bring Your Car to the

Largest and Newest Garage in
the Twin Cities

H. L. Casper & Co. Garage

RED CROWN GAS

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HOW WILD THEY GROW

He was young and of good station and he asked for a sensation of a maid who said she never had been kissed; And he said, "why not embrace me, all the other girlies chase me. Won't you kiss me?" So she kissed him—with her fist.

SNAP UP THAT LINE

Drill Sergeant: "Hey, there, Binks!"

Corporal Binks: What's the dope?"

D. S.: "Straighten up that line, what do you think this is—the Rainbow division?"



STETSON

BECOMING to nearly every alert, smartly turned-out man—the Stetsonian, the feature of the Fall season. You'll want a Stetson Derby, too. You don't always feel like wearing the same hat—nor is the same hat always appropriate to the surroundings or the occasion.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

Hits and Misses

BACK To The GRIND

*But don't let that summer
resort Sweetheart
forget.*



Send Your Love and a Photograph



A reorder, of six or more prints, before Oct. 15th, on that big negative you had made in the spring, will save you one third of your money

Order Now

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The ILLIO Photographer on John Street

OUR CHILDREN'S PRIMER

Our subject for discussion is tears. This is pronounced in two ways, "tears" and "tears," usually "tears." Never use the pronunciation "tears" except in certain instances. Tears used to produce tears, or tears, tears. Go on a tear and your wife resorts to tears, and usually if she tears around in tears much of the time you will go on tears. Tears are salty, tears usually were sweet or sour depending on which kind of tear and tear producing stuff you purchased. Frankly, this discussion tears at our heart strings and drives us to tears—and tears. Tear out, but don't tear your clothes getting out.

YES, YES, GO ON!

"Miss Mabel Wilber in leading soprano role, as 'Daisy' later as 'Boy Blue,' sang well and wore several masculine costumes which showed her versatility."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE MODERN DANCE

THE CAMEL WALK: The object of this dance appears to be hide-and-go-seek. The gent chases the woman around in an effort to kick her in the shins. To the innocent bystander it appears as if the mademoiselle is attempting to step on the gent's toes and bump him in the nose at the same time. Marquis of Queensberry rules are recommended, with toe hold barred.

THE SILVER SLIDE: Grasp the young lady around the neck, hanging on to a convenient ear, if one can be found. The object of the game is to slide sideways as far as possible without somersaulting. One good thing about the dance is that you can edge away from the bum music without being noticed.

THE SHIMMY: An agitation of undergarments which has shaken some our best peepul.

IT IS BOTHERSOME

Abou Ben Adam (may his tribe increase,) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace And saw an angel sitting on his bed. And as he picked a shoe up from the floor, "Dawgone that medium next door," Ben Adam said.

"TOO BUS YTO GET WIFE OUT OF JAIL" says a Springfield headline. We would say—Too happy.

NO, ROSE, the fishing smack was not invented by the summer girl.

MAKE A NOISE LIKE A DOLLAR and the world gives you the glad hand. No noise and your best girl gives you the cold shoulder.



"Whatever the stance, it
must be comfortable and
well balanced."

—Golf Illustrated.

AND the ball, also, must be of perfect balance. It must be uniform throughout; the size and weight should be suited to your style of play. All of these factors help to lower your score.

The New U. S. Golf Balls

U. S. Royal

U. S. Revere

U. S. Floater

are adapted to every requirement. Try one of these balls.

Many leading golfers give them unqualified endorsement. Buy them from your pro or at your dealer's.



U. S. Royal \$1.00 each

U. S. Revere 85c each

U. S. Floater 65c each

Keep your Eye on the Ball—be sure it's a U. S.

United States Rubber Company

OUR OWN GREY ELEGY

The ballot tolls the knell of parting booze,
The thirsty herd winds slowly up the Ave.
The clubman homeward tracks his weary shoes,
Without the usual "What will you have?"

Now fades the foamy schooner on the bar,
And all the town a solemn stillness holds,
Save for the rumbling of the Church street car,
Amid the groans of victims it enfolds.

With one foot resting on the brassy rail,
Happily some hustler of the town does say,
"Oh for those days 'er Fecker's standard pale
Had lost its four per cent and ebbed away."

One morn I missed him at the accustomed place,
Before Boots' bar where he was wont to stand;
I missed his erstwhile bright and smiling face,
For he had gone to join the angel band.

Next day with dirges due on sad array,
Slow thru the churchward path we saw him borne,
Approach and read (if thou can't read) the lay
Grave on a keg to comfort those who mourn.

"Here rests his head upon the juiceless earth,
A youth to simple H₂O unknown,
Our congress made extinct his source of mirth,
And Prohibition marked him for its own."

—R. I. P.

Lot was put out a lot when he found his wife had been turned into a pillar of salt—but he was wise enough not to take a fresh one.

DO THEY LIVE IN A FLOAT?

A. Sharpe and B. Sharpe are members of a Morris, Illinois, baseball team.

A POSTOFFICE ROMANCE

Friendship, N. Y.
Love, Va.
Kissimee, Fla.
Ring, Ark.
Parson, Ky.
Reno, Nev.

AND WINKING AT HERSELF?

"——the husband testified that he came into the kitchen one night and found his wife sitting there with her head in her hands."—Item in the Joliet, Ill., Herald-News.

SHOOT HIM SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

From Aurora Beacon-News: "How can I keep my husband home Saturday night?"

Two politicians were discussing the June convention.
"What did the audience do when you told them you never paid a dollar for a vote?" asked one.

"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest."

A topsy-turvy world—too true;
So know all, by this quip,
That life's a game cf flip-flap to
A flapper who is flip.

He: There is an awful rumbling in my stomach—
like a cart going over cobblestones.

She: It's probably that truck you ate for dinner.
—Exchange.

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QUALITY MEATS

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Night and Day
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Storage, Accessories, Repair Work, MobilOil

Mary was a country maiden,
All the boys said she was slow,
Then she took some "Curo-litis"—
Now you ought to see her go.

Susie Allen was old fashioned,
Her ankle you could never see,
Then she took some "Curo-litis"—
Now she wears them to the knee.

Johnny Jones wore baggy trousers,
He thought tight ones were a sin,
Then he took some "Curo-litis"—
He oils 'em now, and then slips in.

Willie had a brand new flivver,
And the darned thing wouldn't go.
Put some "Curo" in the spark plugs—
Now he runs the thing in low.

Alice Brown was hollow-headed,
She had nothing 'neath the hair.
She took one small dose of "Curo"—
Now, like Einstein, she's a bear.

Harry Hoskins was a numbskull,
Never got above a "D."
'Til he took some "Curo-litis"—
Now he wears a Phi Beta key.

A SATISFIED PATRON MEANS A STEADY PATRON

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return this purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

Champaign Tea and Coffee Co.

201 North Market Street

Auto 1586

Champaign, Ill.

FROM A GIRL'S DIARY

Monday—Virgil tried to hug me.

Tuesday—He tried again.

Wednesday—Ditto.

Thursday—Said if I didn't let him, next time we went riding he would turn the car over and kill us all.

Friday—I saved seven lives today.

—Exchange.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Ants can be kept from entering the refrigerator by leaving the food on the kitchen table at night.

When in Urbana Drop in

AT THE

PLAYMOR

AND SEE

The Twin City's Newest and
Finest Billiard Parlor

ELEVEN BRUNSWICK TABLES

JUST THE PLACE FOR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

106 N. RACE—URBANA

Eat With Your Friends---They

Eat With Us

CHESLEY'S

"THE POPULAR RESTAURANT"

Our Meal Tickets Save You Money

507 Goodwin Avenue

Urbana

One Block East of Chemistry Building

*... and at the U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.*
A fact:

At Annapolis, as with Navy Officers generally, Fatima is by far the largest-selling cigarette. This is true both at the Officers' Mess in the Academy and in the town itself, while among the midshipmen Fatima is especially popular.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

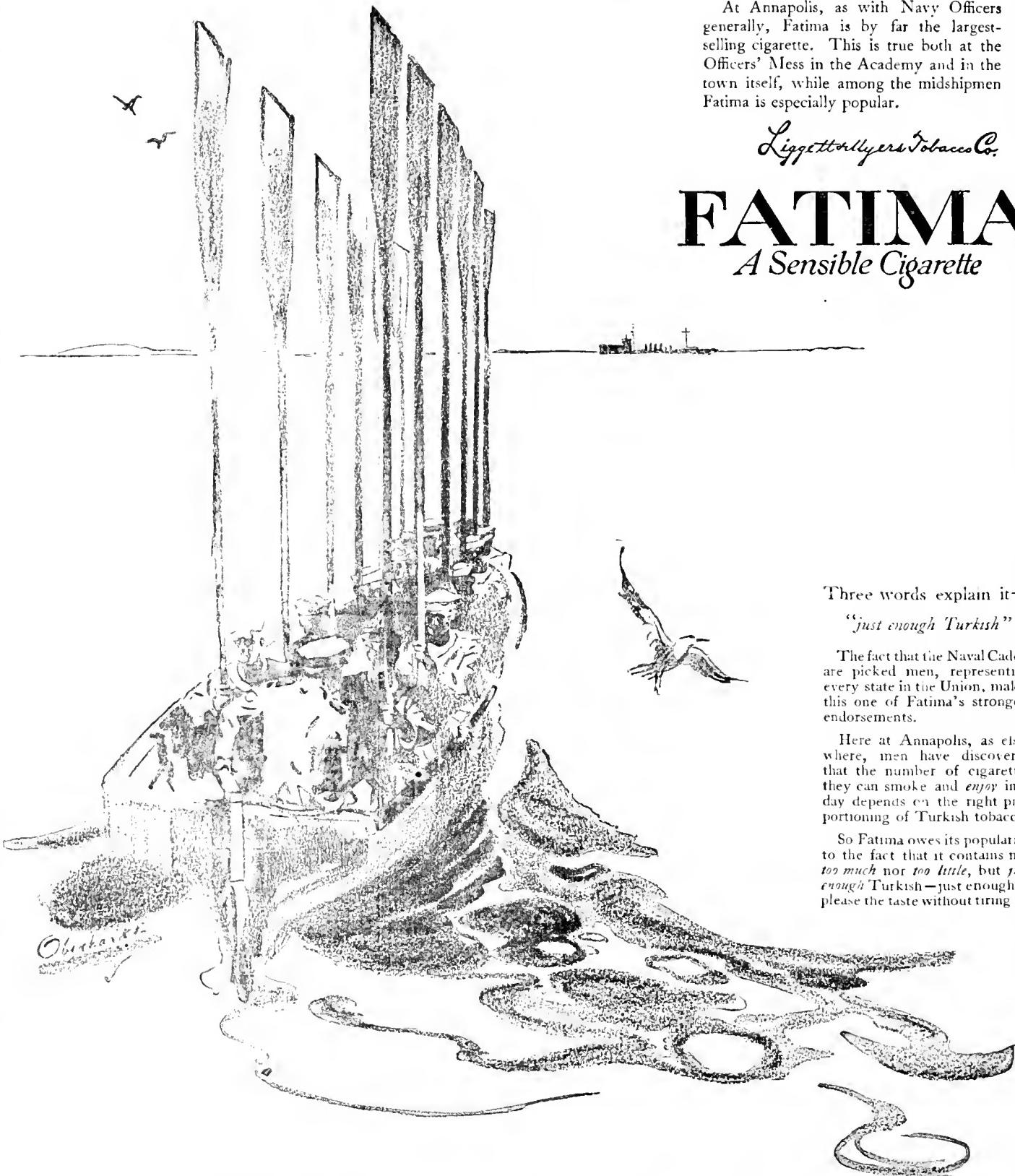
A Sensible Cigarette

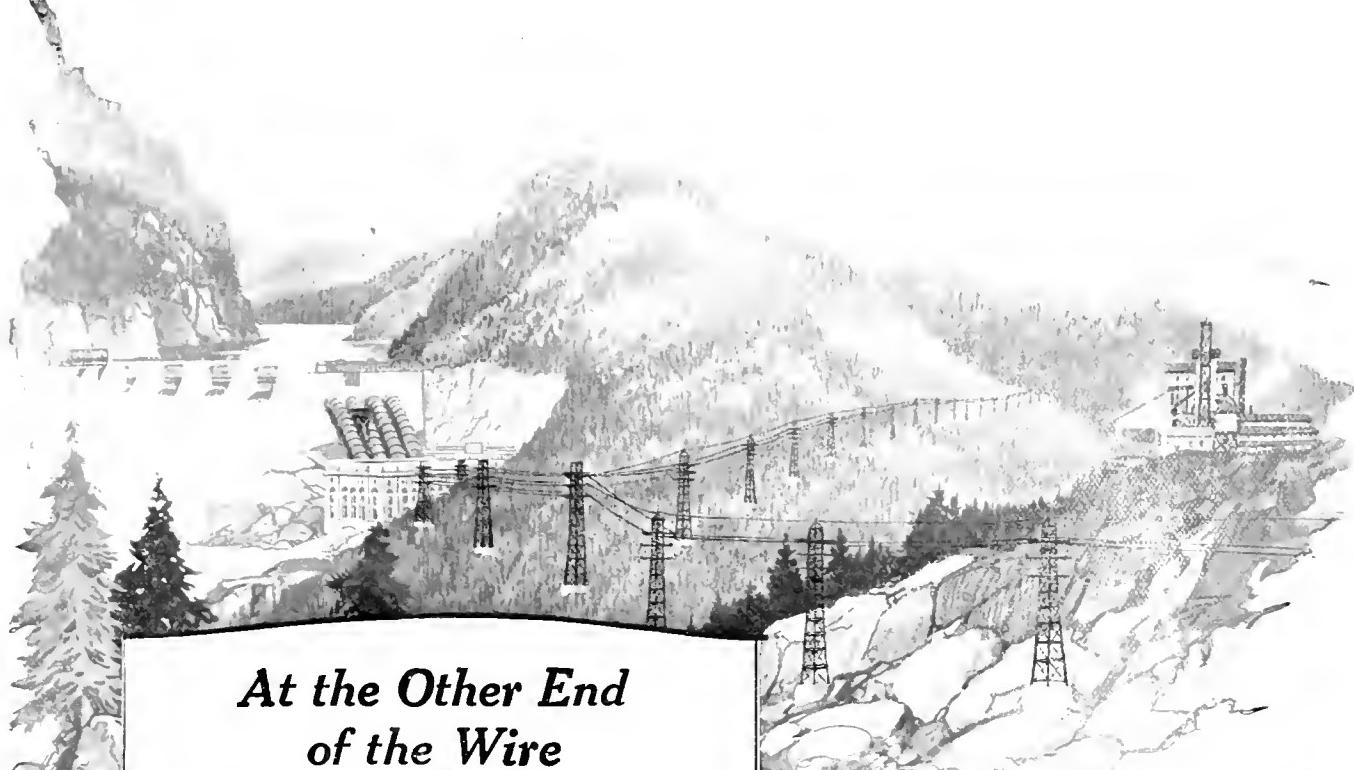
Three words explain it—
"just enough Turkish"

The fact that the Naval Cadets are picked men, representing every state in the Union, makes this one of Fatima's strongest endorsements.

Here at Annapolis, as elsewhere, men have discovered that the number of cigarettes they can smoke and *enjoy* in a day depends on the right proportioning of Turkish tobacco.

So Fatima owes its popularity to the fact that it contains *too much nor too little*, but *just enough Turkish*—just enough to please the taste without tiring it.





At the Other End of the Wire

A TWIST of the wrist and electricity lights cities and towns, turns the wheels of industry, or affords conveniences to millions of people.

But let us follow the wire carrying this energy to its source and we find either a waterfall, a coal mine or an oil well.

Much of the supply of fuel in this country is being used up rapidly while the power of water is running to waste. For the rivers and streams of this country could, if properly harnessed, develop enough electric power to save 300,000,000 tons of coal annually.

By studying nature's forces—coal, oil and water—by applying them to machines, and finally by the perfection of apparatus to insure uninterrupted power service under varying conditions, the General Electric Company is serving to make electric power cheaper, more plentiful and reliable.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

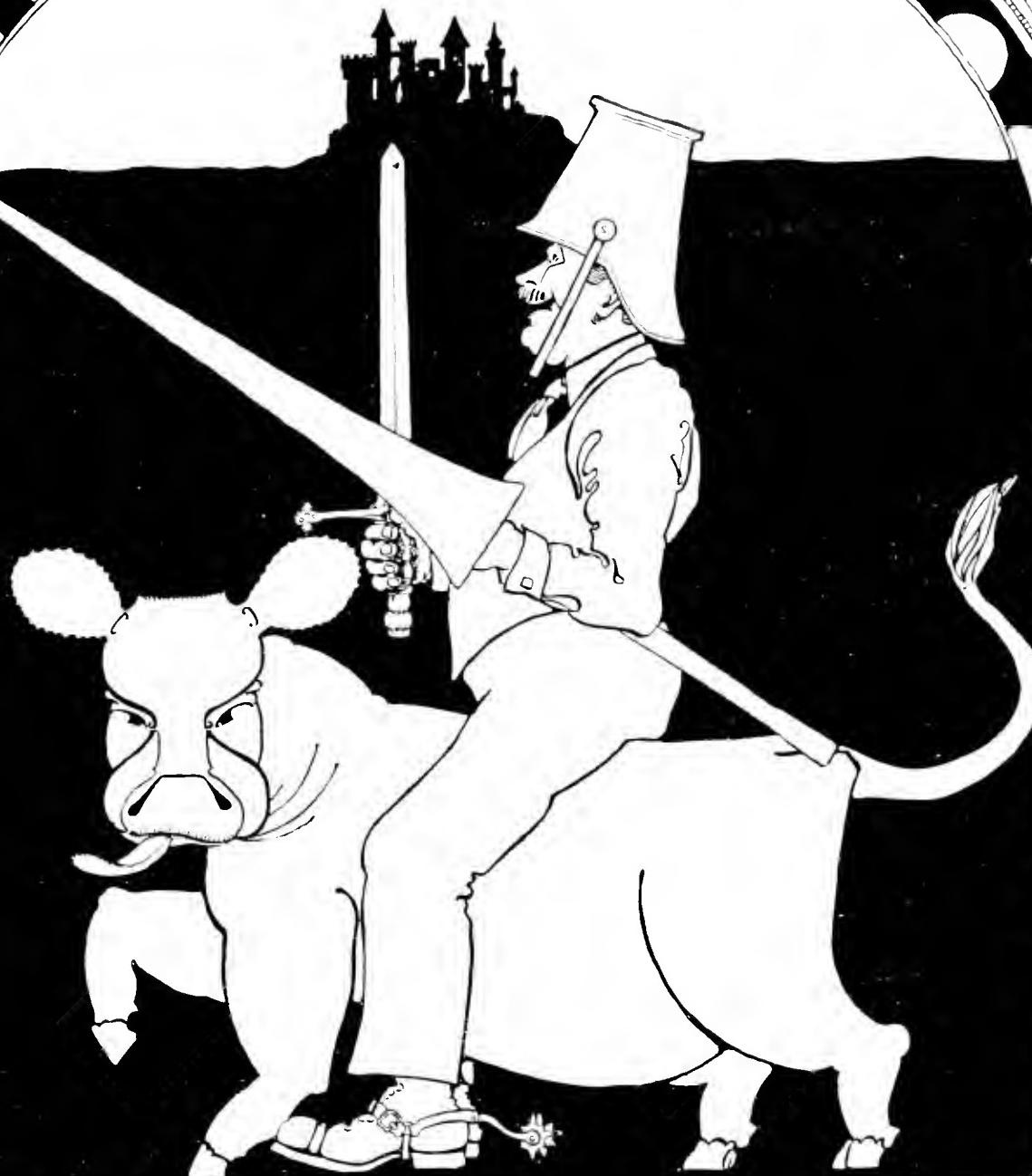


PRINCE

ARROW COLLARS

WHEN you buy an Arrow you get the best that there is at the price you are asked to pay. That is the one big fundamental reason for the preference shown for Arrows.

*Chitt, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.
Makers of Arrow Shirts and Gotham Underwear*



In which Sir Oldbedde, astride ye
Fatted Calf, doth take ye Citadel . .

JOS. KUHN & CO.

THREE ATTRACTIONS--THE THREE GREATEST
OFFERINGS NOW READY

New Materials and Styles in High Class

Overcoats \$35.00

3,000 Men's Fall and Winter
Suits at \$35, \$45, \$55

Some of the best makes in America

\$20,000.00 Stock of Underwear

*We Claim Our Selling Price on Above is Fully
35 Per Cent Under Today's Market*

prices—We are doing what this store always has done—selling the best grades at the Lowest Possible Prices. Every sale must be satisfactory or money freely refunded. Every article sold must be first class or replaced without cost. Can you do better? Buy your fall needs now.

Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men and Boys.

Jos. Kuhn & Co.
31-33-35-37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

Just Two Places
to Eat---
At Home and

Gehrig's Cafeteria

Lunch room open from 7
p.m. to 2 a.m. Entrance on
Taylor street, No. 12-14

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Our constant arrivals of
new stock of gifts suit-
able for Holidays, Birth-
days, and Weddings will
help you solve your Gift
Problem.

STRAUCH *Photo-Craft House*

The Art and Gift Shop

SCANDALOUS!

A Virginia editor threatened to publish the name of a certain young man who was seen hugging and kissing a girl in the park unless his subscription to the paper was paid up in a week. Fifty-nine young men called and paid up the next day, while two even paid a year in advance.

—Fourth Estate.

—S—

11:30 P. M.: Stude, regretful-
ly, (as he reaches for his hat)
“Well I must be off.”

Co-ed: “That's what I thought
when I first met you.”

—S—

Irate Mother: “Daughter, I
have told you many times before
not to let me find you kissing a
man.”

Dutiful Daughter: “It's your
own fault, Mother. I told you not
to wear rubber soles.”

—S—

Make Your
Home Coming
Remind You Of
Old Times
By
A Visit To
Schuler Bros.
Confectionery

No. 9 Main St.

Chocolate “Malts” and
Bostons Our Specialties



SOUVENIRS

In gold and silver--Pins, Cigaret
Cases, Knives, Pencils, Spoons
with seal of University—the bet-
ter class of goods

—at

Wuesteman's
“Hallmark Store”
Champaign

The Week-End

Is the best time to have
your picture taken

TWO WEEK-ENDS before all
individual pictures are due for
THE ILLIO

Appointments must be made now
so that you will not be dis-
appointed in the last minute rush.

*“A little far from the campus—
but QUALITY COUNTS”*

Maguire Studio

Urbana, Ill.

J. E. Maguire P. W. Stephens



Athletic Goods

IF you are looking for quality in Athletic Supplies, come to the Co-Op. Gym Supplies, Football Supplies, Basket Ball Goods —all in a great variety.

The Co-Op Store

On the Square

OUR CHILDREN'S PRIMER.

Today, my dears, we take up the engrossing subject of rails—Johnny sit down, no one has spoken of foot rails—yet. My dears, we first consider the third rail; it came, ah (sadly) I should say, it used to come, in two varieties, marcelled and permanent. We are speaking of rails in reference to waves now. One sort had heat waves caused by electricity and the other produced ocean waves as regards locomotion, by liquid fire. Both were acquired with contact of the right foot with the rail, or the left if the right got tired. We thought that the real third rail was permanent but it got marcelled one July day. School is dismissed. Wring out your handkerchiefs outside.

IN GEOLOGY 1A.

Prof.: "A mineral is adamantine if quartz will not scratch it."

Seeker: "And a will is adamantine of quarts will not"

(Clash of cymbals. Curtain.)

CREATURE OF EXCUSES

Mr. Crimsonbeak (at breakfast)—How long do you suppose it would take to come from the moon to the earth, dear?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I don't know, and, what's more, I don't care; but if you are going to give that as your excuse for getting home late last night, it won't do.

Yonkers Statesman.

—S—

AMALGAM

The gilden youth, with leaden heart, steeled himself to meet the pitiless irony of fate

—Puppet.

—S—

WELCOME BACK OLD GRADS

*Visit Champaign's Greatest
Store For Men.*

**J.M. KAUFMAN
AND COMPANY**

Stoltey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories

Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil

A SATISFIED PATRON

MEANS A STEADY PATRON

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with
every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for
complaint, return the purchase and we will
cheerfully make it right, exchange it or re-
fund your money.

Champaign Tea and Coffee Co.

201 North Market Street

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Champaign, Ill.

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

Cash or exchange for old gold and silver

Ray L. Bowman Jewelry Company

MISS RAY L. BOWMAN, Mgr.

Hamilton Bldg.

Champaign, Ill.

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The Corner Drug Store

Established and run for the
wants of the Illini



Corner of Green and Sixth

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Fountain Pen & Writing Ink?

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A downtown bank account will be a convenience for you. We welcome your business.

The Urbana Banking Company

WE SUPPLY ICE CREAM

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and other large gatherings where food refreshments are served. We guarantee prompt deliveries of the best ice cream made under strictest sanitary conditions and shall be pleased to arrange with committees and others for supplying this best of all refreshments and desserts.



Champaign Ice Cream Co.

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STUDENTS!

Have your shoes made new at

BRODRICK'S SHOE SHOP

106 North Market street

Next To Colonial

URBANA

FAMOUS TWINS

Lo and Behold.
Kate and Duplicate.
Pete and Repeat.
Haig and Haig.
Soup and Fish.
Ethel and Methyl.

—S— FINN-ICKY

"Who is that?"
"That's our Pole vaulter."
"Oh, does he speak English?"
—Jack o' Lantern.

—S—

Mrs. Mary A. Barnhart

Distinctive Hats

FLATIRON BLDG.

Second Floor

URBANA

The New Store

In the University
District---

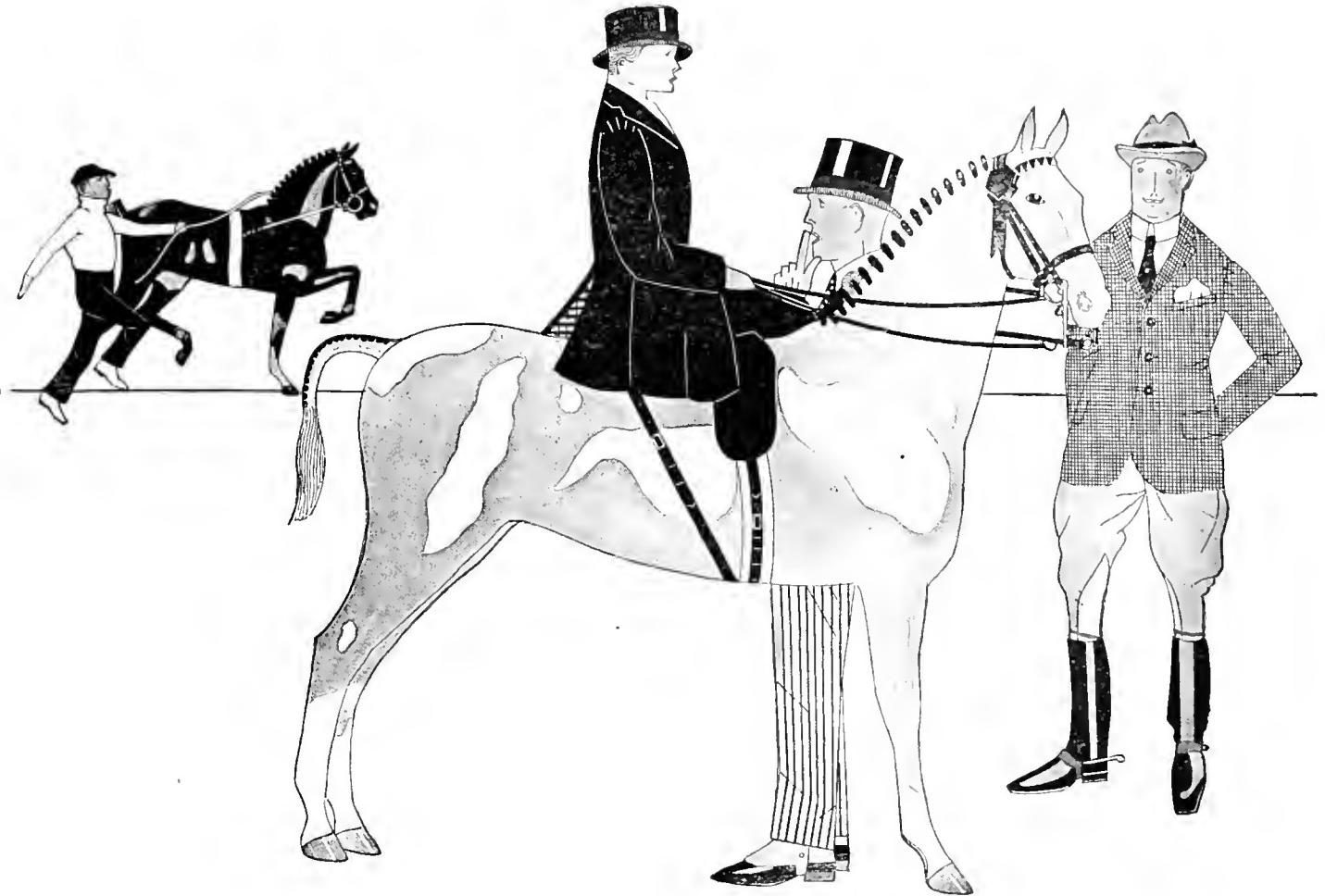
I S attracting a good deal of attention—
Men's Furnishings of the highest class
are shown in a great variety—

Hundreds of new Neckties—in Knits
and Silks—

A Special we are featuring is
the narrow knits at \$1

Gelvin's Clothes Shop

On Green Street



*Jimmy, I could really learn to love you if you wore a
collar as well as Stubby Bates.*



*Well turned out, isn't he? Crank on dress - always wears
Lion collars and a grey hat.*

*I'm not so fussy about the hat, but Jimmy, do hurry and
get in Lion.*

Welcome! to the University of Illinois

We worked hard all summer getting ready for you and WE ARE.

The White Line stands solidly back of every student publication.

Use the
LAUNDRY DEPOT
510 E. Green St.

White Line Laundry

Main 406

LINES WRITTEN AFTER SEEING A CO-ED

I've grown blase, one does you know

When living in this modern age,
I've seen the sight a hundred times,

Blase, I've razzed it with my pen.

I've seen the sight a hundred times

Blase, I've razzed it with my pen

And yet, when that girl passed last night

What made me turn and look again?

—Frivol.

—S—

WHERDIAGETIT?

They sat in the hammock out in the garden. It was moonlight—pale, still, beautiful. The gentle breeze wafted sweet odors toward their nostrils.

Gently he slipped his arm about her.

"Oh, George!" she cooed.

Then he said the same old things, and she made the same old answers. They were happy.

Gradually he gathered her up into his strong, manly arms, and kissed her—a long-winded, high-pressure kiss.

"Oh, George," she breathed, "kiss me again!"

He did. As he released her, her dainty nose seemed to sniff, almost imperceptibly.

"Kiss me again," she said, softly, and again their lips met for a long, long time. At last,

"Oh, George, you been drinkin' Kish me again?"

—Pelican.

DARLING

"After he proposed to you, did you tell him to see me?"

"Yes, father, he said that he had seen you several times, but he still wanted to marry me."

—Voo Doo.

The Shoe Doctor

Ladies' Work a Specialty

SHOESTRINGS POLISH
REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS

A. B. Hill

One Block East of Chem Bldg.

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Meet Your Friends

—at—

Hoover's

Hair Cutting Parlor

Basement Union Bldg.

*Formerly in First National Bank
Building, Champaign*

PRINTING?

Yes!

PROGRAMS

STATIONERY

A

SPECIALTY

W. H. Munhall

17 Taylor St.

Why --

worry about
home and
Mothers'
Cooking?

*Did you ever
try the*

**Court House
Cafe**

Opposite the Court
House, Urbana

T. R. Gilliland
Proprietor



STETSON

FOR any hat that you can wear at all,
you will pay nearly the same price as
for a STETSON. Never was it better worth
while to get Stetson Quality and Stetson
Style!

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

GADZOOKS!

"Why are you angry with me?" said the nose to the chin.
"Words have passed between us," was the reply.—*Jester.*

"Ah!" he cried, as he picked up an egg from the piano stool, "the
lay of the last minstrel,"—*Jester.*

POOR THING

"You are concealing something
from me!" hissed the villain.

"Certainly, I am," replied the
leading lady, "I ain't no Salome!"
—*Jack o' Lantern.*

S

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The Home of Good Portraits

An ARTIST in ARTISTIC Work

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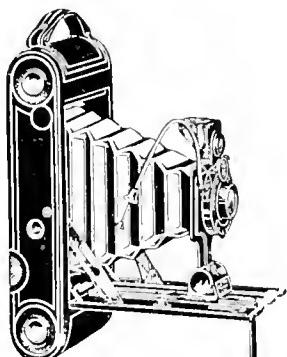
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A
KODAK?*

*This is the time to get
pictures which
make life his-
tory for you*



USE AN EASTMAN KODAK



NO. 2C AUTOGRAPHIC KODAK JUNIOR

This is a camera that takes "almost post-card size" pictures— $2\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ inches—a size that fits the view, making a pleasing composition in either the vertical or horizontal position. Study the details and you recognize at once the cause of the great popularity of the 2C Junior: pleasing pictures, small bulk, fast shutter, complete equipment and attractive appearance.

STUDENT SUPPLY STORE
Service Saving Satisfaction

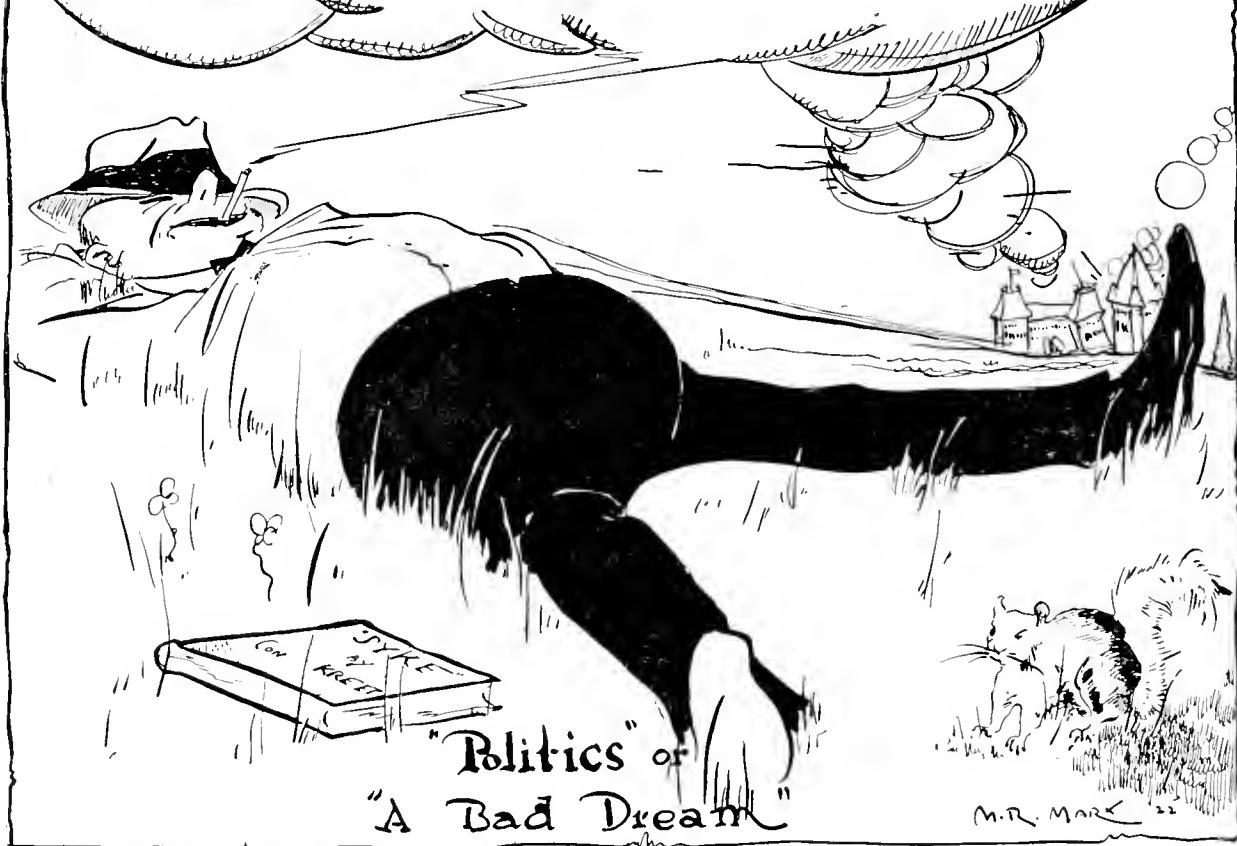
"Chuck" Bailey

MANAGERS

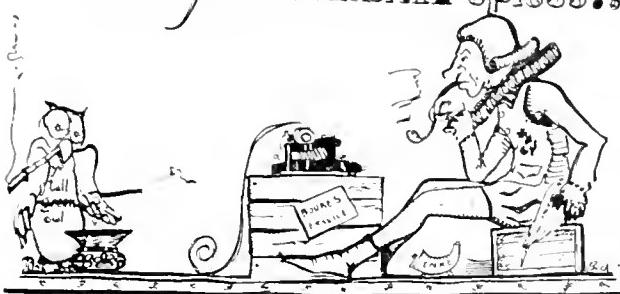
"Shelby" Himes



Here is one of the solemn moments of Homecomingtide. As you see, an alumnus is being diverted and amused by two worthy freshmen. The Alumnus' name is "Shanks" Beverly, '03, and at this moment he is silently praying that the two bottles, labeled "Witch Hazel", are receiving gentlemanly treatment at the hands of the other two survivors of the Class of '03,—upstairs. The two frosh—Henry and Wilfred Waftingham, of Gimlet-on-What, Mo.,—are handing "Shanks" a line about how glad they are to have been pledged, what fun Saturday work is, what fine chaps the upper-classmen are, etc., etc.



The Diary of Samuel Pepless.



(Being the periodical jottings of a Simonist who cheers the return of Sir Oldehead yet sympathizes with him betimes.)

Thursday, Oct. 28—Alle is in readiness for ye coming of our goode friend Sir Oldehead who returneth on the morn for convivial gathering at the Homecomingtide with his fellowes of yesteryear. Already have I established my cot amidst the cinders that one of the brethren of another aeon may drape himself on my luxuriant downy. 'Tiz a hardship but I do it willingly and being a modest man, certes, I say naught of it.

Friday, Oct. 29—The first of ye arrivals did oust me from mine conch the morn, so to classes, noting the bewiskered arrivals who wonder at the progress of our institution, making many gestures withal and loudly commenting on ye aneient classes of ninety something or other and voicing uncouth slogans and shouts of another age. My Lord Sir Athletiens Big gehead of another year has returned and weepeth briny ones for the fact that those of this generation know him notte, which is in truth saddening to one of his former glory. Which reminds one of the ancient wheeze, "The leopard changeth not his spots but all cats look black in the dark."

Saturday, Oct. 30—with My Lord Tempore Mores to the match this afternoon, where motley crews struggled foolishly, methought, for the posession of a small sphere, which i'sooth could have been purchased for sixpence, and then, having striven all afternoon, left the object on the field at parting, an occasion quite beyound my comprehension. So to the club for coffee et al and to the humble cot among the ashes whilst an old timer scorned my good mat until the early hours of the morning while he frolicked as in days of yore with playmates of his early choosing.

But I did growl not, as many a less humble soul would have done, and cheerfully retired to the mean cot in the basement for i'truth I am not the one to complain of being ousted from my own when entertainment of the old brethren is concerned.

Sunday, Oct. 31—Bade farewell to the Homecomers, wishing them well and right glad withal for the return of my Ostermoor but of course being a modest man, and withal a gentleman I would not remark at my happiness over their departure for the simple reason of a return of the goode mattress of which you wot. I am in short an uncomplaining soul, who wishes my fellowe menne to have the best while I suffer quietly for his comfort.

Monday, Nov. 1—Right sad am I for the departure of the Oldeheads, for i'truth, say what one whilst they are a merry crew and i'faith we love 'em.

S. P.

—S—

WHY TEACHERS QUIT

Examination questions as answered.

"The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife is more willing to face death than a man with only one."

"The temperate zone is a region where no one drinks too much."

"The feminine of he-goat is she-went and of hero is shero."

"A corps is a dead gentleman, a corpse a dead lady."

—S—

He: What was so wonderful about that stunt of Washington's, throwing a dollar across the Potomac?

She: Well, it was a pretty long ways across.

It: Yes, but a dollar went further in those days than it does now.

—S—

Strong for the women was Earl,
He loved to play 'round with some girl,

But a co-ed named Kate

Showed the rummy the gate;

He never could learn. The poor squirrel!

—S—



The world bows to a clever woman, but it kneels to a pretty one.



CROOKED

Hinks—"Smith, I hear, played poker last night for seven hours straight."

Binks—"Huh, he couldn't play straight for seven minutes."

—Froth.

APPLES AT CALL, TOO

Prof. X (in library)—"Why, Mr. Z, I'm glad to see you in the library tonight. What are you working at?"

Mr. Z (looking daggers at buzzing co-eds)—"At intervals, sir."

—Widow.

GOOD-NIGHT

Late Caller—"Don't you like progressive men?"

Bored Maiden—"Yes, ones with lots of 'get up and go.'"

—Tiger.

—S—

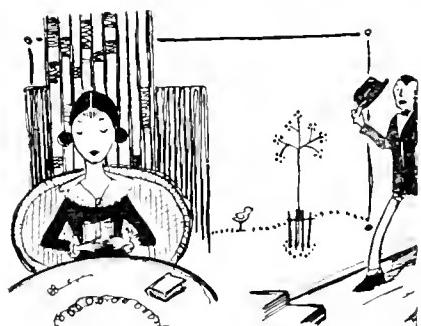
"Is Ethel much for looks?"

"I should say so. I asked her her age and you should have seen the look I got."

—Froth.

—S—

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



"And when he kissed her, the blush would creep over his cheek," read the Reader.

"Not in this day. The women get it on too smooth," raved the Fool.—Froth.

—S—

BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



Geraldine Phipper speaks:
Horace was the grandest man!
I'd never met his like
Before, and when I went to dances
With him it seemed that all the world
Had turned to music and to little Purple flowers.
Horace was tall, Horace was gentle,
And Horace had a line.
And he could dance . . .
Perhaps we should be married now,
Living happily "ever after",
If I, dancing with him one night
Had not happened to pass a mirror—

.

And saw for the first time
The expression on his face.

—S—

UNANIMOUS

She—"Do you enjoy fighting with women?"

He—"Oh, I like to have them up in arms against me occasionally."—Purple Cow.

Frosh—"I want a leave of absence for over the week-end to visit my sister in New York."

Dean (quickly)—"How long have you known her?"

Frosh—(absent mindedly)—"About two weeks."—Widow.

—S—

Soph—"What'll we do?"

Senior—"I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go to the movies; if it's tails, we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

—Brown Jug.

—S—

MYSTERIOUS

"What makes you always so popular?"

He asked the speedy young spark.

And she said with a grin,

As she powdered her chin:

"I keep all the boys in the dark."

—Tiger.

—S—

A WEAK LINE

Here's where I prove an artist

Without a brush, he cried;

And drew a lovely maiden

Up closer to his side.

—Punch Bowl.

—S—

"Why is Mabel always late for class?"

"Oh, her stockings are guaranteed against running."—Froth.

—S—





AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS KITTY PRETTY

(As reported by a representative of Moveyland Weekly, all rights reserved.)

Your reporter was given a difficult assignment. He was to interview Miss Kitty Pretty, the talented little ingenue vamp of the Soandso company. Like all movey actresses she hated the idea of getting her name in print, but by sheer stick-to-itiveness the daring reporter won out.

When he received the assignment the reporter experienced flutterings in the region of his left breast. However he modestly thought his personality would help him to succeed, and having a suit for every day of the week he put it on and sallied forth.

Meeting him at the door—(Miss Pretty employs but few servants, she is very democratic and as she herself put it, manages to worry along with six footmen, ten butlers and eight parlor maids.)

But to continue, meeting him at the door Miss Pretty graciously waved to a comfortable seat in the sink and invitingly extended a box of chewing gum. You reported took the customary ten sticks and the race was on.

JUST A QUESTION *By the Star Reporter*

There's a question in my mind I cannot answer.

There's an ache in my heart I cannot still.
I have tossed night after night as I fought my lone-
some fight.

Why was it that I ever was created
To pound my living out upon the keys?
Why was it I planned so I couldn't throw a custard
pie,
Then cavort, and throw my earnings to the breeze?

I long to float on zephyrs idealistic,
And carry home my pay by motor truck.
But when ere I start to snooze, comes a flash—
"Go get the news."
"There's a fire," or "The taxi men have struck."

Oh, I'd like to lead a life that's very different,
In a place where news and scoops are things un-
heard,
But I know that when I go, up above, or down below,
There will be a C. E. there to say the word.

I will draw assignments covering arrivals,

"What are your favorite sports?" asked the reporter.

Kitty smiled, showing a beautiful set of hand made teeth, which she had picked out with assiduous care. "Well," she said, "you may put me down for the usual."

"Do you believe in a league of nations and do you think equal rights for women are or are not justified?"

"Yes," answered Miss Pretty, her conversation indicating a broad scope of information on weighty subjects.

"What are your ambitions?" was the next question.

Miss Pretty's eyes (she has two) brightened.

"My ambition, she declared, "is to play the milk-maid in La Bovine."

—S—

I walked the boulevard on a Sunday of the early summer. A young couple passed me and I turned to gaze in wonder with the rest of the promenaders.

The young lady wore neither a jade green hat nor an accordian-pleated skirt, and the young man wore neither brogue oxfords nor a jazzbo tie!

—S—

Or interviewing damned ones on the coals;
Yes, where'er it is I go, I'll be set to work I know,
And I'll be the saddest of the sorry souls.

Great excitement ran through the crowd on their way to an eight o'clock, eyes were all turned in one direction, a girl went by wearing a long skirt.

Little Eva: "They say you can live cheaper in Peoria."

Uncle Tom: "No, you only feel cheaper living there."

I knew a girl in my home town
Who loved to have me stick aroun'
And when she came to Illinois
I thought—here's where I show the boys.

But now I call up for a date,
It seems that I have called too late;
"I'd love to go," is her reply
"Let's see, the fifteenth of July?"

Ceds are like seasons, some are cold, some are warm, and some of them will even fall.



He: "That in blue winked at me."

It: "What followed?"

He: "I did."

The three acts in a co-ed's life.

Attract.

Contract.

Side-tract.

How I envy Sam McGraw,
His queen has black hair.
Maybe I can hold one too—
If I deal with care.

They say that the clothes
Make the man, So If I
Would wear the best of
Clothes, I'd be the
Best man. But as I look
In windows by the hour
For just one suit I can
Buy, I wish I could make
The clothes instead of
The clothes making me



She: "What do you think of my new dress?"

He: "It does make one think, doesn't it?"

HOECOMING—BEFORE TAKING

The amazed pledge, atop the double-decker, watched the Sophomore, her roomie, and a chatty Senior working over clothes; one counted and packed, while the other sewed. Sniffles from the Pledge, in whose soaring imagination these preparations meant either an elopement trousseau or a flunk out of school.

"Without casting 'spersions on the dear returning sisters, I advise you to climb down and pack your hankies, hair nets, gloves, collars, hose, pins, nail files, hair pins and anything else you don't want borrowed and reported missing in action," rattled the Sophomore, as if she had already warned many pledges in her day.

"They certainly have taking ways," sighed the senior, testing the name label she had just sewed on a glove. "How I ever got through three Homecomings with enough veils to flag a train I don't know."

Homecoming! So that was it. The Pledge knew all about that day, to satisfy the conflicting ideas of the Home Decoration sisters. Not for nothing had she been moving the furniture here and there all

"The house-manager," she ventured, "didn't know whether to let the holes and scratches show, in the hope the alums would spend some money on the house, or to be poor but proud, and hide our skeletons."

"Don't ever worry about anyone spending anything but the weekend," snapped the Senior, as she stuck her finger. "And eat all you can while the grads are here, 'cause we'll all be trying to hide our skeletons on what the commissary gives us the next month. My clothes never hang right 'till after Thanksgiving vacation."

"Captain Kidd didn't lay up a thing, compared to yours in the bonds," contributed the Sophomore, through a mouthful of hairpins. "Homecomers," she instructed the Pledge, "are so excited about being back that they borrow right and left and pack up same by mistake. Of course, they mean no harm, and it's only because there are so many of us in a room." The apology limped.

"Just the same, child, run put your tooth brush outside on the window sill, or they'll be cleaning shoes with it. Send all the clothes you can spare to the laundry, they're better in rags than unaccounted for, and hold an inquest over all suitcases before the trains leave." Experience has made the Sophomore cynical.

"Cheer up," Polly-Anna-ed the Senior, "the alums are absent-minded dears. We'll be that way, too, after we've locked up the office and farmed out the future hopes of the fraternity several times. I'm mighty glad to see them every year, and I'll miss them when they've gone."

"Uh-huh," agreed the Sophomore, as she went through her bureau a last time, to make sure that that would be ALL she'd miss!

First It: "Did Harry go in a Tuxedo last evening?"

Second Same: "No, it was rather nice out so we walked."

It's a still day that has no wind—N' it's a dead one too, for the gang in front of the arcade.



EEN THE MIGHTY

Prof. in Geology lecture—"Water, when mixed with the right things, has a powerful influence."

"Kick"—we of the undergrad world would call it.

TO THE WEED

You get my goat,
And hurt my throat;
My heart's in bad condition;
But nasty weed,
You take the lead,
In times of prohibition.

—S—

THE NEW WOMAN

We met a girl a while ago,
A simple kid, she had the dough;
Her eyes were bright, her hair was red,
She knocked 'em dead.

That night she smoked her cigarette,
And talked of things above our dome.
She asked, "Do you read Tschaikowski?"
And we went home.
—Exchange.

—S—

She: Help! Police. Stop him!
He tried to flirt with me.

Cop: Calm yourself lady,
there's plenty more.

—S—

Contrib: Did you get my letter
and jokes?

Editor: The letter, not 'the
jokes.'

—S—

She: What did he say when he
smashed his thumb?

He: Oh, only a few cursory re-
marks.

—S—

My album is cluttered with photos
Of belles who have captured my
heart;
From the trail who featured the
pony ballet
To the flapper who puttered at
art.

There are pictures of girls at the
sea-shore

In bathing, in ears and at tea;
As I flip the pages, not one of the
lot
Brings the tiniest heart ache
for me.

'Til one face, as fair as the cloud-
less dawn,
Holds my eye. You will ask
"Who's this?"
"Ah, she," I reply with a studied
frown,
"Is the girl that I couldn't
kiss."

There may be faces more pretty,
to you,
In the pictures that clutter my
den,
But to me she's the loveliest one
of them all,
'Tis a common weakness of men.

For the kisses we win and the
smiles we gain,
Yield only a transient bliss;
And we're all of us prone to sigh
in vain,
For the girl that we couldn't
kiss.

—S—



AH! DO, PLEASE



Laughing limpid languid lady,
Veiled in vicious violet vap-
ours;
Powdered, painted, pallid, puff-
ing,
Cut your coldly censored cap-
ers.

Wicked woman, hardened, haugh-
ty,
Audacious, ardent Antoinette;
Stop, enough, such things are
naughty—
Sling aside your cigarette.

—S—

HIRE A NURSE

Absent-minded Prof.—"I. For-
getmich was traveling in the
East. When the conductor came
to take up his ticket, he could not
find it. So the blue-coated indi-
vidual passed on, saying he would
return. The prof continued
searching until the conductor re-
turned, but found no ticket.

"That will be all right, sir, just
pay me the cash," said the con-
ductor.

"That isn't troubling me, my
good sir," replied the absent-
minded prof, "I have to have that
ticket to know where I am going."

—Sun Dial.

SNAPS AINT SNAPS

"I wouldn't give a snap for gin-
ger ale."

"Possibly not, but I'd give a
ginger snap for some ale," added
the dry one.

—Ohio.

—S—

'PHONE NUMBER PLEASE

Co-ed—Oh! I just love this kind
of weather.

Ed—Good; I'll be over this ev-
ening.—Ohio.

—S—

Not Mentioning Any Names

Disgusted Passenger—"Conduc-
tor, I can walk faster than this
train goes."

"How did he cut his hip?"

"Slipped and didn't have sence
enough to fall bottle up."—Record

Millie—"I just know he loves
you."

Sillie—"Why—yes, occa-sion-
ally."



Steve: "Do you know Jones?"

Froshine: "Wy... I don't know
whether he's met me or not."



The campus gander



IF THEY STRUCK IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIMES

Mackbeth: (aside) Lay off! MacDuff, until they come through with a raise.

King Lear: I refuse to go nutty on my present salary.

Julius Caesar: And thou too Brutus, (as Brutus flashes card showing membership in Rome Local No. 23.)

—S—

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." But you have to have a rattlin' good aim.

—S—

The freshman from Chicago walked to the phone and picked up the receiver. Minutes passed and no "Number please" came to his ear.

He turned around with tears in his eyes.

"Boys," he said, "This is the first time I've been really homesick."

—S—

The culprit's name was Look Hoo,—

A Chinaman, 'twas clear,

The lawyer then addressed the court,

"Your Honor, Look Hoo's here."

—S—

The Judge replied with brevity,

"Eliminate the levity."

—S—

Men, instead of women should be demanding equal rights. A man is compelled to wash his neck, but a woman can get by with a little powder on hers.

—S—

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE

During the session of Summer School, a group of students of both sexes went up Observatory Mountain on a beautiful night to observe a certain phase of the moon through the great telescope. A few couples, however, preferred to wander over the mountain. "Professor," asked one gentle student, "has not the moon a great influence on the tide?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "but not so strong an influence as it seems to exercise on the untied."

—Virginia Reel.

—S—

CONFESIONS OF A FRIEND

"That," he said, pointing to the little bronze box on the table, "that is the cause of my present condition."

My friend Silverwood had recently seemed to be losing his grip on life, and I called to try to find the cause of his worried look and dazed air. Again he pointed to the tiny coffer through whose slotted cover drifted wispy fumes which curled upward and diffused through the room their heavy fragrance.

"It was the present of a friend who bought it in San Francisco's Chinatown," my friend added at length. "The first cube I burned started me on the downward path."

"Well do I remember when first the sinuous smoke drifted into my nostrils. That was a sad day for me. Cube after cube I burned and soon the habit had me in its deathly grip. My boy, never start burning the stuff."

With burning fingers he lighted another green briquette and sat back in his chair to enjoy the renewed odors redolent of the age old mysteries of China. I thought of Limehouse Nights . . .

After a dash for my hat and a fumble for the knob I was in the open air again. As I lit a purebred Camel from my recently purchased herd I mentally gave up the incense fiend for lost.

—S—

I study when my pal's in bed;

Each night I cool my heated head

With towels dripping.

My marks are not among the first,

Each of my write-ups seem the worst,

I think I'm slipping.

—S—

VEP, IT IS INCONVENIENT

"The two have been sweethearts since childhood and would have been married long ago but for his wife"—(newspaper item.)

—S—

TURN THE CRANK JAMES

"The Normal school band uniforms will consist of a cap and coat at first, with the probable addition of pants at a later date.—Kalamazoo, (Mich.) Gazette.

—S—

LIKE 'ELL I WAS

I was taking a walk with Carrie

Sniffing the midnight air;

Holding her tight so she couldn't get cold

And—discussing the seven cent fare.

—S—



Editorial

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Mary Jane Cleveland

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The Siren



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Art

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G. Gratton Cassady		J. J. Bresee

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THE chimes—talked of, campaigned for, written about and longed for these seven years are a reality. We cheer their arrival.

While the "boys" of a generation ago gathered about the halls of learning and labor this morning and heard the strains of Loyalty rung out while they snapped their suspenders in enjoyment—we felt a surge of emotion and knew that here at last is a tradition, manufactured at great cost, but one which the Illini of a generation on, will consider with reference.

We greet the bells. May they ring often and cheerfully and may their donors, those of the classes of 1914 to 1921 be forever regarded, if not with reverence, at least with respect for common sense—for they have given the University something decidedly worth while.

As our friend Sam Pepless would remark—"Tis in trth music to sore ears, and fain would I weep upon the individual coat lapels of the multitudes who Woolwortherd the proposition."

With the arrival of the chimes comes the disheartening sequel to the editors of the campus—ten verses, three of them free verse, and doggone free at that have been submitted containing allusion to the "tintinnabulation of the bells."

THERE comes a time in the life of every man when, if he happens to pound out his living on a one speed mill, he gets the idea that whatever he writes is either good or funny. The perpetrators of this effort plead guilty to the second count.

Searching the humorous things of the university recently for the purpose of reproducing it for the edification of the masses we made the discovery that the "I" book, published by the Y. M. C. A. and purporting to give information concerning the university has failed to list *The Siren* among the university publications.

The knowledge of the omission came as a blow. The "Old Girl" is decidedly put out.

However we must, as every publication must, consider our audience. We must remove the "Y" from our list. Perhaps the "Y" is not to blame, for in the pages of *The Siren* levity abounds and the white tie is frowned upon.

We can live in the hope that the "Y" discovers us sometime before the year is over.

Until then—what ignominy is ours.

—————S—————

The female of the species is more deadly on the kale.



FAR from being content with their success in the hard fought battle for alcohol prohibition, self appointed judges of the nation's mode of living are apparently sincere in their declaration that they are not ready to rest on their oars, but are out to "down tobacco." They have started their fight—they who know not the undeniable pleasures of a smelly cornucop filled with fine-cut, or a jaw full of "eatin'" tobacco or a "fag", and sincerely *The Siren* hopes they have bitten off more than they can masticate.

More—they are doing a "crayfish" with loads of reverse English, on their attitude during the recent war when some of the societies which are now feeling the ground out for an anti-tobacco campaign were backing cigarette funds for "the boys."

It would appear from this attitude that tobacco only harms the system at times—not during the war for instance.

The meat of the situation is this—a motley group of kill joys, unblessed with the happiness of the world, restive for something to do, and unfitted physically to be wicked, are turning their attention to spoiling the joys of others. Frankly we hope they choke.

And they will choke on this proposition. The several million men who were out of the way when they put across the alcohol prohibition amendment will be here when the tobacco legislation comes up, and their representation will be enforced.

—S—

The scene is a each-as-each-can dance and the women don't look very good. One looks fair from the back, however, and our hero dashes up: "Oh I say, have you the next dance?"

She turns around, and—oh well, not so good—"Why no, I haven't." And he says, "Well, you'd better get it. It's going to be a good one."

—S—

One thing about the new styles is that figures don't lie as much as they used to.

—S—



The Homecomer and '23 were walking along Wright street near the Gymnasium. A dull rumble came to their ears; a hissing that arose to a wail; a murmur that became like thunder while the two stood paralyzed.

Suddenly a blinding flash came before their eyes; a lurid yellow streak that filled their vision and passed as quickly as it came. The crescendo of sound died in a few seconds.

The Homecomer turned to '23. The sophomore's green had now faded. He looked nearly healthy again.

"My God, what was that?" asked the older man.

'23 laughed shortly. "That," he replied, "was the Short Line car."

—S—

How well I know you!

Every day for two years I have looked into your faces, and, some smilingly, some haughtily, you have all looked back. You are the most consistent people I know; you do not change as do the others with every passing whim.

I know all about each of you. I have heard your life history, your petty vices and great virtues, from the lips of one who is even closer to you than I am. Yet I have never spoken to you; you have never said as much as a word to me.

You are the pictures on my roommate's chiffonier.

—S—

There should be music in every home—except the one next door.

—S—

When a woman tells you she will be ready in a minute, she doesn't say which minute.

—S—

Irate Mother—"I'll teach you to kiss my daughter."

Insolent Youth—You're too late. I've learned already.—*Trot*.

—S—



HOW TIMES DO CHANGE

1920 B. C.: The maiden slunk out of her cave and with stealthy steps crossed the waste. In her snarled and ratted hair was caught a bird's feather. Her only article of wearing apparel was a tiger's skin drooped over one shoulder. Her nose was pierced with a ring; rings hung from each ear. Her forehead and cheeks were blotched with red paint.—Gee she was a beaut.

1920 A. D.: The maiden pattered along the board walk, picking her way carefully. Her hair was ratted in the latest and most approved fashion. Over her Georgette blouse was draped a lovely fox skin hanging artistically from one shoulder. A large pearl hung from each ear. The rouge had delicately tinted her lovely cheeks and her dimpled chin. She was a knock-out.

—S—

"My highest ambition," says Raoul Harvey, "is to be able to write letters as fast as the hero does in the movies."

—S—

Some men are born with the ability to express our thoughts. Frivol says:

I don't like free verse.

I think it's

Bosh

Trash

Junk

Hocus-pocus

Flim-flam

Flapdoodle

Fragmentary
and

Freakish.

But Lord!

Look how it
Eats

Up

Space!

—S—



Summer weather carried over, rustling leaves, calm evenings when studying comes hard anyway and this—serenading for which one must applaud.

Music, defend your honor, Pan, pipe 'em down. Also—pipe the spotlight from some nearby puddle-jumper.

NUT STUFF

A sweet flimae named Barnett, Once had a white rat as a pet.

The rat's name was Lillie,
Which seems rather silly,
Is your income installment paid
yet?

—S—

He held me in his arms and whispered "Dear,
Until eternity I will be near."
Sometimes I sit alone and sadly
smile—

Eternity was such a little while.

—S—

"She never told her love."

Naughty, what was the dreadful
thing she never told her love?

—S—

ENTER—THE ROYALTY

"A Tuscola girl is suing her employer for \$5,000 damages on account of a peculiar accident which occurred in the home where she was employed as a domestic. She was taking a bath by the kitchen range and as she stepped out of the wash pan she slipped on a cake of soap and sat down on the stove. When she arose she was branded "Majestic."—Villa Grove, Ill., News.

—S—

MUST BE BLIND.

"I don't know you from Adam?"

"Well! You ought to—I'm dressed different."—*Sun Dodger*.

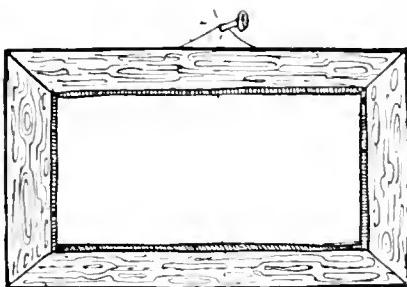
REASONS

Disgusted Professor: "What did you come to college for, anyway? You are not studying."

Bobby Rahrah: "Well mother says it's to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Jim, to sow wild oats; sister Helen to get a chum for her to marry; and dad, to bankrupt the family."

—Boston Transcript.

—S—



Pharaoh Pursuing the Israelites

In explaining the above work of art it might be said that the waters of the Dead Sea have rolled back, the Israelites have passed on, and Pharaoh has not arrived.

Whene'er I'm with a cultured Jane,
I try to make a hit in vain.
It doesn't matter who I'm with,
I'm stymied if she comes from Smith.

A Vassar flapper, with a look,
Scorns my views on some new book;
And chatter that is Greek to me,
Comes from the girl of Wellesley.

My stock goes dropping—under par,
When with a flapper from Bryn Mawr.
But here's a fact, believe me boy,
My line gets by—at Illinois.

THE HELPING HAND Four Aces

Coach: Smith is out. He broke his arm last year and he says it hasn't been right since.

Asst: Perhaps it was his left arm.

—S—

PHOENIX OR HOLEPROOF?

Lost: Silk knit purse. Want ad in Chicago paper.

—S—

Remember, girls, one fraternity pin does not make a college education.

If you will look into Tylor's "Anthropology" you will find the precursor of the prevalent style of coiffure. Only in those days, the dear ladies were not so meticulous in the rest of their attire.

Mother: "Gladys, you stood on the porch quite a while with that young man last night."

Gladys: "Why, mother, I only stood there for a second."

Mother: "But I'm sure I heard the third or fourth."—*Foolscap*.

YOU ARE MORE THAN A DADDY TO ME.

Dear Dad: I am asking you for a check sooner than I had hoped would be necessary, but you see several things have come up—books, dues, laboratory fees, room-rent, etc. Please send me a check for eighty dollars.

Resp.

Your Son. — — — —

My dear Son: I received your special today and am enclosing the amount you asked for. I went to college myself once, you know.

With love,

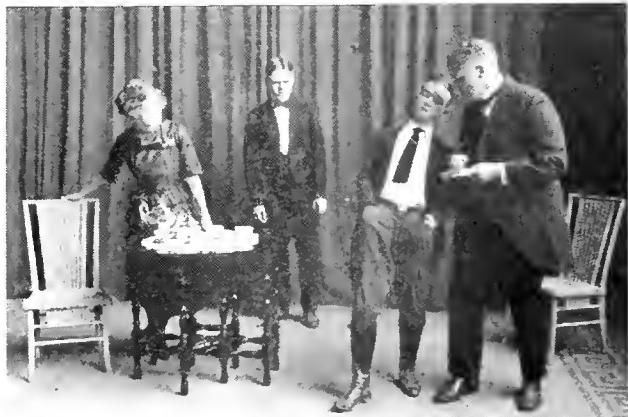
Dad.

P. S. Is she good looking?





Books, the Stage, and kinde'res highbrow Topics



Seldom have Homecomers been offered comedy of such sparkling and satiric wit, such delicate irony of characterization and situation, as Mask and Bauble's play, "The New York Idea" by Langdon Mitchell, to be given at the Illinois Theatre on Oct. 22 and 23. Upon first examination it appears as mere farce, devoted to spicy epigrams and devoid of any particular thought or significance; just another one of those plays with the customary New York *locale*, dealing with that very chic society in which dogs are raised instead of children—dogs being more interesting and less trouble. It is the sort of setting which one expects to run to bedrooms in the last act, with two pairs of pajamas going off to bed just as the house lights go on.

Happily "The New York Idea" is keyed to a higher pitch than that of claret comedy. Its central idea is explained in the denunciatory exclamation addressed by Philip Phillimore to the sprightly Cynthia Karslake who is about to marry him for tea, toast and tranquility, after the storm and stress of a love marriage with John Karslake. Cynthia suggests that there is a third alternative to the marriage of heart or head; namely, the marriage of whim. With all the intensity of outraged respectability, Philip is described "a judge on the bench"—he exclaims: "Marry for whim and leave the rest to the divorce court—that's the New York idea of marriage."

The play develops with this as its thesis. It draws dramatic significance from the action of a

high spirited and capricious woman who destroys her own home in a fit of pique, only to find herself consumed with jealousy when her ex-husband makes use of his new freedom and becomes attentive to another woman.

The characterization is facile; really subtle. In a sophisticated atmosphere inhabited by people who are all extremely capable in bandying about clever epigrams with skillfully hidden and not always euphemistic meanings, Mr. Mitchell succeeds admirably in differentiating the types and throwing them into relief. The chief characters are: Philip Phillimore, who thinks he can make Cynthia happy, though he cannot play the love bird; Cynthia Karslake, who loves horses and zippy things, and wants something more out of marriage than being esteemed across the breakfast table; Mrs. Vida Phillimore, a fruity woman who lives only for the masculine cajolery and admiration; John Karslake who also loves horses, and even more, Cynthia; and the Reverend Matthew Phillimore, a most pious, socially irreproachable worker in the Lord's vineyard. I especially recommend to admirers of P. G. Wodehouse's English types, Sir Wilfrid Cates-Darby. It is a part to tear a cat in.

The cast follows:

Philip Phillimore	C. R. Davis
Mrs. Phillimore, his mother	Olivia Schad
The Reverend Matthew Phillimore, his brother	Herbert Sowers
Grace Phillimore, his sister	Mary Safford
Miss Heneage, his aunt	Aneta Wood
William Sudley, his cousin	F. S. Harvey
Mrs. Vida Phillimore, his divorced wife	Irene Seaton
Brooks, her footman	Hubert Bradburn
Benson, her maid	Martha Dee Halls
Sir Wilfrid Cates-Darby	V. P. Newmark
John Karslake	Charles Keck
Mrs. Cynthia Karslake, his divorced wife	Merle Turner
Nogan, his valet	M. H. Raggio
Tim Fidler	F. H. Traut
Thomas, the Phillimore's family servant	Leonard Turner



Ah there, Bunkie, and how was the formal?

Oh swell, swell. There were flowers, savophones, green ices, pink punch, sisterly chaperones and

Yes?

And not once did they ask me how I got in.



FORGETFUL

Frosh: "Ma won't let me use the machine any more."

Emerald: "Why?"

Frosh: "I forgot to clean the hairpins out of it last night."

—Chaparral.

—S—

She: "I'm sugar, aren't I?"

He: "Yes dear, powdered sugar."

—S—

A MATTER OF FORM

Co.edna: "Those tight dresses show very bad taste."

Co-edmin: "On the contrary, my dear, they often show very good form."

—California Pelican.

—S—

From the feminine viewpoint these rubber necklaces that the roughs sport can be used for more than a necktie.



WELL QUALIFIED

Magistrate—Do you know the nature of an oath?"

Prisoner—"Certainly, sir; I was handy man around a sorority for six months—*Gargoyle*.

HOW TRUE

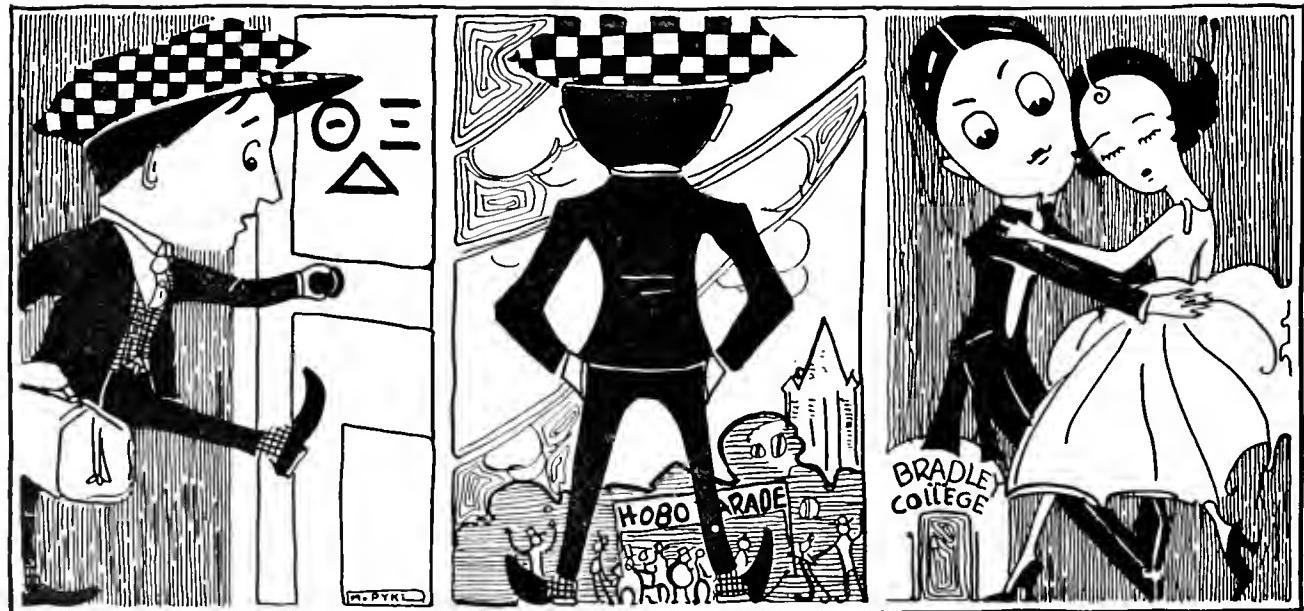


A mother loves her baby,
As a mother really should.
A sportsman loves his horse
And always treats him good.
But the greatest love on this great
earth,
Far greater than that of a
mother—
Is the anxious, passionate, infi-
ite love—
Of one dead drunk for another.

—S—

"The earth," opined Raoul, "is universally designated as "she" because no man knows the age thereof."

—S—





EQUAL SUFFRAGE

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I dreamed that you could purchase shoes
For one five dollar bill.
I dreamed there were a million stores,
Where sugar could be found,
And grocers glad to sell the stuff
For seven cents a pound.

I dreamed that bacon was reduced,
And eggs no longer high;
That new potatoes were not sold
For twenty cents an eye.
I dreamed that silk socks were so cheap
Twelve pairs I could afford;
I woke—and found that I was in
The psychopathic ward.

S

SYNONYMS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW (adapted)

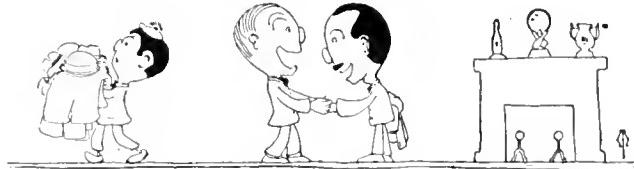
Highbrow: Browning, anthropology, economics, Bacon, the uplift, inherent sin, Gibbon, fourth dimensions, Euripedes, "eyster," pate de fois gras, Henry Cabot Lodge, G. Bernard Shaw and lemon phosphate.

Lo-Highbrow: Municipal Government, Kipling, Shakespeare, politics, Thackery, taxation, golf, grand opera, bridge, chicken a la Maryland, "eether," chewing gum in private.

High Low-brow: Musical comedy, euchre, baseball, motion pictures, small steak, medium; Robert W. Chambers, purple socks, chewing gum with friends.

Lowbrow: Laura Jean Libby, ham sandwich, haven't came, pitch, I and her, melodrama, hair oil, the Dutchess, beer, George M. Cohan, red flannels, tooth picks, Bathhouse John, chewing gum in public.

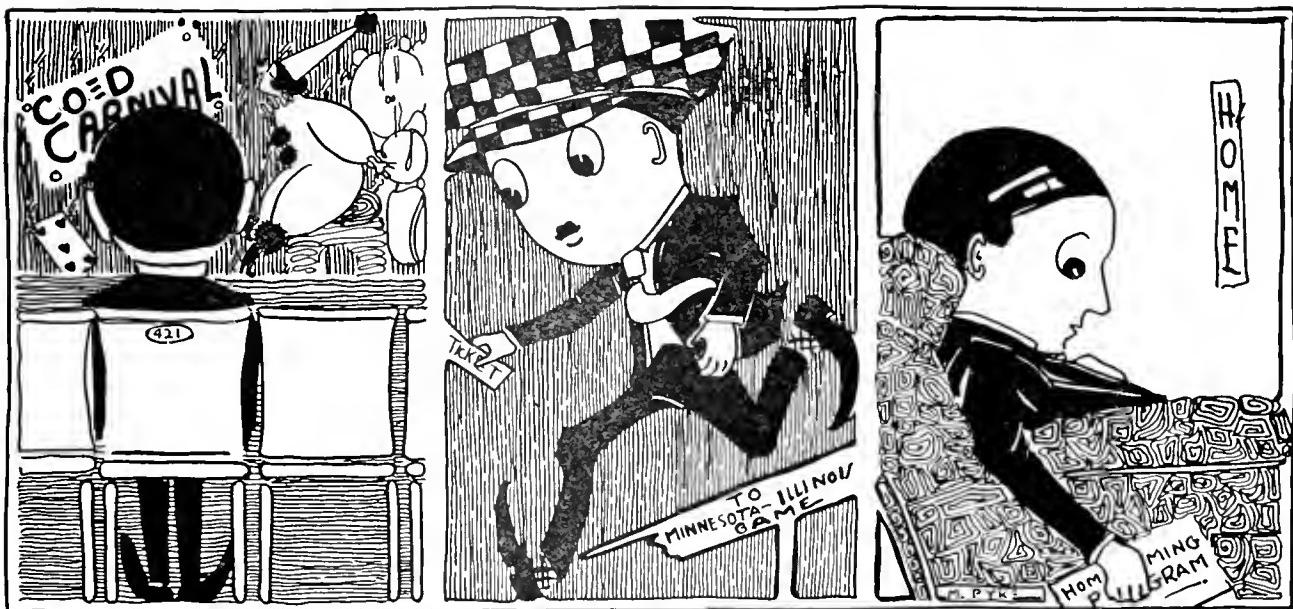
S



A puzzled housewife wrote to an Illinois newspaper "home hints" column conductor to this effect, "My gelatins never seem to be still enough or to stand well, can you suggest a remedy?

My dear, have you tried shutting off the Victrola?

S





OWL, YOU BLIGHTY

He—I wonder what makes her eyes so wise?

Him—Perhaps their pupils went to night school.

—Record.

BACKFIRE

1921—Did you see that movie called Oliver Twist?

Frosh—Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?

—Brown Jug.



"Love," says Raoul Harvey, "is like eating mushrooms. You never know whether it is the real thing until it is too late."

—S—

POETRY? AND TRUTH?

Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us,
Letters that we ought to burn.

—S—

"Cigar bands," says Raoul meditatively, "have a purpose. They are for the protection of smokers who wear celluloid collars. When the smoker smells the paper burning he throws the cigar away, saving the collar."

He (at the box office): "Have you got a seat left?"

Ticket Seller (indicating the number): "Yes, U21?"

He: "I am, and if it is that kind of a show I am glad I did not ask my mother to come with me."—*Exchange*.

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries to kiss her and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss her and wouldn't if he did, he's a wise man.—*Dirge*.

NOT FROM PRESENT PRICES

Those Indians that swapped Manhattan Island for a bottle of whisky didn't make such a bad bargain after all.—*Burr*.

OH! THE HORRID THING!

"Remember Jack, dear, I always love like this," she sighed as she nestled a little closer to him.

"Yes! Yes!" murmured HE absently, "So I ahve heard! So I have heard!"

He—"You'll meet some awfully nice people when you come to my old town."

She—"Oh, I'd rather be with you!"

INSANE INTERVIEWS

"My name is not Conscience but I'll be glad to be your guide," said the gallant senior to the frosh co-ed who had lost her way on the south campus.

"Yes, I will turn my back to booze," wheezed the driver of the brewery wagon.

"Aha! I am working on a real case at last," snapped the correspondence school detective, "and there's only two bottles left."

"Speaking of funny lines," chirped the three-a-day actor, "let's not forget to pay our respects to the Wabash."

For true narrow-mindedness, seek a broad-minded man.

Women are either very dear, or very dear.

Falling in love and gambling are akin: they both leave you broke.

Wife—Was Mrs. DeStyle in her new gown when you saw her?

Hub—Partly.—*Judge*.

The world bows to a clever woman, but it kneels to a pretty one.

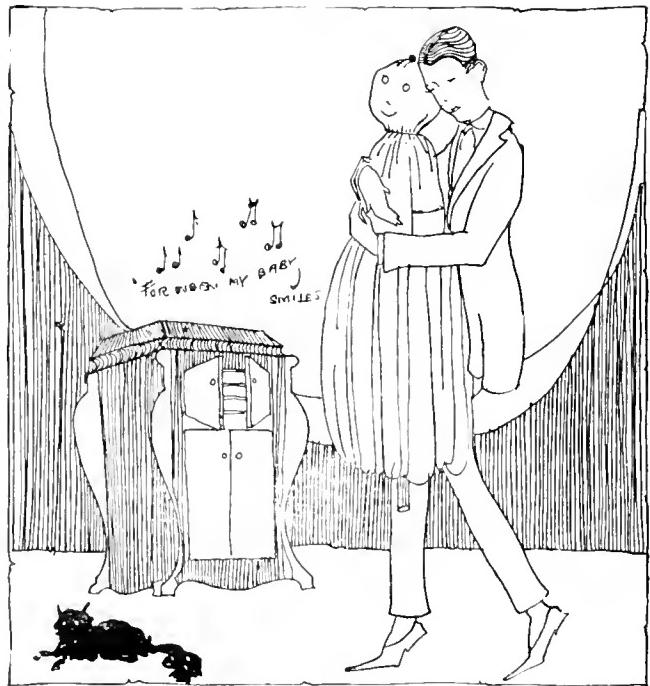
A woman is as old as she looks—a man is not old until he quits looking.

A hair brush has given many an actor his best part.





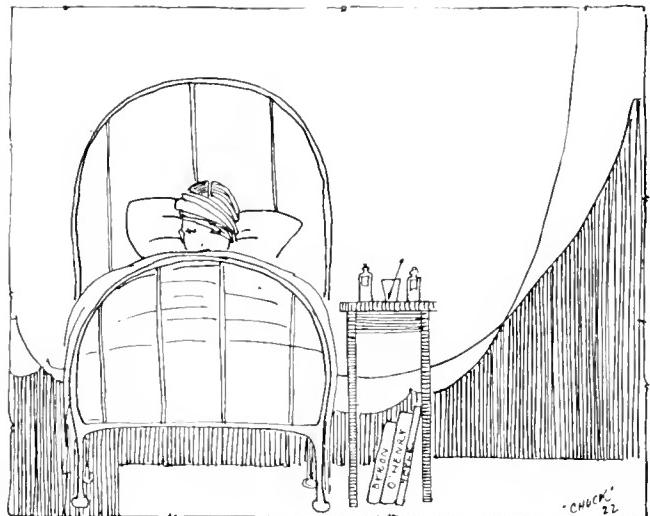
THE
ART



OF
DANCING



HAS
LAID
MANY



A
LEARNER
LOW

In The Bradley Arcade

Welcome—

you'll find the
ARCADE BARBERS
still on the job

GEO. G. BROWN, Prop.

The Arcade Alleys

EXERCISE
combined with
PLEASURE

DON STOOPS, Prop

The Arcade Billiard Parlor
welcomes the
"Home Comers"
too.

Arcade Billiard
Parlor

"Clean Sport For Regular Fellows"

E. W. COLLARD

MAIN 3986

Why be late to your
8 o'clock?

—just drop in at Jimmie's after
that class for your breakfast

CONFECTIONERY

LUNCH ROOM

TEA ROOM

Arcade
Confectionery

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie

THE REAL KIND OF
Snappy Furnishings
YOU NEED

Nifty Tailored Clothes
YOU LIKE

Hats and Caps
of
Late Variety

Where Men Shop, See
MARSHALL
Bradley Arcade

TACT

Dorothy: Was Jack engaged to Mabel before he married Evelyn?

Katheryn: Yes, and do you know what Mabel did?

"No. What did she do?"

"Sent Evelyn to read on the honeymoon, Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*."

—Life.

—S—

Study Lamps

Portable, Wallace, Adjusto

Mazda and Nitrogen Lamps

ALL KINDS OF ACCESSORIES

CHANDLER ELECTRIC CO.

107 W. Main St., Urbana

Main 4046

HAVE YOU?

Have you ever sat in a poker game,
With three or four other guys,
And catch three Jacks and two good Queens,
And back 'em to the skies,
And put in every cent you have
For you feel that this hand wins.
When the bird next to you shows a hand
With four trey spots—'n grins.
I tells you pal, it's a grey old world
When you see him rack that dough,
With your heart in your empty pockets
You pick up your hat and go.
Then you swear you will never gamble again
Either for profit or fun,
Then 'n about a week comes a check from Dad
'N you lose it all at "rhum."

—Third Floor Back.

THERE is a possibility that the Student Opera, that really worth while student endeavor, may take the road this year, at least to Chicago. And it is hoped that this hope becomes a reality. Illinois University needs to show the state, and especially Chicago, some of its advantages besides those athletic. The opera would do just that.

The talent is here, let's show the rest of the state just what the University is capable of doing. Pierrot holds the reins.

CARICATURES CARTOONS PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN a cartoonist makes a cartoon he emphasizes the more prominent features of the Victim of his pencil. His art is to make, even a good looking person appear "Funny"—Ridiculous. But, the Cartoonist is Honest—well-meaning—and Means to produce the Result which he accomplishes. But there is another Sort of "Cartoonist", the Incompetent Photographer. He makes pictures which distort the features, dislocate the limbs and which otherwise caricature his victims. He means to be Honest sometimes. He makes "Cheap Pictures"—he quiets his Conscience by the reflection that the Man, or Woman, whom he posed was "caricatured" for "only" so much per dozen—as though cheapness should console the unfortunate with having havoc played with his, or her, looks! The more cheap, bad pictures you get, the worse you are off.



It is better to have WEBER photograph you, than to wish you had.

Weber Studio

602 E. John

The meanest man in the world, says Raoul Harvey, is the guy that will turn in an alarm just when the grand march is starting at the fireman's ball.

—S—

THE ROBBER

"You had to hold me up to do it," said the sweet young thing after the big, tall man had stolen a kiss.—Frivol.

—S—

BILLIARDS

Tobacco and Smokers' Supplies

Leseure Bros.

BILLIARD PARLOR

"Clean, Pleasurable Sport"

The APOLLO *Confectionery*

When You Get

Apollo Confections

of Any Kind You Have the Best



MOUYIOS BROS., Prop.

Urbana, Ill.

Welcome Illini!

DON'T forget to include Zom's in your visitation of old haunts. We are bigger and busier than ever—but never too busy to greet one of THE TRIBE.



Roger Zombro

Green street—of course

Deyo & Spencer

Wholesale and Retail

Meats

QUALITY MEATS

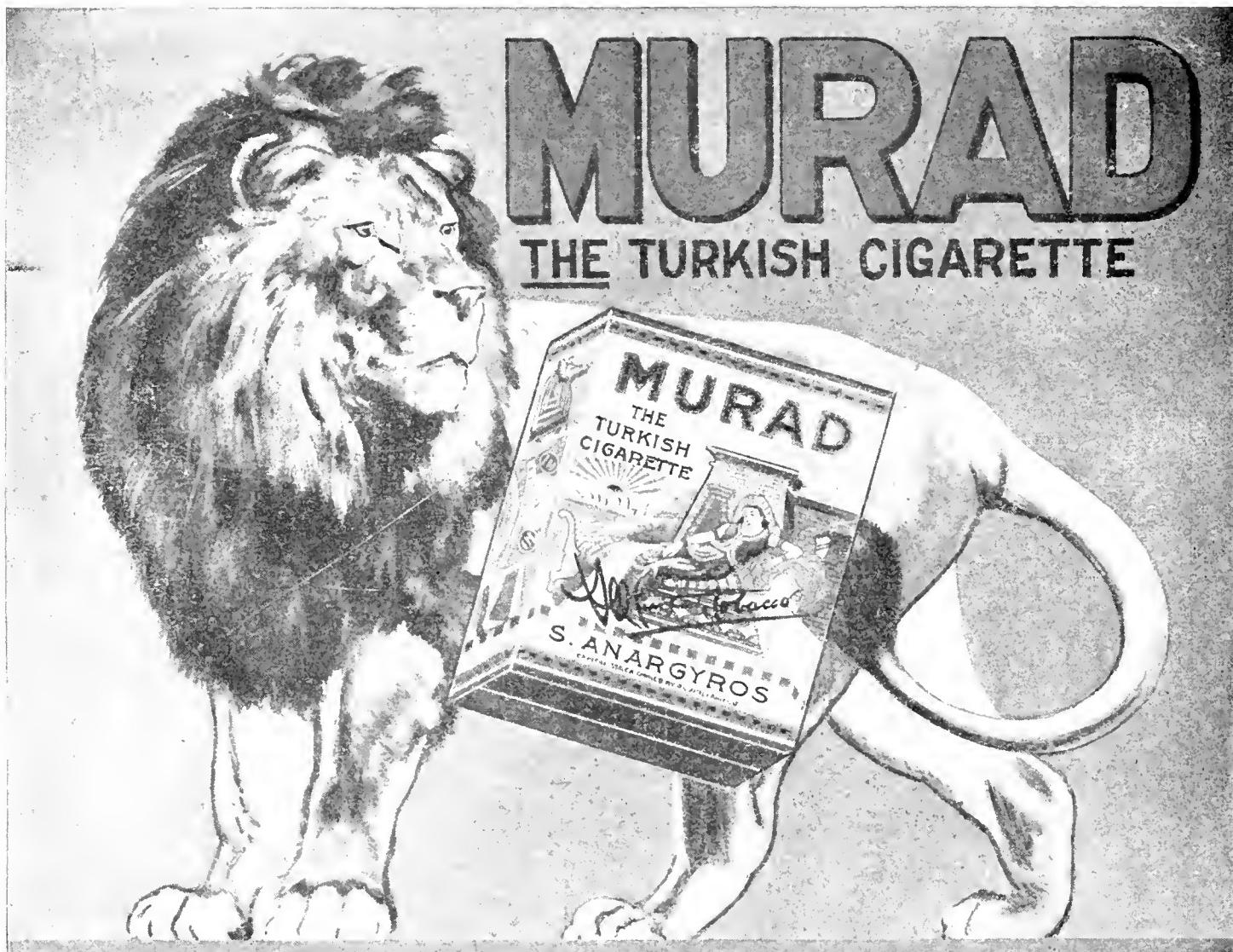
—and—

PROMPT DELIVERY

*Special Prices to Fraternities and
Club Houses*

114 E. University Ave.

Phone Gar. 1311



Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.
"How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX
of 10 — BUT THEY'RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

"Judge for, Yourself—!"

*Special attention is called
to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes*

Anargyros

*Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World*

University Pharmacy

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SODA
FOUNTAIN

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Filled only by Registered
Pharmacists

Telephone Us Your
Wants. We Deliver

Main 134

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Barber Shop

Two Barbers

Barber Supplies

Open from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

Saturday 7 A.M. to 11 P.M.

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One block East of Chem Building

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Quality

Work

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Go to

Dukes'
Studio

208 N. Neil

Champaign

Eat With Your Friends--They
Eat With Us

Chesley's

"The Popular Restaurant"

—
OUR MEAL TICKETS
SAVE YOU MONEY
—

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Urbana

One Block East of Chemistry Building

**T. M. Bacon
& Sons**

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass

Corner Walnut and
Taylor Sts.

*This Issue of The Siren
Printed and Published by*

THE ILLINI PUBLISHING CO.

"Quality Printing at Reasonable Prices"

617 East Green street

Champaign, Illinois

AN INVITE

Jack—"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"

Jacquette—"Oh, no."

Jack—"Then let's take a little stroll through the infirmary."

—*Sun Dodger.*

JOHNNY, GET YOUR GUN

"They say that Miss Mush is inclined to be over-romantic."

"I'll say she is. She's gone to work in an arsenal just to be sure of having arms around her."—

American Legion Weekly.

THE QUESTION

Bolen—"Yes; this time two years ago I was a mental wreck, actually insane. What do you suppose brought about this big change in me?"

Kapp—"What change?"

HITE BROS.

**"Jazz" Shoe Shining
Parlor**

C L E A N I N G

—and—

P R E S S I N G

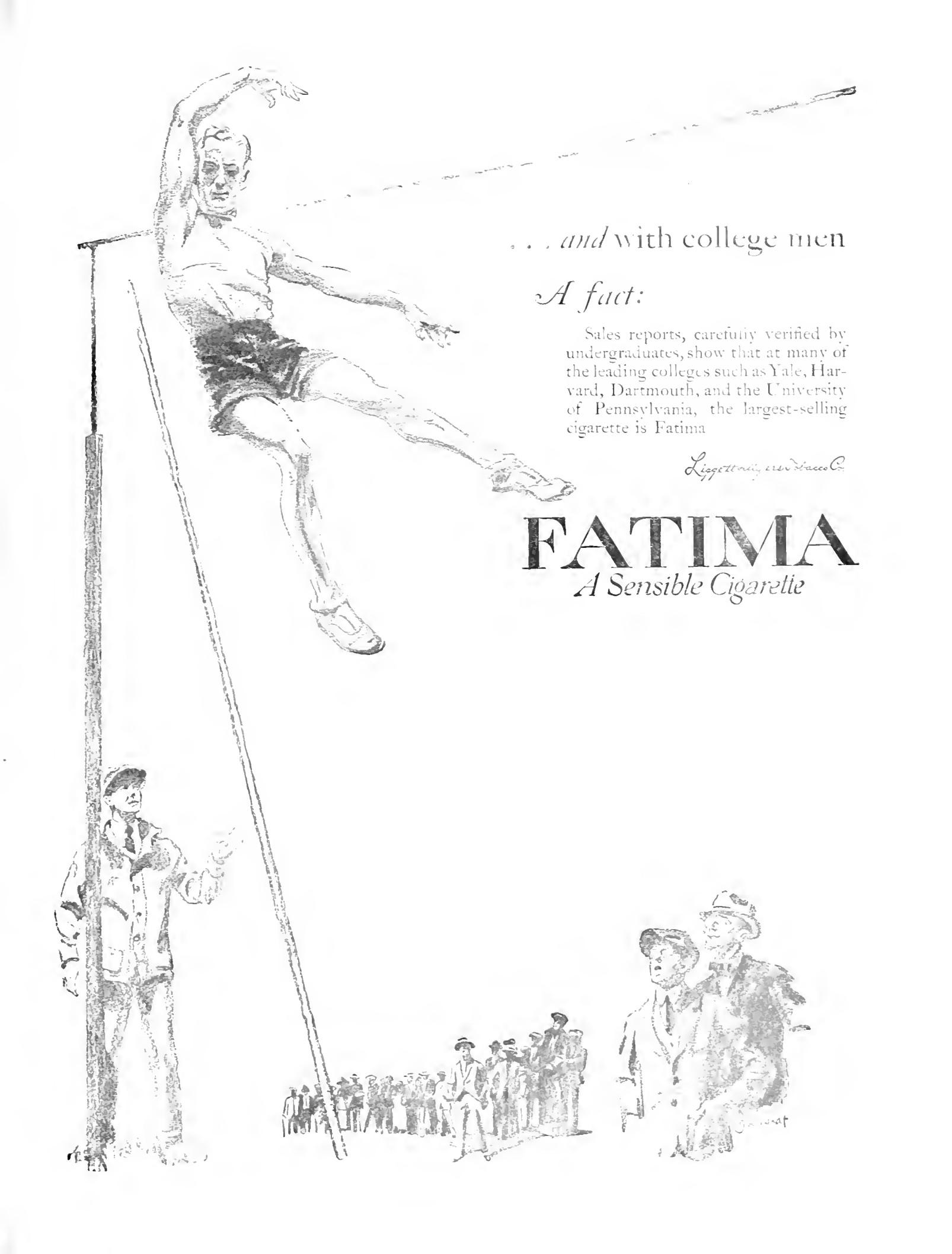
Prompt and Reliable
Service

Chairs for Ladies

COLLEGE HALL

311 GREEN ST.





... and with college men

A fact:

Sales reports, carefully verified by undergraduates, show that at many of the leading colleges such as Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, and the University of Pennsylvania, the largest-selling cigarette is Fatima

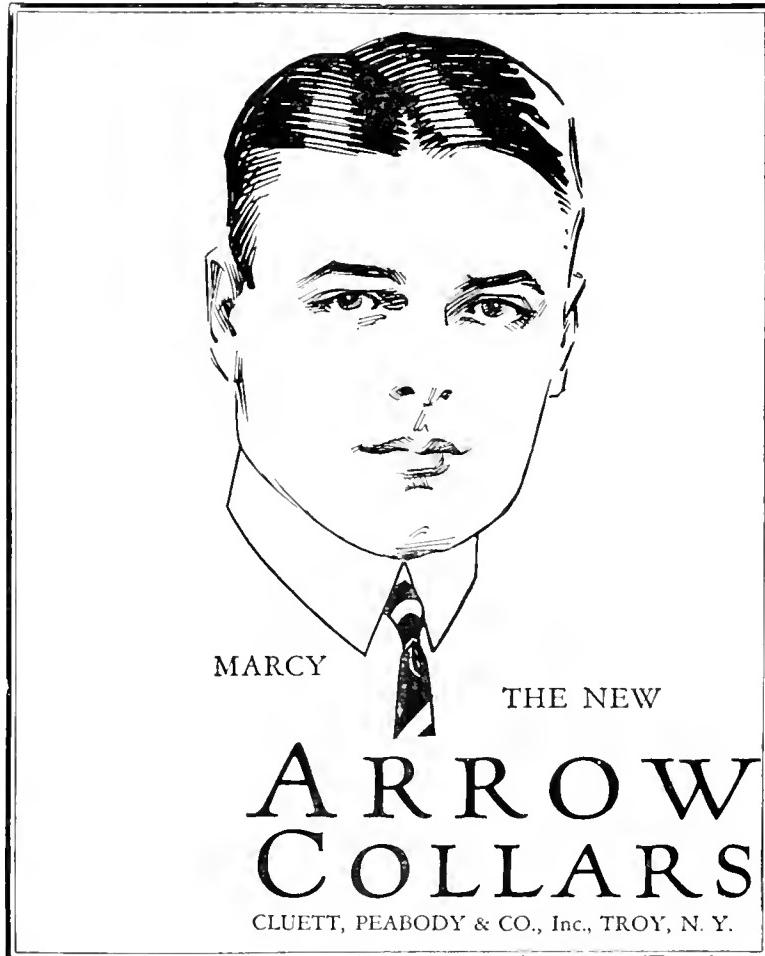
Liggett & Myrick Tobacco Co.

FATIMA
A Sensible Cigarette

SEND IT TO GORDON'S FOR CLEANING AND PRESSING

511 S. Goodwin Avenue

4232—Main



TOUJOURS LA FEMME

A girl will listen to a parlor story.
If it is rare she will laugh at it;
If it is snappy, she is amused with it;
If it is spicy, she is content with it;
If it is rare, she will laugh at it;
If it is raw, she will repeat it.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

—S—



Bring Your Car to the

Largest and Newest Garage in
the Twin Cities

H. L. Casper & Co. Garage

RED CROWN GAS

MOBIL OIL

Close to Campus

Main 931

204-6 E. University



Modern Motive Might

MOUNTAINS, miles and minutes give way before electricity, the magic motive power. Properly applied, it drives giant locomotives across the continental divide, tows ocean liners through the Panama Canal, or propels huge ships.

Through good light, safe signals, and illuminated highways, it is making travel better and safer and also is increasing the usefulness of transportation methods on land, sea or in the air.

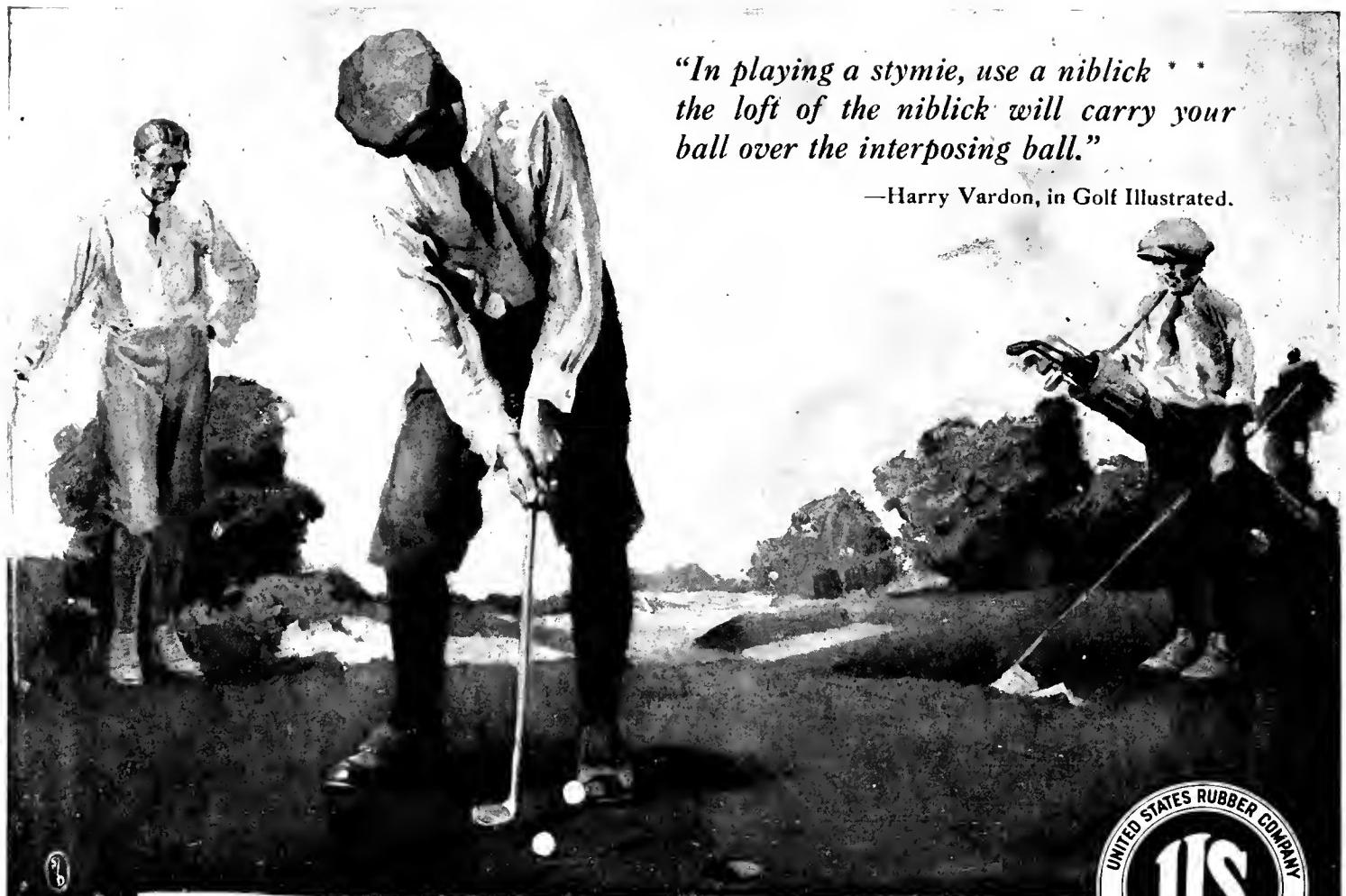
In short, electricity is revolutionizing transportation, making it quicker, safer, more economical and reliable in all sorts of weather.

And back of this development in electric transportation, in generating and transmitting apparatus as well as motive mechanisms, are the co-ordinated scientific, engineering and manufacturing resources of the General Electric Company, working to the end that electricity may better serve mankind.

35-330 H



GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



*"In playing a stymie, use a niblick * *
the loft of the niblick will carry your
ball over the interposing ball."*

—Harry Vardon, in *Golf Illustrated*.



Dependability

The new U. S. Royal, U. S. Revere and U. S. Floater Golf Balls are dependable balls. They help you out of the tight corners—make those difficult shots less hard to face. They fly true and putt true and are uniformly accurate from core to cover—well balanced, sound and lively.

There's a size and a weight to suit your style of play. Buy them from your pro or at your dealer's.



U. S. Royal \$1.00 each

U. S. Revere 85c each

U. S. Floater 65c each

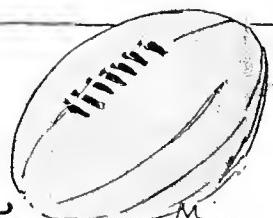
Keep your eye on the ball—be sure it's a U. S.

United States Rubber Company

THE SIREN



Thanksgiving 1920



JOS. KUHN & CO.

Overcoats and Suits

No amount of argument or conversation will as effectively prove the superiority of our Clothes as *seeing* them. You'll then discover that they're *better, finer, more reasonable* than the custom tailored kind.

For Men and
Young Men

\$20 \$30

to

\$40



FOR 56 years Jos. Kuhn & Co. has lead in value-giving. We stand upon value and shall never stand for anything else. This event is in keeping with our policy that no clothes shall ever be bought more reasonably than at

Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men's Wear

Jos. Kuhn & Co.
31-33-35-37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

Beautiful and Artistic Christmas Greetings

Over a thousand select numbers shown for your choice. Get them now for the friend at a distance. We have them in U. of I. colors and emblem.

STRAUCH Photo Craft House

The Art and Gift Shop

**BRING YOUR DAD
WITH YOU**

TO

Schuler Bros.

Confectionery

No. 9 Main St.

We Can Please You

—with—

DRINKS and CANDIES

When Eve passed the luscious fruit
Then clothing came in style.
We'll have to pass the fruit again
In just a short, short while.
—*Sun Dodger.*

WELL, WHAT OF IT?

Salesman—"Now here is a hat that exactly fits your personality."

Frosh (anxiously)—"Don't you think it is rather flat?"

—*Sun Dodger.*

Lecturer—"Now when a person is deaf, his sight is more acute, for the law of compensation will work itself out."

Listener (thoughtfully)—I've often noticed myself, that when a man has a sort leg, the other is somewhat longer."—*Virginia Reel.*

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"Who is that terrible looking woman?"

"That's my sister."

"Oh, that's all right; you ought to see mine."—*Record.*

BUT SOMETIMES WORDS FAIL.

"What do you call a man who plays a saxophone?"

"It depends on how rotten he is."—*The Yale Record.*

NATURALLY.

'Twas mid-night in the parlor
'Twas darkness everywhere,
The silence was unbroken, for
There was nobody there!

—*Virginia Reel.*

She—"And knowing my sentiments on the subject, did that odious Harold Connors insult you by offering you a drink?"

He—"That's what he did."

She—"And how did you resent it?"

He—"I swallowed the insult."

—*Orange Peel.*

"Do you serve lobsters here?"

"Yes, we serve anybody; sit down, sir."—*Medley.*

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TRY OUR
HOT CHOCOLATE

Prescriptions

Filled only by Registered
Pharmacists

Telephone Us Your
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FRED J. FRISON



SOUVENIRS

In gold and silver—Pins
Cigarette Cases, Knives, Pen
cils, Spoons with seal of Uni
versity—the better class of
goods

—at—

Wuesteman's "Hallmark Store"

Champaign

Once Upon A Time--

There was a little goofey. "He had a head." Papa and Mama "looked into it" and found "nothin'." so they "passed the buck" to the U. of I., which was good for goofey.

Goofey thought he was a "man" and got "stung" on his "dates" and his "election bets" and in several other "ways and means," one of which was "portraits." He listened to "bunk" and went out of his way to be "slaughtered." "On receipt" of his "portrait" goofey's mama "hung a crepe on it" and "labeled it" a "mutilated future asset" and laid it gently in the bottom of the trunk to "play with the moth-balls."

"By the time" goofey was a senior "he was a man" thanks to the U. of I and old "father time."

He "quit gambling" and "taking chances" and other men's "dates" and "Sent Home a Weber Portrait" which was "framed and hung" and goofey's mama looks at it each day and "murmurs" "Goofey, my little goofey."

Start right and stay right—don't take chances and don't get stung. Have **Weber** make your portrait from your freshman year, through to your senior year.

Weber

on John Street

YES, BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I spent a year, some days ago
In effervescent Borneo,
Where all the people live in trees
And whistle in the gentle breeze
From epicontinental seas.
And hassempfeller bushes grow.

I met a little whiffenpoof,
Who though me quite a simple goof,
Until I caught it, standing there
And held it by its long black hair
And fed it beans and Camembert
And shingles off my roof.

I fed it chert and other stone,
And played upon my zitherphone
And told my latest wheeze.
It left upon the breeze,
And sighed among the trees,
And left me there alone.

BOTTLED UP

"My stars, how did Jones cut his face that way?"

"Poor fellow was at a launching the other day
and he licked the pieces."—*Judge*.

Stoltey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories
Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil

A SATISFIED PATRON MEANS A STEADY PATRON

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

Champaign Tea & Coffee Co.
201 North Market Street

Auto 1586

Champaign, Ill.



*David, old dear, do you mind telling me just what you are
disguised as?*



*As a collar advertisement. I claim that by concealing my
handsome countenance I'm a living proof that one need not
be a manikin to wear Lion Collars - rather clever get up,
don't you think?*

... and at Pinehurst, N.C.

A fact:

At Pinehurst, where golfers from all over the country gather for winter and spring tournaments, it is Fatima that holds each season's record as the largest-selling cigarette.

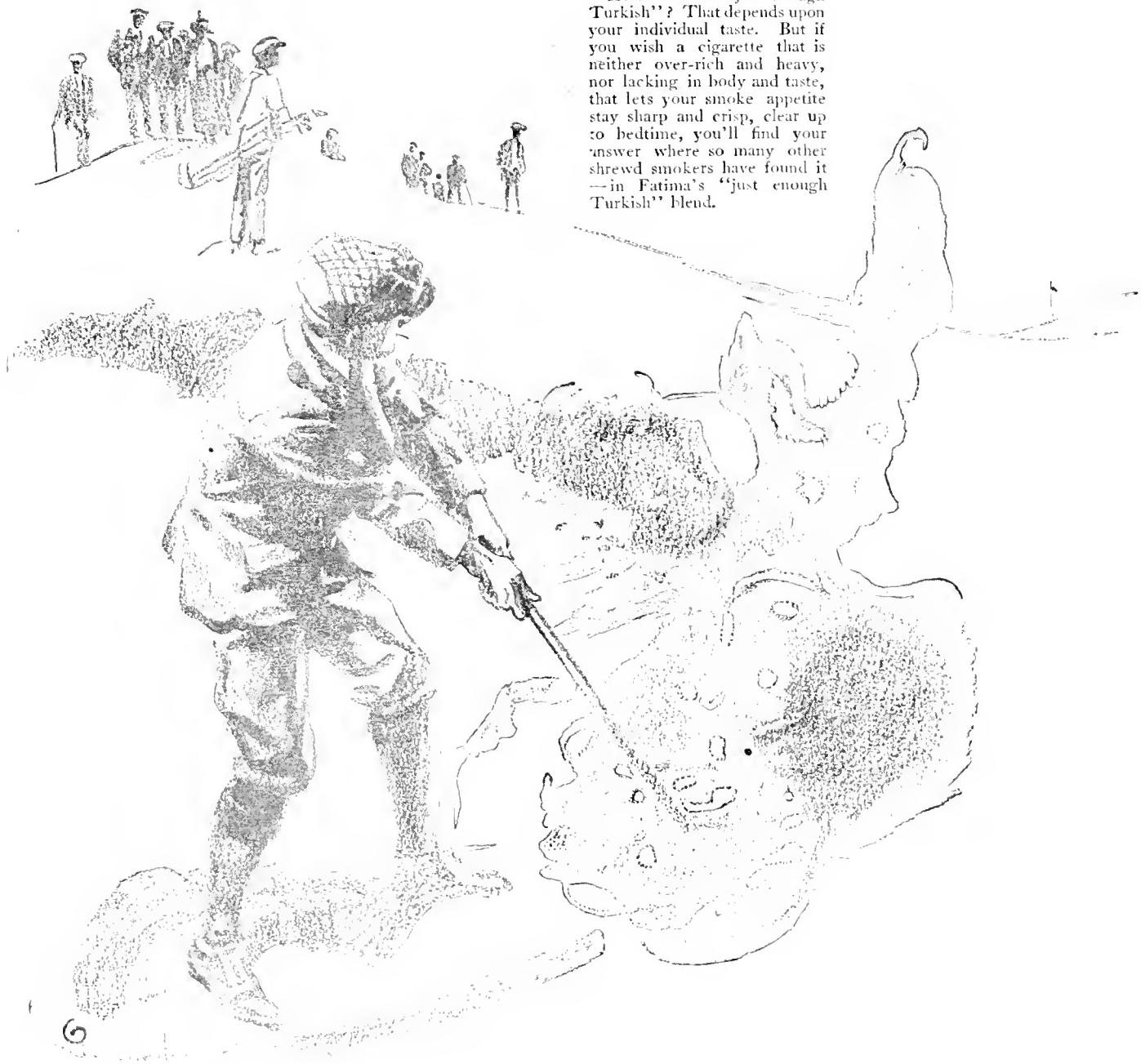
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

*—more proof of
“just enough Turkish”*

How much is “just enough Turkish”? That depends upon your individual taste. But if you wish a cigarette that is neither over-rich and heavy, nor lacking in body and taste, that lets your smoke appetite stay sharp and crisp, clear up to bedtime, you'll find your answer where so many other shrewd smokers have found it — in Fatima's “just enough Turkish” Blend.



First Simple Nimrod—"Hey,
don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded."

His partner—"Can't help that,
the bird won't wait."—*Too Doo.*

I rose with best of manners,
To give to her my seat,
The question was which one of
us
Should stand upon my feet.
—*Widow.*

"KANDY"

Stick to "Kandy"
—for
Student Haircut

614 E. Green



STETSON

SMALL wonder that men of
position assign STETSON the first
place among hats—what with the
fine Stetson Quality, maintained to-
day as for fifty years past; and the
alert, vigorous Stetson Style!

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

WE SUPPLY ICE CREAM

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and
other large gatherings where food refresh-
ments are served. We guarantee prompt
deliveries of the best ice cream made un-
der strictest sanitary conditions and shall
be pleased to arrange with committees and
others for supplying this best of all
refreshments and deserts.



Champaign Ice Cream Co.

Bell 175

115-117 E. University

Auto 2107

A LOVER'S IF.

Beg pardon, Mr. Kipling.

If you can love a girl and never show it,
Nor let her see she's got you on the run;
If you can be a fool and she not know it,
You're better than the most of us, my son;
If you can be in love but never jealous,
Nor melancholy—only bright and gay;
If you can be just warm but not too zealous;
If you can keep her guessing day by day;
If you can hold your mind upon your business;
And turn your work off like an oiled machine;
If you can seem indifferent to the dizziness,
And make your heart take orders from your
brain;
If you can play the game in all its phases,
And get results according to your plan,
If she can never lose you in the mazes,
Nor make you feel like Fido with a can;
If you can do this, fellow, you're a wonder;
You're just the sort of chap we seldom see;
I'm happy to have met you, and by thunder—
I must admit you've got the bulge on me.

—*Virginia Reel.*



Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak

Pictures 1 5-8 x 2 1-2 in.

Price \$9.49

Sometimes, even after a lot of thought in selecting a gift, you are not quite certain that your choice was wise. When you give a V. P. K. you're sure—everybody wants one—even the person who may already own a larger camera.

Two gifts in one—the purchase of a Kodak, Brownie, Premo or Graflex entitles the owner to one year's free subscription to Kodakery—a little photographic magazine that will help him make good pictures. So you see you give not only the camera but a worthwhile magazine as well.



"Chuck" Bailey

MANAGERS

"Shelby" Himes

To The Fathers

Fathers, who tolerate our vanities,

(And pay for them)

Who praise us when we act worthily,

Who pardon us for our sins,

And love us for our poor selves,

Be welcome here!

You, who are always kind,

Whose unselfishness puts us to shame,

Who are older than we, and wiser—

You, who feed us and clothe us—

Be welcome!

We are young; to you we may seem heartless,

We are young; to you we may seem blind,

We are young—but we know, be sure,

What your love has done for us;

Therefore be welcome here!

Here is the City of Youth,

Here do we spend the days away from you,

Read in our lives and our faces

Whether or no your care is forgotten,

Your love unthanked!

Read, and be welcome here!



AN INDICATION OF WEATH- TRING.

First It—"Isn't that a beautiful openwork shirtwaist that blonde is wearing?"

Second It—"Open-work? Huh! That's not open-work—it just shows how many fraternity pins she has worn since she got the shirtwaist."

A steeple Jack
Was Arthur Green.
His monument's
The best I've seen.

Election day a flustered gent ran into the First National Bank building.

"I bet \$1,000 on Harding," he shouted.

The elevator man took him up.

There were tears upon his lashes,
As he murmured with a whine;
"Down an alley off of Broad
street
There's a 'Family Entrance'
sign."

What kind of ice-cream have you?
Plain, vanilla and white.

QUIT YOUR BRAGGING.

Headline reads—"Another Danville Girl is Married."

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

She blushed to the tip of her nose:

"To the hardware store, kind sir," she said,

To buy the garden hose."

He met her on the campus

As the sun was sinking low;
They strolled along together,
In the evening afterglow.

They were a model couple,

As any in the land—
She didn't hint to have a drink,
Nor he to hold her hand.

"Yes, Hector, Mrs. Goldenline's parents are very rich," said Mrs. Rockabye, "I understand that they use a new needle with every record."

Teacher—"What part of history is hardest?"

Stude—"The Stone Age, of course."

IF HE HAD PLENTY OF YENNE.

Miss Gertie, who came from Cheyenne,

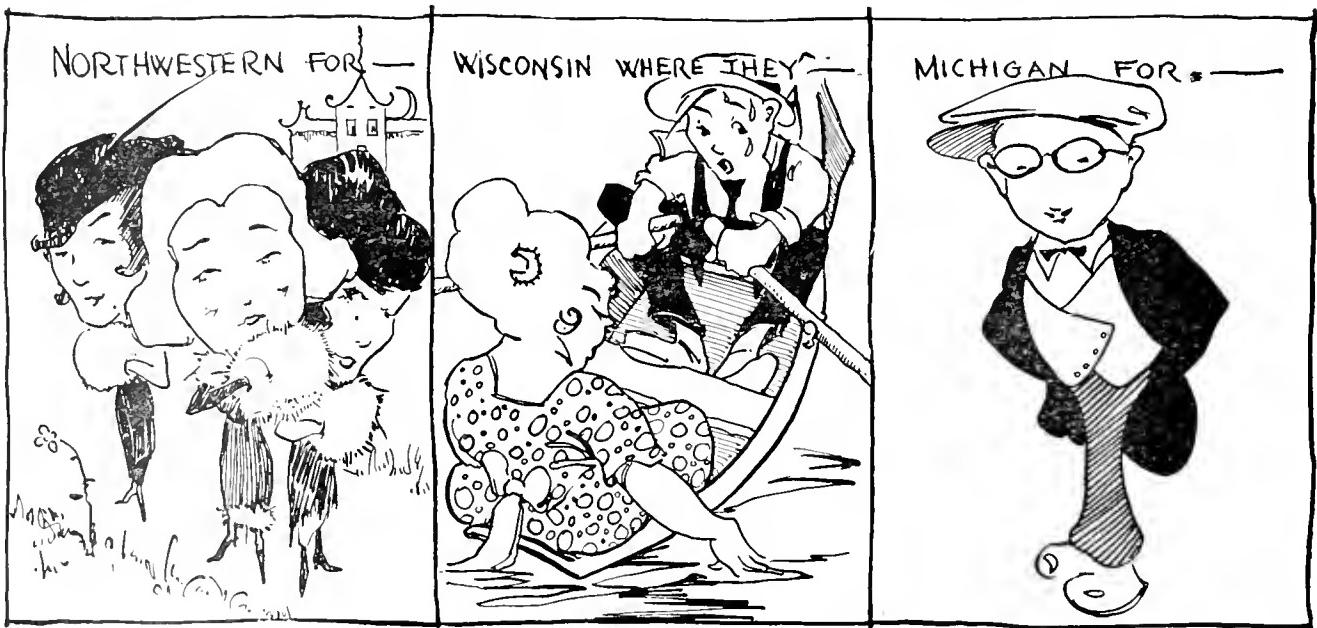
Declared she cared nothing for menne;

But if one said, "Miss Gertie,
Meet me at 10:30,"

She'd get there, you bet, before tenne.

RHETORIC I, UNDER COM- PULSION.

I heard the slim instructor say,
"A theme is due within a day,"
But I don't care! Subjects of
themes just fill my mind, and
titles are not hard to find, they're
just hot air. "The Graveyard of
Ambition's" one; "The Setting
and the Rising Son;" "When Babette
Bobbed Her Hair;" "Cashiered;"
"The Poor Fish at the
Bank;" "The Flush of Shame;"
"The Slush of Fame;" "No More
the Village Tank;" "Church Time
and Were You There?" "A vag-
abondish life I've led, and many
sights have filled my head with
subject matter; and I shall tell
you of them yet. But at the pres-
ent I'll forget to write my theme
—I'll can this patter.





"How long did you take Chemistry?"

"Only two weeks."

"Huh! You didn't take it at all, you were only exposed to it."

A woman talks less in February than in any other month. There are only twenty-eight, or at the most, twenty-nine days in that month.

Brainless—"What does it mean when your hand itches?"

Bates—"That company is coming."

Brainless—"What does it mean when your head itches?"

Bates—"That they have come."

Rears—"What did you do with that old typewriter of yours that used to rattle so much?"

Sawbuck—"Oh! That one. I married her."

The cavalry charges cost the government a great deal.

MAYBE THAT'S THE REASON

Why is it a rich man always has the Twin-Six and a poor man the six twins.



"Reformers always did get my goat," opined Raoul Harvey. "Just when I find a dance that I can do without running myself to death, namely, The Toddle, they eliminate it. It was named wrong—it went too well with Toddly and went with it."

"Co-education is all right," said Raoul in a moment of abstraction. "The dear things don't clothe their limbs so I advocate that they clothe their minds as well as possible to make up for the deficiency otherwise."

"The chimes," said Raoul, "are wonderful. What tune is that they are playing?"

You ring her door bell softly,
He makes the darnest racket;
The maid admits you swiftly,
He dirties up your jacket.

He chews your new gray spates:
To meet her you advance,
And trip upon his doggone tail,
He fusses with your pants.

You take her for a walk,
He tangles up your feet;
She sits upon the sofa and
He sits upon your seat.

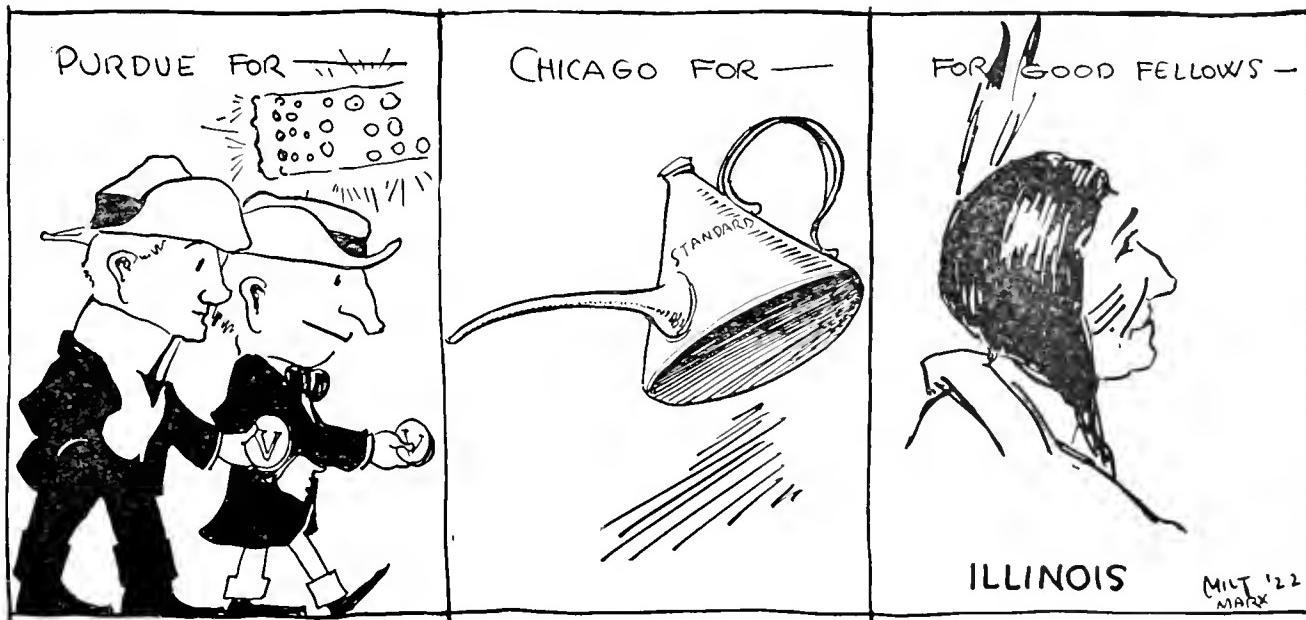
She treats you rather coldly
'Cause you don't like her pet;
How'd you like to kick that pup—
Consign it to the "vet"?

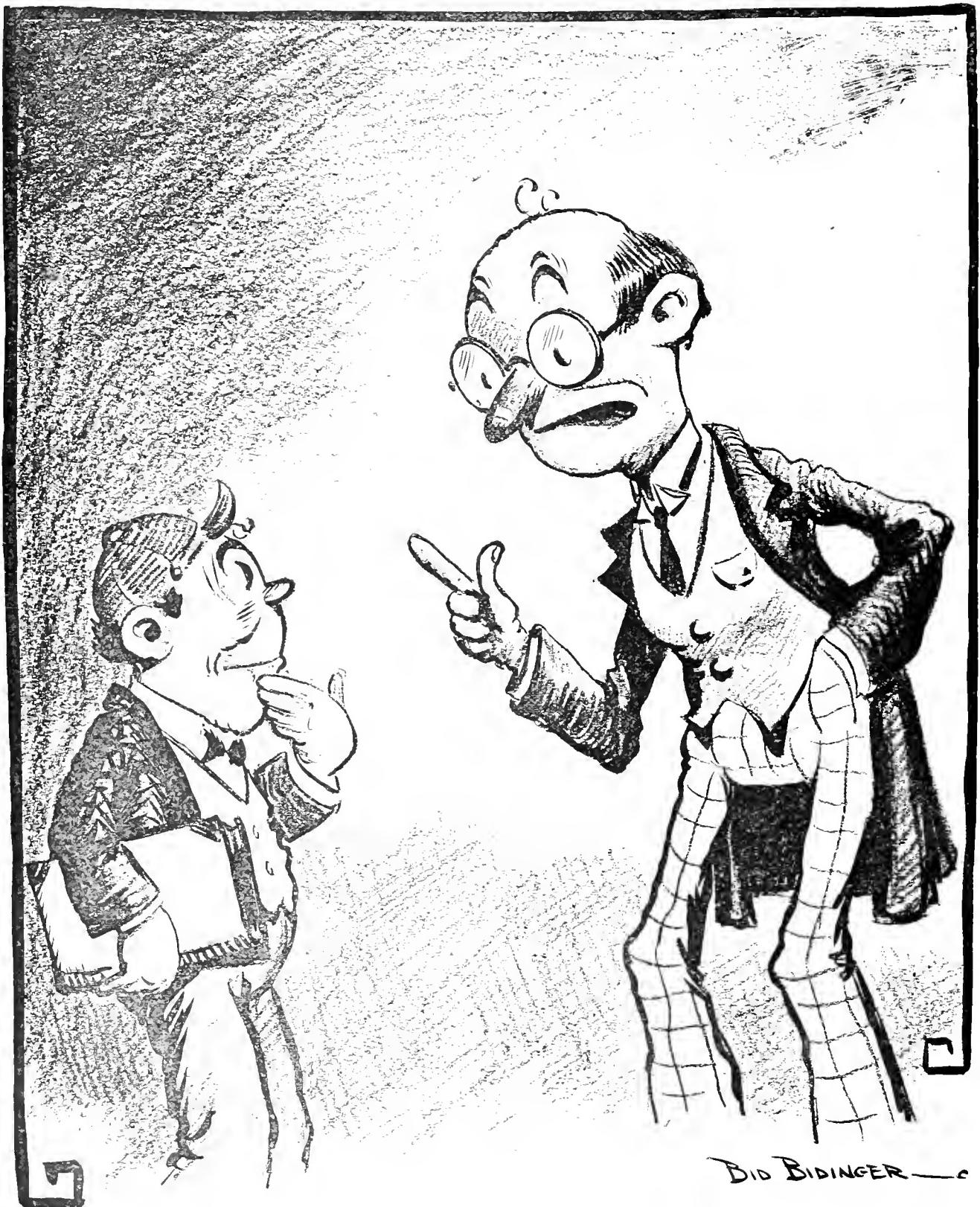
If there's anything to hate,
I speak for any man,
It's a square-mugged, spoiled,
and petted
Pom-e-ra-ni-an.

Prof—"Name a modern improvement in the production of milk."

Stude—"Use of filtered water."

Woman first tempted man to eat, but he drinks home-brew on his own accord.





Prof: "You must learn to follow the advice of your seniors, my lad."
Stude: "Yessir! But what do you do when they graduate?"



MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR.

The Duc d'Which rode slowly along the forest path, trailing his feet in the wayside ash-piles. His strong seamed face was lined with sorrow. His shield of Alice blue hung mournfully from the sash, and the large honest hooves of his rented palfrey hit the medieval trail with funeral cadence.

For the Duc d'Which was low. He was out. The reason? Ah, what but the old old one—Love unrequited. The celestial daughter of one of the most successful forgers of the realm—The Aragon Scaviosa, they called her—even she had but that very morn said "Nay" to his impassioned plea. Verily, the Duc was low, in the fullest sense.

About midday he halted, heaved two resonant sighs, and prepared to prepare his lunch.

As he was cutting choice morsels from a clove of garlic a lusty ranger appeared from behind a Bridal-wreath bush—doffed his cap, and said:

"Most noble lord, you are in the argot, what might be termed low. Permit me to cheer you by the means of a single question."

"Varlet," quoth d'Which, wiping the tears out of his eyes, "Go to; ask that question and be off."

"Great Duc," quoth the ranger, with a sly smile, "Tell me: didst, in thy travels, e'er hear the tale of the dirty shirt?"

"Nay," replied the Duc with tempered curiosity, "What of it?"

"Why, this, my lord," quoth the ranger. "That is one on you!"

Wherenpon the ranger departed with remarkable agility, whilst the noble lord swore great oaths and railed bitterly at his misfortune.



THE ORIGIN OF THE 'IMPORT' DATE.

HINTS TO HONEYMOONERS



H. Forbid, who thinks he is a better judge of real estate than Columbus was, is generally as happy as a pitcher fanning Babe Ruth with the bases full. He prescribes marriage, with reservations, however. There are points to be considered he says, (though he himself has been lucky, so lucky he could fall in the ocean without getting damp.) As a reformed married man, H. suggests to honeymooners.

To the bride:

1. Remember that no man likes to have you pare corns with his pet razor.

2. Don't mind old shoes being thrown at you as long as there are no feet in them.

3. Remember—you must eat sometimes.

4. Don't ask him not to shave his neck, at least not the first week. Wait until you are mad at him and then take up his defects one at a time. You may need some ammunition for the defense.

5. Don't be afraid to put your head on his shoulder on the railroad train, everyone is "hep" to you anyway and he can't be made to feel any more uncomfortable than he is.

To the victim:

1. Let her write notes telling her girl friends how happy she is—that is the first week, don't ask her to put it off, do you want to make a liar out of your wife the first month of married life?

2. You must eat—sometimes.

3. Calm yourself. Remember that hundreds of thousands of men have lived a long and useful life although every one of them at some time on their honeymoon has burst suddenly into his room and for the first time seen friend wife with her hair done up in curlers.

Marriage really isn't a failure, he says, it is merely voluntary bankruptcy.



What the deuce do they need so many trunks for?

There is not necessarily any affinity between genius and a weak stomach.

He: "May I kiss you goodnight?"

She: "No, I'm engaged."

He: "Oh I wouldn't kiss a man's Fiancee. I'll be round next week."

He was hard-boiled, a sergeant and doing his first "cruise" in the tropics. He was confident of his polygot Spanish.

One day, on police duty over a detail of "spick" prisoners he called to an hombre.

"Hey, hombre, banka (come here.)"

The hombre bankaed.

"Hombre, take esta swill can and throw esta swill over esta seawall."

Hombre, not understanding. "No intenda, Senior, no intenda."

"What? You don't intend to? You rat," and he threw the hombre head first into the can.

Will wonders, etc.? We just passed three students on the street and they were talking about the League of nations.

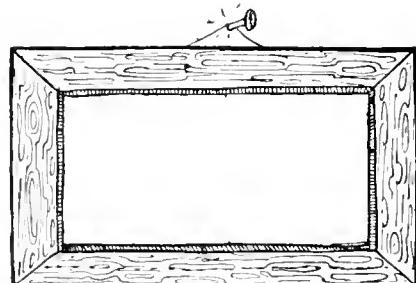
'24—"It says here a slide-rule will do half your work for you."

'21—"Yes?"

'24—"Wonder what two of 'em cost?"

I dote on riding bicycles;
I'm crazy about Shaw.
I love to swallow icicles,
And taste them as they thaw.
Green River is intriguing
And Chopin I adore;
And as for Fitch and Meeguing—
I like them more and more.

I must admire a myriad things,
Which Art (or Nature) brings,
From Samarkand (or Calicut)—
But all, e'en curried egglings,
pales
Before your image, love. (White
whales,
The Harvard Classics, Halibut!)



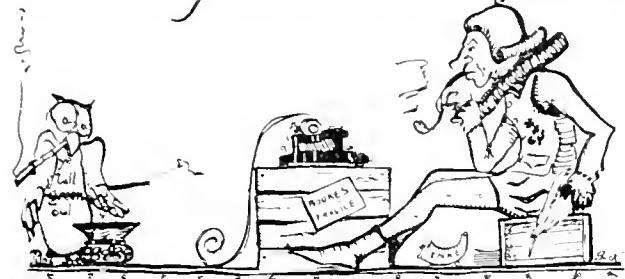
The first authentic photograph of the Illinois polo team in action. Absence of "T's" on the sweaters is due to failure of the numerals to arrive on time for *The Siren* photograph.

Second Hand Information

He was a young 'un in college;
Loose with his mouth to begin,
He learned a lot about women,
We learned about women from
him.



The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



(Being the morbid meanderings of a malcontent.)

Sunday 14—Awoke the morn to find friend spouse arrayed in a new gown which she informed me staggered the domestic exchequer to the tune of twenty pounds and much wroth am I for i'th truth it is by that token worth forty times its weight in gold.

Monday 15—About the quadrangle the day, where I learned The Toddle, a new dance hereabouts, has been banned. Yet I saw an elderly gentleman doing it alone adown the main thoroughfare possibly to show his independence.

Tuesday 16—Not being well up with the daily events it has but come to mine auditory organs that the tea dansant has been revived at a campus grog-gery and the shade of a departed stalwart son and battler of past generations seems to hover over my shoulder and murmur "deliver us." To dinner with My Lord Sir Loin, eating alone, as is my delight. I love quiet.

Wednesday 17—Words with Mr. James Buzz-well today for his indiscriminate heckling yet withhold I love the man for he swings a wicked lariat. Et-soons did to the beanery for Java and sinkers (a wicked habit) and to listen to the cackling of those who there foregather, eke to ponder as a result as to the scarcity of tiller in the brain pans of so many notables of our midst who see neither sermons in stones nor idleness in idling and who, in sooth, were they to be confronted with "Sartor Resartus" on the bill of fare would probably order it "for a change."

Thursday 18—with a mentor to a neighboring eating club to dine. The brothers waxed musical and I thought of my innate modesty and gave thanks that I am not egotistical as they.

Friday 19—Up betimes and to the outskirts to buy the bird that will next week grace the family board. It flew to safety in a tree and the farmer assuring me it would come down it did, and yet my pocket tells me it didn't.

TO THE FELICITOUS FELINE, MILADY'S CAT.

Minnie Matilda Meow,
Fortunate Feline art thou,
As you bask in the sun's bright ray,
No worries or cares
Will whiten your hairs.
No thought of tomorrow dull joys of today.

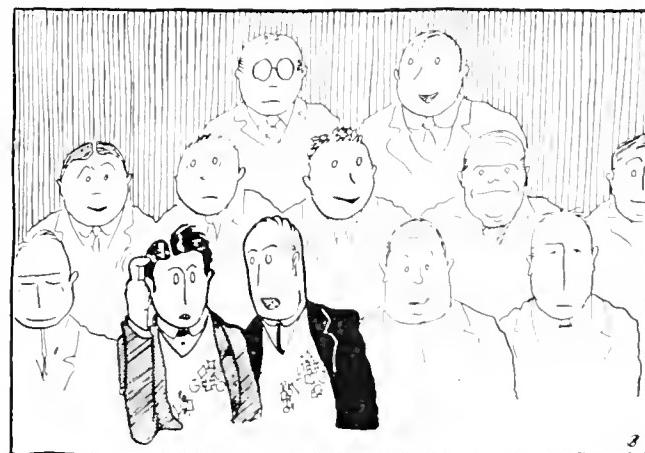
A saucer of milk
From a mistress in silk
Or a joint from the garbage man's pail,
Called "kitty" or "cat",
Whether pretty or fat,
Your days are free from travail.

Love comes to thee
Unbidden and free
And leaves in your heart no thorn,
Your sweetest desire,
Is to lie by the fire,
Happy because you are warm.

Judging from the rapidly widening hiatus between ends of skirts and tops of hosiery, modern woman is a firm believer in this "never-the-twain-shall meet" idea.—*Pelican*.

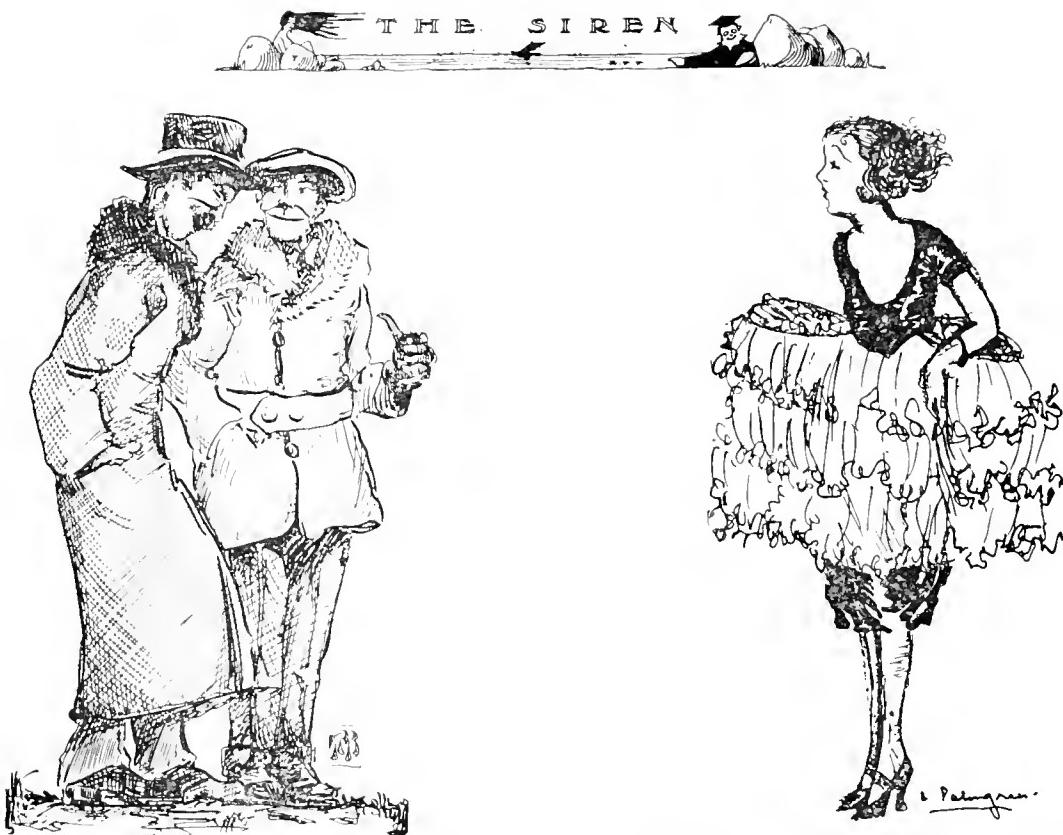
Kitty—"Jack was miserable when I kissed me goodbye at the station."

Catty—"I don't pity him one bit; he didn't have to kiss you."—*Boston Transcript*.



First Super Joiner: "I say old chap! What frat' picture is this we're in?"

Second Same: "Don't know old fellow but if we belong here I'll give you odds it isn't Phi Beta Kappa."



Football Star (after game) —“Well Dad, I got my “I” today.”

Dad—“So I see, son, and that fellow who played center got an awful crack in the nose.”

OH MY NAME IT IS JACK HALL AND I'LL TELL YOU OF MY FALL

Twenty years ago I wandered into a mining town in the west. I was down to my last dime. I walked into one of the dance halls to watch the dancing. A well dressed man tapped me on the shoulder; “Do you want a job,” he asked.

“Look at this,” and I displayed the thin coin, “do I?”

“Come with me,” the mysterious stranger commanded.

He took me to the town bank and installed me as clerk. There I worked for two years, thoroughly satisfied until one summer day came two surveyors who wrecked my life. They discovered that the bank would have to be moved into the next county. That night after banking hours we moved the furniture and then started to put the cash into the new vault.

On one of my trips a thousand dollar bill fell out of my pocket and when the banker checked up he discovered the loss. He was terribly angry and finally blurted out:

“I’m going to take that out of your pay this week.”

And I quit.

Photograph of a dear young thing about to fly.
From her lover? Oh no! From the chaperone who
has just caught her in the act of Toddling.

I sat one day incognito,
(A dreadful thing to be, you know,)
And strummed a Ziloclase,
When from a rotted Chiffy tree
A Hassenpfeffer looked at me
And made an awful face.

The Ziloclase is sweet to me,
And this from that within the tree
Was out of place,
I hit him on the portico:
“Avant you thing, get up and go.”
He made another face.

We—“I have a broad acquaintance on the camp-
ns.”

They—“Yes, I saw you with her last night.”

Elaine—“Art certainly is a drunk, but he seems
to have acquired a lot of polish while at college.”

Helen—“Yes, a sort of liquid veneer.—Purple
Cow.”



LITTLE TALKS ON LITERATURE THE BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY

By Clytie

Have you read—

It's wonderful, simply *wonderful!* I don't know when I have read a story so touching and yet so vital.

That's the function of the novel, don't you think, to touch one, and yet be vital and compelling?

I don't know when I have been so moved as I was when Cynthia Lard, the heroine, you know, told the rich Lord Spitzberger of Spitz that she couldn't ride in his automobile any longer, that she was being slowly stifled and had her own life to lead. It seems that her doctor had recommended walking. She had to lead the simple life to avoid getting fat.

She is the symbol of the Emancipated Woman, you know.

Are you getting tired of the Emancipated Woman? I think that the strong, virile man with compelling eyes is coming in soon. We can't have Emancipated Women and the Compelling Man too, can we? We just simply *couldn't!*

I was reading a review of ————— the other day. I didn't get to read all of it. I just glanced at it. It said some of the nicest things about the book, that it was perfectly remarkable in some ways. I don't just remember what they were now.

What? Oh, I'd just love to let you take it, my dear, but I haven't finished it yet. I've only read the first chapter and the last page!"

Had you heard that the new skirts are to be shorter?

The air, with frost is laden

Southward the birds have flown
Oh tell me, pretty maiden

Do you still roll your own?



Now rises the dripping ghost
Of Horatio Dodding, Ph.D.
Saying:

What have my deep researches
Booted me? I composed
A method which would save
The Ship of State;
My "International Finance"
Bade fair to bring great riches
To a beggar world.

Then—

A wool-wrapped wolf
Told me of an unborn oil field
Somewhere in Texas.
He took my savings . . .
Good bye, my
"International Finance".
Bah!



A poet wrote

"Her cheeks were red"
"That's right," I said
And brushed my coat.

In the hobo parade,
A man dressed as Napoleon,
Was given a prize
Of a bottle of
Toilet water.

How times have changed.

The first thing we know
Jack Dempsey will be
Awarded a pink knit
Thermos bottle container
Instead of a
Championship belt.

Speeding motorist to cop—"Let
me go man, I'm dashing for a
minister, just found a girl who
can cook."

Cop—"Go to it."

The absent minded professor,
shipwrecked while on a Polar ex-
pedition, sat on a cake of ice and
thoughtfully munched his share
of the available blubber. Suddenly
he sat upright and slapped his
leg. "Great Jehoshaphat," he ejac-
ulated, "now I know what it was
I forgot to bring when I left home
—My overcoat."

Ah! Life is such a lively play,
Let us with joy revive,
Make smiles the style and all the
while

Thank God that we're alive,

He—"A fool used to blow out
the gas . . ."

She—"And now?"

He—"He steps on it."



The Siren



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IT is with us again. The day of turkey, sage dressing, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, a one day holiday and pepsiin.

The day of Thanks—a day of days, among other days that are also days of thanks. Notably among these we list Christmas, January 1 and the marriage day. At Christmas we give thanks for what we get, the first of the year we used to give thanks for what we got and on ones marriage day he does the same.

But on this day, the last Thursday in November, we give thanks for the strength of Plymouth Rock, which endured the erosion caused by the thousands of brogans which scuffed its surface one day when landed the vast horde of Mayflowerites, forefathers and mothers of millions of "Mayflower descendants" who now infest every nook and cranny of these United States vieing with the tribe of the F. F. V. and the members of "the world's oldest college fraternity" for the honor of heredity and incidentally, of numbers.

REFORMS are the result of careful counter agitation or hectic reasoning.

The recent campaign that resulted in the elimination of the Toddle smacks strongly of the latter. Not that the Toddle was all to the merry but that the reasoning of the campaign came late, and was not the result of careful consideration.

From the Toddle, a really more or less respectable excuse for proximity the student body returned again to the Camel Walk or its latest substitute, at any rate a dance that although not so suggestive in appearance gives twice the opportunity afforded by the comparatively innocent dance which simply because it resembled in some respects the much maligned "shimmy" was given the gate.

And the men, given the blame for the introduction of the Toddle are still blinking and wondering just which girl it was that taught them the blamed thing.



As an honest baseball player said to the gambler who offered him a bribe, "No metal can touch me."



THREE are two classes of people in the world, the trotters and the pacers.

The trotters are those, who when walking swing their arms so that the right moves forward with the advancing of the left foot and vice versa.

The pacers are those whose arms swing with the same motion of their lower extremities. The right arm swings forward with the right leg, the left arm with the left leg.

And just as it is in horses the trot is the natural gait. There are millions of persons who are "trotters" but only a scattered few who may rightfully be classified as "pacers." The pacers are the super celebrities.

Julius Caesar was a pacer. Napoleon was a pacer. Abraham Lincoln was a pacer. There have been others but these stand out as worthy examples of the class. Caesar and Lincoln were not permitted to remain on the world's track long enough to display their full powers. Napoleon was a true pacer but his best work was done on a fast course. He was no minder. The mud at Waterloo was what defeated him.

Only the interference of death or providence can worst the pacers.

A trotting horse may be trained to pace but it is not dependable. Under the stress of a nose finish he is apt to "break." To compete against pacers one must be to the gait born. Pacers are sometimes made but like self-made men, they are never quite finished.

The ex-kaiser's thirst for world power may be traced to his belief that he was a pacer. The imperial swipes, exercise boys, trainers and jockeys, more commonly known as cabinet ministers, secretaries, diplomats and staff officers permitted themselves to be deceived as to the ability of their entry. The former war lord held the gait for awhile but "broke" in the stretch.

It is barely possible that among the men and women that attend the university is some being who is a pacer. There are scores here who will undoubtedly pose as pacers instead of being the trotters they are. But it is easy to distinguish between the two. A trotter's record may make him appear as a pacer but watch him walk. That is the final test. To be a born pacer his arms and legs must work together.

A woman chairman of a certain sanitary commission is heartily in favor of baseball because she heard that "swatting and catching flies" is an important part of the game.

DADD'S DAY when the paternal ancestor (and the maternal too is welcome) comes to Illinois to see what little Oswald is doing with his opportunities. May Dad be not disappointed. May he gloat over the stocked laboratories, over the polished quiz section chairs and the south campus. May he revel in the promises of the new state administration, but most of all may he fail to see the tea dance, the sorority porch fitters, the jazz bow ties, the E's and the cut record. May those things be spared him, that he may enjoy the day with light heart and conscience untroubled.

MY SENTIMENTS.

Somebody's got to be steady,

And stick to the regular job,

Somebody's got to be ready

To toil with the laboring mob.

Somebody's got to be trudging,

The path from the house to the mill;

Somebody's got to be drudging,

At work that has never a thrill.

All of us cannot be left to roam

Careless and blythe and free—

Somebody's got to stay at home . . .

Somebody else—not me.

THE GIRL OF YESTERYEAR

What has become of the old-fashioned girl we used to know; the one who would come to the door to meet us, and whose dainty complexion would beam with smiles as we would ask, "Wouldn't you like to go to the movies?" What has become of her, you ask? She is standing on the street corner waiting to hop on the running board and cry: "Hurry up. Sweet Patootie, we're late as H—l now!"

—Virginia Reed.

—S—

DOCTOR, DO MY EYES FAIL ME?

"Georgette blouses lowered 33½ per cent," says an ad in the Elgin Courier.

—S—

There was a young fellow named Quayle,
Whose physical make-up was frayle.

He ventured to go
To a dance in the snow,
And that is the end of the quayle.



Jeeves, '22, is reading, for the third time in his collegiate career, the Illini's announcement that there will be a one day vacation, namely: Thanksgiving day. He and his Freshman understudy are doing their best to register thankfulness.



A DAY AT SCHOOL.

(By little "Dot", aged 19.)

This morning when I awoke I thought what a nice day it was. The sun was shining and I said, "My but I will get lots of work done today." Then I was called to the phone and some boy wanted a date for the week before Christmas. I ate my simple breakfast and walked on to school. I met a boy who wanted a date for four weeks from Tuesday and so I reached my eight o'clock class.

French is such a bore I think, don't you? But there is a boy in my class he has the nicest blonde curly hair he asked me for a date for seven weeks from Saturday.

I met one of the girls on the campus she was sad because nobody had asked her for a date and here it was ten o'clock. I said, "well dear cheer up here comes some boys we know," and they bought some drinks only I don't think one ought to have anything between meals so I only ordered a malted and rolls and coffee. Then I went to another class and I had to answer not prepared as I was out the night before and had to climb the fire escape but I will write about that some other time.

Six boys called up at noon. After lunch I wrote father again for a fur coat and then I went to the Library but I met Jim and we talked for quite a while. I heard some one say that the Library ought to be lots larger and I think that this would be a fine idea. I just know that people can often hear what we say there it is so crowded. Then I had another class and I was to meet Jerry afterwards but who should come along but Tommy and he had a car so we went out and I was nearly late for supper.

We love new words. We are at that beautiful age when a knowledge of elegant slang is not counted against one as it will be in a few years. Thus we like to read of worms and smelts, and shifties. The Illini had a pretty little feature story about shifties one morning. Of course it did not tell what shifties were; that would have spoiled everything. We shall imagine that a shifty is a sort of a hustler.

The summer brought to our knowledge the comic smidge and the recurrent hollyhock. Since these are quite local, as is the snake-race on California street, only the two of us will understand the terms. We like them all the more for this, and we like to repeat them often because nobody knows what they do mean.

Soon both of us shall have forgotten.

Adam—"I had a wonderful time at the dance last night. Helen gave me seven numbers."

Eve—"Does she dance well?"

Adam—"I don't know."

—*Tiger.*

A DIFFERENCE.

"Some stories are like wine. They improve with age."

"And others are like apples. You know what age does to an apple."—*Juggler.*

DIFFERENTIAL.

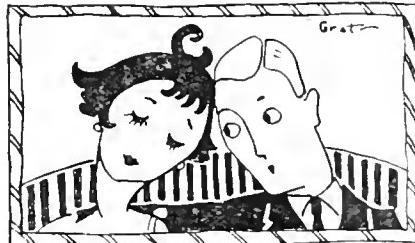
Ollie—"Doesn't a woman look upon an eligible man as her prey?"

Garky—"No; as an answer to her prayers."—*Sun Dial.*

'21—"Why the happy look, freshman? That girl just smile at you?"

'24—"N-n-no, but she looked as if she might have if I only knew her."—*Brown Jug.*

HEREABOUTS



A rag, a bone, a hank o' hair
Will rate a date most anywhere.

—*S*—

PERHAPS.



Perhaps this is why the wild animals are wild.



FOOLED HIM.

She—"Can you drive with one hand?"

He (eagerly)—"You bet I can."

She (sweetly)—"Then won't you please pick my handkerchief up off the floor?"—*Sun Dodger*.

On—"What did you see at the movies last night?"

An—"Wallace Reid—in 'He was a Confederate, but he wore a Union suit!'"—*Tar Baby*.



An Oregon car came down
the track,
Missed the curve—flopped on her
back:
The motorman jumped, but the
connie was slow,
The friends of the family sent
roses you know.

The Kentuckian drawled out
that he "jes' couldn't understand
this thing anyway he reckoned."

News Item: Honor Commis-
sion holds bad cheque artist is
violater of rules.

He stood before the soft drink
shop;
With lifted hand he swore,
"I could not love thee, dear, so
well
Loved I not honor more."

If Helen of Troy
Had been born a boy
Just think of the strife
And great loss of life
And spending of tin
That wouldn't have been
If Helen of Troy
Had been born a boy.



He (jealously)—"I have seen
you running around with a lot of
men."

She (tenderly)—"But, dear, I
am on my last lap now.—*Record*.

The co-ed who started the
double-B with a "yea" might find
something in common with the
Edna who was so sorry, when Illinoiis kicked out of bounds on the
kickoff, that the ball did not clear
the goal posts.

Knicker—"Do you think he was
serious?"

Bocker—"About as serious as
a girl who snuggles into your
arms and tells you not to kiss
her."—*Chaparral*.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISTAKE.

(Editor's Note—Evidently this is intended either for Dr. Leighton or Ill. Mag. Undue space forces us to print it, with bookoo apologies to its true consignee.)

THE PASSIONATE GEOLO- GIST TO HIS LOVE.

See!

Over the epicontinental seas,
Across the weedy flats,
Down the drowned valleys,
I come to thee!

See!

I come to thee and
Bring thee gifts—
I bring thee gifts
Of amphibole and pyroxene,
And not too much biotite mica.
Take them!
I don't want them!

HIGH PRICED.

The Fair One—"I see here
where a man married a woman
for money. You wouldn't marry
me for money, would you?"

The Square One—"Why, no; I
would not marry you for all the
money in the world"—*Tar Baby*.





Books, the Stage, and kin'dred highbrow Copies



Lacking some of the finer touches that made "This Side of Paradise" stand out, yet touched with the same master strokes, F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Flappers and Philosophers" has just left the editorial desk, snatched up by an eager disciple of the Fitzgeraldian school of whom there are many, even in an institution such as the University of Illinois.

The book, already rapidly taking its place among the six best sellers alongside of "This Side of Paradise" is a collection of short stories, some of which you may have read as they appeared in popular magazines. Among them are; "The Ice Palace," "Head and Shoulders," which has been "done" by the movies, "Benediction," "The Off-Shore Pirate," and others. Some of them are pleasing, some are a trifle chilling and one, "Benediction" is decidedly depressing, yet so true to life that you will read it again, under the same impelling influence that causes you to pick at a cold sore. It hurts, hurts dreadfully, but you *must* do it.

To young writers Fitzgerald is as a dash of cold water to a feeble flame. He suffocates ambition. In his early twenties, handsome as a Byron or a Brooke, athletic, wealthy and proclaimed as a genius after his first published work he has reached at an early age that pinnacle of success that is the aim of all who have followed the lure of the longing to write. He has left to the struggler only the hope that comes with the knowledge that far greater men have reached attainment late in life, and that there is always room for merit.

Fitzgerald is a product of that eastern influence of which few mid-westerners admit the lack, but which we all, deep in our hearts know we do lack. He knows that which we have always wished we did know, yet have never taken the time to learn. He is an intimate of those whom to most of us are simply names. He knows, for instance, the sort of collar Euripedes wore when he went out for the evening, or whether or not Leander wore a bathing suit.

He is in short the sort of chap who, had he lived in your home town, would have been called "queer" in his boyhood.

And he is a genius. He has created the heroine

of the novel for the next decade and best of all he tells of life as it is, and as no other writer has told of it in this generation. He builds you a beautiful golden ball, then splits it with a sentence and shows you its putrescent center. He tells the story as it is, not as you wish it to be, which, provided you get away with it, is a certain indication of that quality we call genius.

—S—

Occasionally there appears in a hand full of black beans, one so white, or so near white that it attracts immediate attention. Mask and Bauble's production of "The New York Idea" was just that. Surprising in its cleverness of presentation, is the least that can be said of it. The campus players may be justly proud of themselves and the University more than proud of them. Future presentations by Mask and Bauble will find ready support on the campus.

Pierrot has pledged, and although a bit tardy in its initiation, is getting there. It is a worthy organization among the theatrically inclined of the campus. The thing we expect most from Pierrot, aside from turning out a creditable student opera is to stage that opera in Chicago, with the view of extending the scope of its presentation at a later date. Perhaps in the millenium we may even see real women in the cast—who knows?

Incidentally, while on the subject of plays—there have been no road shows in Champaign or Urbana worthy of even passing comment since the start of the school year. Our local theatrical men, having undoubtedly felt the pulse of the theatre-going crowd have returned a decidedly uncomplimentary verdict as to the tastes of that crowd.

AS THE DAY DIED

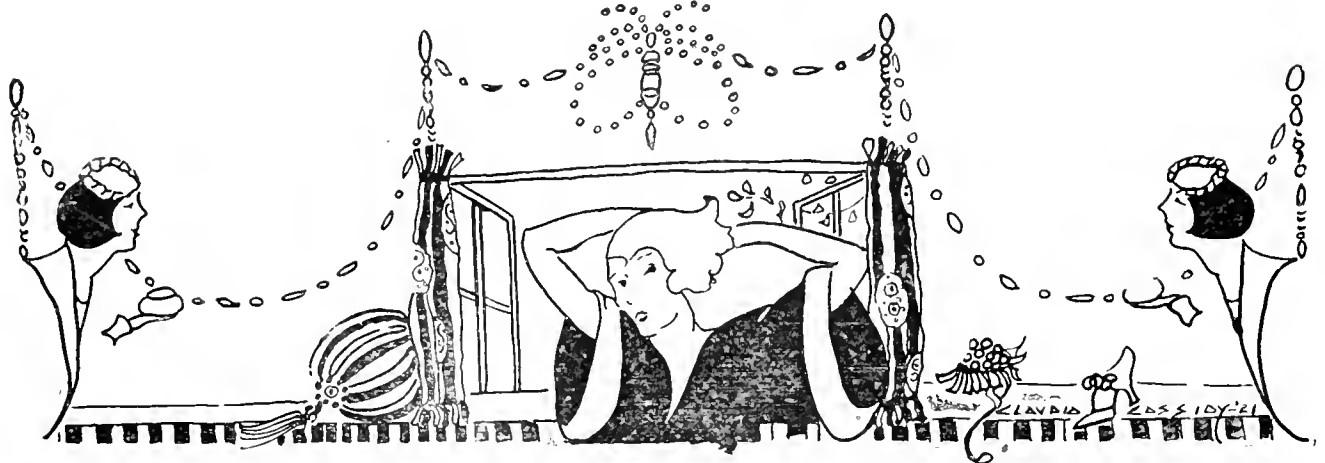
Awgwan—"What a sick looking watch?"

Punch Bowl—"Yes, its hours are numbered."

Girl—"What's the nearest port in a storm?"

Date (getting the idea)—"The davenport?"

—Frivol.



Pity the modern young thing, who, having bobbed her hair has nothing for her maids, Hortense and Fifi to do and in desperation has to let one remove the right slipper, one the left and then send them off undeserving of their salaries.

THE NATION'S PRESS.

Excerpts from The Plymouth Rocker, Thursday, Nov. 25, 1620.

Brother Jeremiah Longphiz dropped in town today for the shindig and reported a new fence and new paint on his barn. Says this Thanksgiving idea is fine stuff, but it seems to him too rambunctious and un-Godly. Jerry left a big turkey for the editor. Thanks Jere.

Several of the brothers got together one day recently and decided to give a day of Thanks to be called Thanksgiving. Coming today it was a big success. Arrangements were in charge of Brother Zacharia Winterbottom and the Laidies' Aid was represented by its chairman Prudence Brown. Several Indians were present. A good time was had by all.

Brother Pleasant Meadows drove in from Praise Be Given Hollow yestiddy afternoon, spending the night with the editor. He was to leave after the celebration today but having et pretty heartily was put to bed by the good wife with a flagon of pepsin water to settle him. He is resting well.

Brother Hezekiah Sharpnees appeared before Magistrate Blackstone Goodfaith in municipal court this morning and was sentenced to the stocks for winking at Chief Gakamolahootcha, our distinguished guest for the celebration. It seems Hez saw the chief in his blanket and thought he was a young squaw with one of them new trick wrappers on. Hard luck Hez.

Little Perseverance Brown had a narrow escape today when she got a piece of wish-bone stuck in her throat between the church and the picnic grounds. Quick work by Brother Brown saved the child. He stood her on her head and shook her. Quick wit we call it.

The Plymouth fire department showed its speed today when for the first time it answered a call. A fire started in the new home of Brother Restin Peace and the flue blazed up merrily. Headed by Brother Thankful Dunn, chief, the department made a record run and extinguished the raging blaze. We are justly proud of our department which is one of the best on the eastern coast. The house was totally destroyed.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Sister Hope Forbest was punished at the ducking stool Saturday morning for talking too much and she remarked at Sabbath school that it had saved at least part of the regular Saturday night confusion at her home.

Agitation against The Toddle, a dance, is being started by certain of this locality who haven't mastered the step. A fair-minded committee composed of two non-Toddlers will be appointed to supervise dances hereafter.

We saw a brown jug in Brother Faith Windfall's basement window one day recently. How did it turn out, Faith?



IF THEY HAD LIVED TODAY!



B.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

UP TO THE MINUTE EPI- TAPHS.

Ah, what a fool;
For hours each week
I lectured and
I quoted Greek.
My students slept,
I grew obese.

And now I sleep,
But not in peace.

Here lie the bones
Of a campus belle,
I flirted much
And many fell.
They married others—
Left me flat—
I'm buried now
In a new Spring hat.
And really it's the most won-
derful thing. A Paris creation
with the dearest little bow on the
side, like this, and

I knew the bottom of a glass
Quite well;
But best to let that pass,
I'll tell
What I accomplished when alive,
Until I died—at thirty-five.

My name was Adam,
Heard of me?
Eve picked something
Off a tree,
I ate. What happened?
Well you see,
The fruit fermented
And pickled me.

Fresh: "The doctor told me that if I didn't stop smoking I would be half-witted."

Soph: "Then why didn't you stop?"—*Tar Baby.*

F. F. F.

'Member the good old days when smokin' was a man's game?

Love is a little word—but think of its many uses.

Soph—You want to keep your eyes open around here today.

Fresh—What for?

Soph—Because people would think you are a fool if you go around with them shut.—*Pelican.*

IF THEY HAD LIVED TODAY.

The Birth of Themistocles.

Scene—Agemennopoulous Chain restaurant Uo. 2, Athens.

Characters—Themistocles Sr., and Agemennopoulous.

Themistocles enters (right) and drapes himself over the cigar case.

T.—(gruffly) "Hello 'Ag.'"

A.—(sauve and patronly) "Hello 'Tockels, how's tricks?'"

T.—"Makin' out. How's the near beer?"

A.—"About the same distance."

T.—"Dish up two."

A.—"Ham sandwich? Nice fresh ham."

T.—"Nope, drinks. Drinks on me. Kid born out at the shack today."

A.—"No kidding?"

T.—"Nope, straight stuff. Named after me. Looks like me too, little devil, you ought to hear him talk. Real intelligent for a kid his age, etc., etc., etc."

A.—"Wait a minute. Congratulations. (Attempting to change subject). Whatta ya think of the election?"

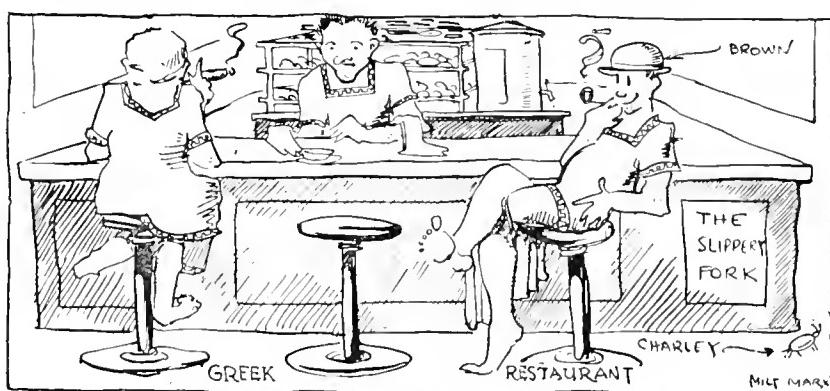
T.—"Oh, O. K. Have a cigar?"

A.—"Don't care if I do."

T.—(Hopefully) "Well don't take unless you want it." (Pays for cigars and near beer.) "Guess I'll ooze along and pass the good word to the boys at the Elks. Solong." (exits.)

A. "Ho! Hum! Life is just one darn thing after another."

(Curtain)





Men and

You've been talking mouthful after mouthful about the co-eds. The poor co-eds. Rolled hose! Galoshes! Powder and rouge! Short skirts! Cootie garages! Whatnot! The same old line, revamped to fit the mode, morning after morning, world without end. Blatant men and boys, eternally tooteling the ramens horn of a fancied sex superiority. Tommyrot!

Let us leave the pretty dears in peace for a space and turn the critical lamp upon ourselves. Consider the typical Male Student. A few attributes, just for a starter:

Little black "Jazz" bow neck-ties; bandoline; just the right sort of hair trim—"Sorta square in the back, you know, Mr. Brown"; brogue oxfords; rancid cigarettes; home-brew, and then Spearmint; gossip, gossip, and more gossip; shady stories with no point; humped shoulders; unpolished shoe-heels; soda-fountain polités; loud boasting about amorous conquest; corduroy vests.

Is any of this familiar to you?

And what has the Male Student in his head that the co-ed has not? Is he a better observer? Does he read more? Does he ever think in a straight line? Is he particularly honest? Is he extraordinarily decorative?

It hate like the deuce to go on this way, boys, but your constant blarbla-bla about the girls has driven me to it. You haven't a blessed thing on the maligned co-eds except your louder voices and greater capacity for food.

Loosely supervised and "self-governing" habitats of the male student become, in a remarkably short time, deserts. Disorder, mess, dirt, lack of ventilation, lack of system, lack of refinement, lack of brains. Look at your student's desk! Here are four dog-eared novels, last week's S. E. P., and three bright, untouched textbooks. Here is a pair of socks and a handkerchief, one glove, a collection of grimy Orph' stubs, a box of shoe paste, five old quizzes, ranging in grade from E to C, two old themes marked "Revise", a tube of dentifrice, and empty and crumpled Fatima carton, imnumerable cigarette stubs, and . . . over all, an omnipenetrant layer of ashes and dust, ashes and dust, ashes . . . O Man!

"No," she said, "I have a class, I can't have a drink with you this hour." Perhaps she explained further; I don't really know; you see, I had fainted.



Women

She said that she was sorry, but she had a date Saturday night—perhaps Sunday . . . ? And I, fool that I was, and not knowing the customs of the place asked her for a date then, which was of course what she wanted. . . . The dinner bill was, I think, eleven fifty. She turned me down for a dance date the next Friday.

A maid went tripping down the street.
Her skirts were short—but very neat;
A second passed—I stopped, stock still,
I smiled, and said, my brain a thrill,
"Excelsior."

A torn hair-net, two postage stamps, a small note book with notations concerning dates, a wadded handkerchief, soiled, a lip-stick, a powder puff, also soiled, a Dorine box, one and a half sticks of gum, a pencil, a key, two green trading stamps and a violet Milo—comprised the contents of milady's purse.

With visions of a home, little children playing by the fire and crisp French fries I asked her for her idea of Paradise. She replied: "A date every night, drinks at Mosi's with five different fellows a day, no studying, someone else to do up my silk hose, a limousine, a Pom and two maids." I jangled the five cents in my jeans and went moodily onward.

Her maid was out for the evening. We got dinner together. I cooked the steak, she the potatoes, I the coffee, she the desert, I prepared the gravy and she the salad. For dinner we had steak, coffee and gravy. I had also sliced some bread.

From *The Spectator*, Monday, Aug. 25, 1712:

"Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear and a most agreeable shape but the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so impertinently and affects to please so sillily that while she dances you see the simpleton from head to foot."

She lingered in the doorway—"Say, what day does Thanksgiving come on this year—I know it is the 25th, but what day of the week . . . ?"





Best From The Rest

LESSONS' END.

Multiplying Difficulties

The teacher, a lady of questionable age, was having a hard time getting Johnny to memorize the names of the kings of England.

"Why, when I was your age," she finally exclaimed, exasperated, "I could recite the names of all the kings forward and backward."

"Yes'm," replied Johnny, unimpressed, "but when you was my age there wasn't nearly so many kings."—*American Legion Weekly*.

Compensation

She stood on the staircase
And said with a frown,
"You musn't come up,
'Cause my hair's coming down."
—*Chaparral*.

When the newspapers refer to a man as a "club man" you may be reasonably sure they don't refer to a pressing club.

She was so very shy you know,
Sweet little Alice Springer;
She never spoke of mistletoe,
But called it—mistlefinger.

Robert—"Is Evelyn modest?"

Ruth—"Extremely. She even hides her dimples."

Robert—"She must wear a heavy veil."

Ruth—"How old fashioned you are!"—*Dirge*.

"Now give an example of how 'circumstances alter cases!'"

"Well, Milwaukee isn't famous any more."—*Froth*.

"Get off my feet!"

"It's too much of a walk."
—*Virginia Reel*.

COMFORTING.

Contributor—"What do you think of my last poem?"

Editor—"Well, I'm glad to hear you call it your last."—*Chaparral*.

AT THE WEDDING.

He—"Have you kissed the bride?"

Him—"Well, not lately."—*Gargoyle*.



THE ORIGINAL SOURCE OF MILK.

Volsteadily speaking: An optimist is a man who thinks he can make as good beer at home as he could buy in the old days. A pessimist is a man who has tried.

—*Froth*.

'70—"What's the matter with your head?"

'70 S. (bandaged head)—I winked at the bar-maid and she thought I was trying to flirt."—*Record*.

"Well of all the nerve," she said, slapping his face when he kissed her.

"Well, then," he shouted, "if that's the way you feel about it, get off my lap!"—*Iowa Frivol*.

Biggs—"Aren't you a little drunk?"

Biggs—"N-othing + hic—little about me!"

—*Dirge*.

PRECOCIOUS LAMP.

Kid—"How old is that lamp, ma?"

Ma—"Oh, about three years."

Kid—"Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."—*Philadelphia Watchman-Examiner*.

WASHED WITH CARE.

Mr. Newlove—"This lettuce tastes beastly—did you wash it?"

Mrs. Newlove—"Of course I did, darling—and I used perfumed soap, too!"—*London Mail*.

First Passenger—"Say, Jack, look at that blue fox fur on that girl over there."

Second Passenger—"It's pretty, but no fox ever lived that color."

First Passenger—"No, but it dyed that color."—*Virginia Reel*.

TAKE HEED, OH FAIR SEX.

"Father, what is innocence?"

"Innocence, my son, is a woman who believes that her husband likes cloves."—*Burr*.

PRECIOUS.

"Oh, George, is it really a diamond?"

"By gosh! If it ain't, I'm out four bits."—*Hum-Bug*.

25%

off of Zom's high-grade suits and overcoats means the most advantageous purchase University men can make.

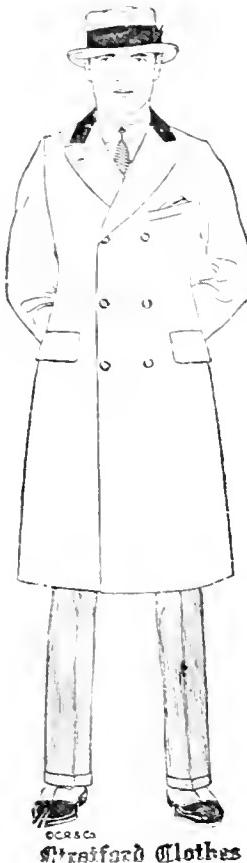
It means a new line of winter suits and overcoats sold without a cent of profit to Zom.

See these values for yourself.

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Apparel for University
men

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NEWEST
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BILLIARD PARLOR

Eleven Brunswick Tables

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G.R. GRUBB & Co.
Champaign, Illinois



Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.

"How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—“but it's a LION.”

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX
of 10 — BUT THEY'RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

“Judge for Yourself—!”

*Special attention is called
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*Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
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when the White Line offers
such a splendid student
service

Use the
LAUNDRY DEPOT
510 E. Green St.

The White Line stands solidly back of every student publication.

White Line Laundry

Main 406

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "It's only cost me a string of fish to git married, Judge, but I'd give a whale to git rid of her."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Liza, what for did you buy dat box of shoe blacking?"

"Go on nigg'a, dat ain't shoe blacking; dat's ma massage cream."

—*Yale Record.*

As the old darkey said, "A chicken am de mos' usefulest animal dere am. Yo' can eat him befoah he am bohn and aftah he am dead."

—*Farmer and Breeder.*

The nurse had just taken Rastus' temperature when the doctor arrived.

"How are you feeling?"

"Hungry doctor, hungry. All I got to eat was a piece of glass to suck on."

—*Edmonton (Canada) Journal.*

"Sam, you ought to stay at home and keep out of trouble. Look at your eye."

"Man, yuh don't know what yuh talkin 'bout — home am trouble's headquarters!"

—*Louisville Journal.*

"Rastus, what's an alibi?"

"It's proving dat you was at a prayer meetin' when you wasn't, in order to show dat you wasn't at the crap game when yon was."

—*Ithaca Journal.*

"Rastus, did your soldier son get any medals?"

"Say, dat boy wus de mos' meddlesome lad in de whole regiment"

—*New York Evening World.*

"Well, Henry, in trouble again?"

"Yas, yo' Honnah; 'member you was mah lawyah last time? Don't need one dis time, 'cause al's gwine to tell the truth."

—*St. Louis Republic.*

That That Is Is That
That Is Not Is Not Is
Not That It It Is Is It
Not . . .

THE SAME AT THE

COURT HOUSE CAFE

Urbana's Eating Headquarters.

SCOTT'S GROCERY

One block west of library.

All kinds of cookies and
fruits.

John Street

BANQUETS

The Tea Pot is especially prepared to take care of banquets in its new home.

GREEN TEA POT

617-619 E. Green St.

HER LIPS.

Her lips are like a red, red rose;
(The last one of last June.)
Her voice is like a melodie,
She's singing out of tune.
So fair is she, that pretty lass;
So deep in love am I,
Yet what it is in her I see
I really can't descrie.
For all of it is false, my dear,
The lips, the lashes—hair,
She talks in monosyllables;
Her cerebellum's bare.
Yet—why should I object to that?
I care no fig—not I,
For what is more important is—
The fact that she gets by.

LADY! LADY!

"Gotta get a new room."
"What's the matter?"
"Can't sleep with the shades up every night."
"Why don't you pull them down?"
"They're not my shades"—*Octopus*.

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the easiest and quickest way

Private lessons in dancing given by
appointment



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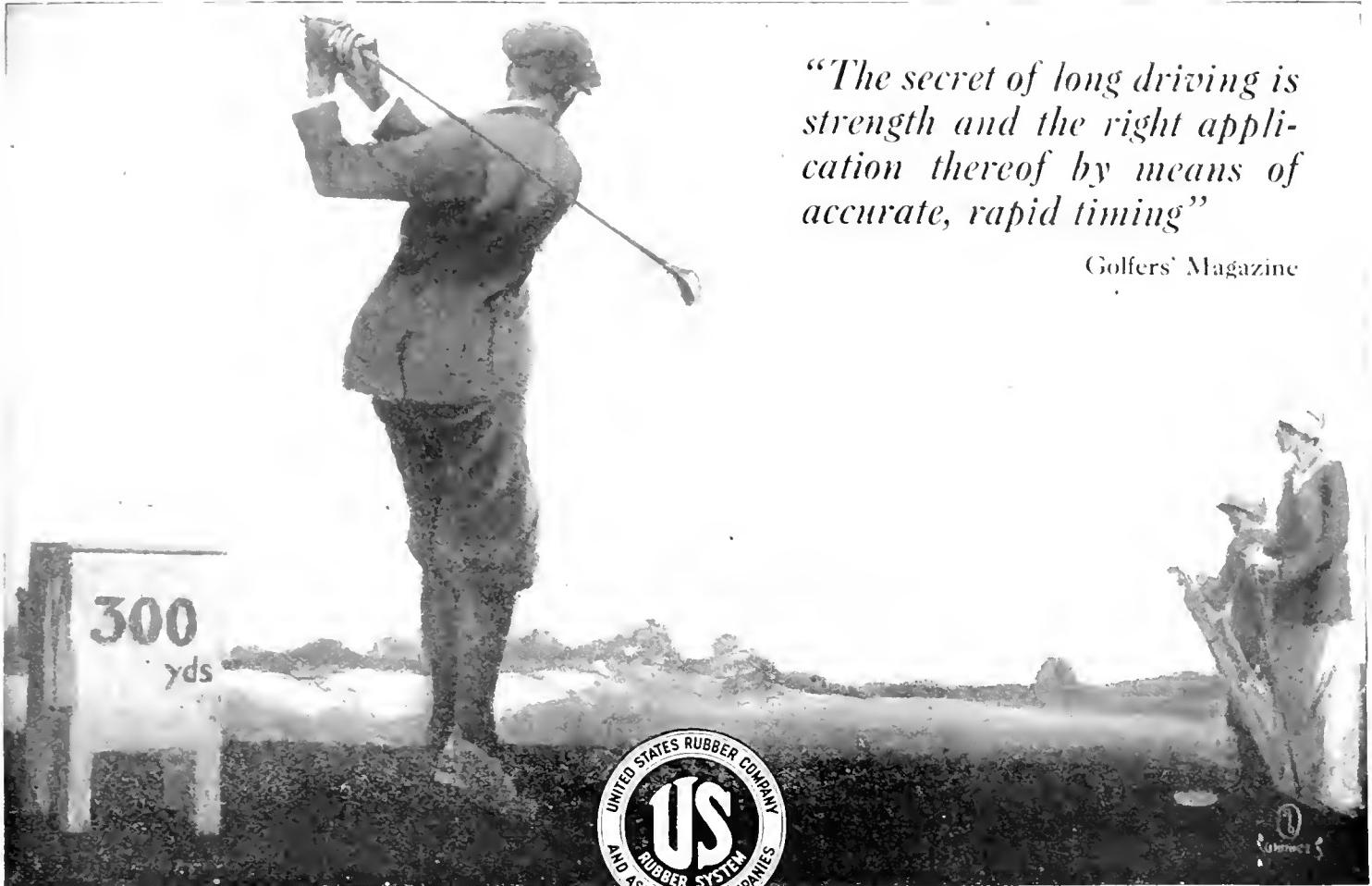
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Golfers' Magazine



THE ball also plays an important part in securing more distance.

The New U. S. Golf Balls

have the resiliency and balance that make for distance and accuracy. They are made in different weights and sizes. Try them. Buy them from your pro or at your dealer's.



U. S. Royal \$1.00 each

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Keep your eye on the ball—be sure it's a U. S.

United States Rubber Company

SEND IT TO GORDON'S FOR CLEANING AND PRESSING

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FIFTEEN years ago college men dressed as the movie people believe they still do; today college clothes are the clothes of good taste and conservatism. The right collar is always appropriate.



EW Collars & Shirts
EARL & WILSON, TROY, N.Y.

He: "What makes that fellow glare at me so?"

She: "You're sitting on his ice cream."—*Yale Record*.

"Jimmie, give me a cigarette, please."

"Sure, have one."

"Thanks, you see I'm smoking just a given number daily."

"So I see. The more given the more smoked."—*Virginia Reel*.

"Madam", said the conductor politely to the lady, "You must remove that suitcase from the aisle"

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, conductah, dat ain't no suitcase. Dat's mah foot."

—*Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal*.

He—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor last night?"

Him—"Sure. Did you think it would go through?"—*Sun Dial*.

Corporal—"I hear they have found Christopher Columbus' bones."

Dark Private—"Why man, I didn't know they shot craps when he was alive."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

Christmas Gifts of unusual character

Hundreds of suitable gifts for every member of the family are here in a great collection—such as

Japanese Prints

Japanese Pottery

Novelties that are different

Fulper Pottery

"Roycroft" hand-made leather goods

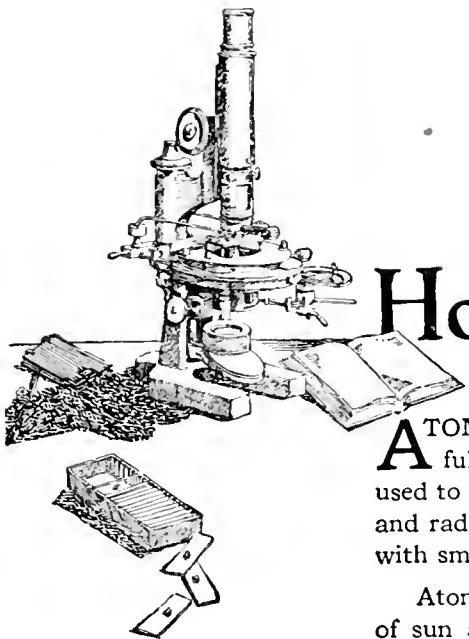
It's not too early to make your selection now.

The CO-OP

Mezzanine floor

Gift Shop

Green & Wright Sts.



How Large is an Atom?

ATOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call "electrons."

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

As the result of such experiments, the X-Ray tube has been greatly improved and the vacuum tube, now so indispensable in radio communication, has been developed into a kind of trigger device for guiding electrons by radio waves.

Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely "theoretical" investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton's laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Herz's brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

General Electric
Company

General Office

Schenectady, N. Y.

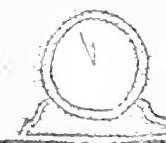
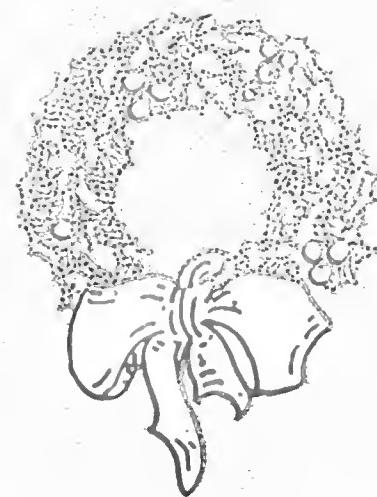


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A COLLAR THAT'S RIGHT
FOR THE KNOT THAT'S
TIED TIGHT 

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CHRISTMAS
1920



Santa
Snow
Clock
Ornament
Exhibit



Jos. Kuhn & Co.



Gifts Men Appreciate

Any man would appreciate a Christmas package containing a thoughtful assortment of personal furnishings—tastefully chosen. A man is proverbially tardy in keeping his wardrobe stocked, yet he is properly sensitive about his appearance. He doesn't have time to choose among a lot of half worn things. He wants to take the first thing in his drawer and know it is wearable, that's why we say that furnishings, especially from Jos. Kuhn & Co., are "Gifts Men Appreciate."

COLLAR BAGS ARE THOUGHTFUL GIFTS

We call your attention to the generous assortment of these useful articles which any man would appreciate. Here they are in octagon and round shapes in soft leather with silk and poplin linings at popular prices.

MUFFLERS FOR STREET AND DRESS WEAR

Protect the collar and throat and add a bit of color to a man's outdoor dress where it is more effective. These are in silk, wool and mixtures in several styles of knitted and tapestry designs—indeed a serviceable gift.

.THE SCARF IS THE "SMILE" IN A MAN'S DRESS

It can make or mar a man's appearance quicker than almost any other part of his dress. We have arranged our neckwear stock to make selection easy, from the rich, quiet patterns for the mature man to the livelier fancies of youth.

Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men's Wear

Jos. Kuhn & Co.
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DID YOU EVER
TRY THE

Court House Cafe

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Satisfy Quite a Few

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Opposite Court House, URBANA

*Give Candy for
Christmas*

*Schuler
Bros.
Confectionery*

No. 9 Main St

*Specials
for the Xmas Season*

Schuler's Own 60c
Boston Cream Candy 50c

THEATRICAL ANTIQUITY.

Frank—"How'd you happen to get a date with that chorus girl?"

Furter—"Intimate friend of my grandfather when he was in college."—*Sun Dial*.

—S—

MIXED RELATIONS.

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,

And spoke in accents pained,
As they watched the milkman filter the milk,

"Our relations are getting strained,"—*Exchange*.

—S—

Medical Officer (Examining Wood B. Recruit)—"Any scars?"

W. B. R.—"Nope, but I've got some swell cigarettes over in my coat pocket."—*Virginia Reel*.

—S—

Passenger—"Is this a fast train?"

Conductor—"Yes sir, it is."

Passenger—"Well, we haven't moved for an hour. Why don't you get out and see what we are fast to?"—*Virginia Reel*.

—S—

The other day a man dashed into Grand Central Station with just one minute to catch the Twentieth Century. He made the ticket window in two jerks.

"Quick! give me a round trip ticket!" he gasped.

"Where to?"

"B-b-back here, you fool!"

—*Auguan*.

—S—

WELCOME RELIEF.

"Look 'ere—I asks yer for the last time for that 'ar-dollar yer owes me."

"Thank 'eavins! —that's the end of a silly question."

—*Blyghty, London*.

—S—

Gave Them Repertoires.

Clown—"What became of the ventriloquist you used to have?"

Circus Manager—"Oh, he found he could make more money selling parrots."—*Yale Record*.

Attractive Gifts for
Christmas
at

"Your Shop"

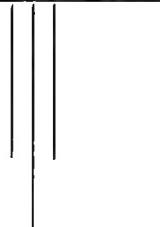
*Women's Wear For
Those Who Care*

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Dainty Lingerie, Wool and
Silk Hose, Blouses, Sweat-
ers, Corsages.

CHRISTMAS JEWELRY

Of quality—watches of merit
—souvenirs in gold and
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That's Us

WUESTEMAN

Champaign's Leading Jeweler

Special Christmas Sale of Hats

Large Variety

Reasonable Prices

McWilliams and Gleim

Hatters for Ladies

317 N. Neil Street

THE PASSING THRONG

The native of New York had brought his Ozark cousin to see the sights. Together they gazed to the cloud-swept upper stories of the Woolworth building, mounted the Statue of Liberty, and did the weird curb market. Finally they stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street, waiting for a chance to dodge the long procession of automobiles and throngs of pedestrians.

The Ozarkian calmly watched the hustling thousands. Then he turned to his friends.

"Picnic in town?" he inquired.
—American Legion Weekly

—S—

Stude—"See this chalk on my shoulder?"

Roommate—"Yeh."

Stude—"Well, that ain't chalk"

He—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor last night?

Him—"Sure. Did you think it would go right through?

—Sun Dial,

With Patricia's pretty face,

Cheek would both be set with

dimples

Like the cheeks of dainty Mand—

But I don't expect to meet her
Here at Stamford, on the Quad!

—Chaparral.

—S—

NO, THE HUMIDITY.

He—"I had a terrible dream last night. I dreamp't I was dead. And what do you suppose woke me?"

She—"I haven't the least idea.
The heat?"

—Jester.

Holme—"Did you know that Mike lost three fingers shooting craps?

James—"No. How did he do it?

Holme—"He didn't know that they were loaded." —Voo Doo.

—S—

YUM, YUM

"One enjoys a good grind now and then," said the humorous cannibal, as he devoured the valedictorian.

—Burr.

—S—

Gold has a tantalizing glitter, diamonds fascinate and the crinkle of a new bank note is as the music of the Gods, but when three fellows within an hour slap an editor on the back and say, "You put out a darn good sheet, this issue," the little birds join in on a Requiem that almost dims the din of the "Anvil Chorus."

In What Condition is Your Heating Plant?

Are you wasting high priced fuel with those leaky valves,
uncovered basement piping and boiler?

These defects can be remedied at small cost if you will call

Champaign Plumbing and Heating Co.

"Quick Service Plumbers"

Garfield 1695

THE MOVIE FAN

She was ten years old, and she had gone almost every evening of her life to the movies. For the first time she was taken to see a play on the legitimate stage. It was a melodrama, and she was delighted.

Breathlessly she sat at the end of her seat and watched and listened and was thrilled.

At last the curtain descended upon the first act.

"Oh, mother," she turned, "it's wonderful! Oh, please, mother, may I be allowed to stay for the second show?"

—Film Fun.

—S—

A freshman slipped on a bit of ice
And descended violently;
"I may look green to all the world,
But I'm black and blue," said he.

—S—

We work with both our brain and brawn,
To get our daily meat;
The bed-bug has no brain at all—
Yet gets enough to eat.

—S—

My Sweetie labors every day,
She has a steady job.
Her culinary art, they say,
Would elevate the mob.
She awful sweet and kindly too
Possesses every grace:
Ah! Sweet how quick I'd marry you,
With any other face.

—S—

An old farmer from Ala.
Hit his wife on the head with a ha.
When they questioned him why
He replied with a sy—
"She drank all my licker up! Da!"

—Virginia Reel

—S—

How do you like Cuba?
Oh, it's a rum country. —The Georgia Cracker.

Stoltey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories
Storage, Repair Work, Mabiloil

Rupert Hughes was one of the principal speakers at a dinner given to Sir Gilbert Parker by the Dutch Treat Club the other day. He said that he had always been curious to see a Sir, that titles had always been a mystery to him and it was a unique experience to contemplate a man who had been Sir-ed. Hughes said that he had always figured that Sir was a mark of distinction in England but was used here only by women who thought they had been insulted.

—Tatler.

—S—

He—"May I kiss your hand?"

She (lifting veil)—"My gloves are on."

—Record.

Wear a New Over-coat When You Go Home

ZOM'S line of well-made—stylishly cut—all wool Stratford overcoats furnishes a wonderful opportunity for University men.

These highest-grade garments are being sold at prices which cannot be matched.

This is not the conventional "sale." Zom is not an addict. He is overstocked for the first time in his business career.

\$30 and up

Roger Zombro

Apparel for University Men

Green street—of course

NOTICE!

The Different Cream Doughnut

612 So. Fifth St.

Just off Green

Special Attention Given to Parties

Wholesale and Retail



Isn't it rather unusual, old dear, to toboggan in a stiff collar?

Ordinarily yes, but this Lion Collar is so extremely comfortable, it never occurred to me to wear anything else.

Men are lucky things when it comes to dress. Wish I were a man!

I'm glad you're not.



Try Some Hot Waffles on Your Way Home

THE WAFFLE SHOP

ALWAYS OPEN

Clows' Waffles, Homemade Coffee, Grandma's Doughnuts

Pure Cream and Maple Syrup with Each Order

Doughnuts Sold by the Dozen
to Fraternities

Right across the street from the Luman on Walnut

NEW FABLES IN SLANG

(Apologies to Lemon Ade)

Once upon a Time there was a Senior, a most brilliant Lad with Phi Beta Kappa and other Diseases. Also there was a Frosh, most Ignorant, elegable for one Degree Only: G. B., P. D. Q. Grand Bounce P. D. Q.

Now the Seat of the Senior's trousers were the envy of his Boudoir mirror from much Sitting at a desk. The Knees of the lowly Frosh's pants were of the same Shiny hue, also much study. Yea, the Study of much Speckled Ivory.

On the evening of a Bright, Sunshiny day, our Heros inveigled each Other and themselves into high society. In other words, they played that noble Pastime which amuses alike, Millionaires and Humans—Ethiopian marbles.

Now the Senior was shown that 6 followed by 7 equals minus while the Frosh proved that 7 plus 7 plus 11 plus 11 is decidedly plus.

MORAL: What good is an education.

—8—

The other night while going home
Somewhat later than usual
I was waylaid
By a masked marauder
Who massaged my ribs
With a Colt .38
And asked me very politely
For my cash
But when I told him that I had
Been out with a cold
He handed me a five dollar bill
And passed on silently.

—Gargoyle.

PARADISE LOST

Moonlight; soft breezes sighing through the trees; a girl—the only girl; a rustic bench for two. You sit down, so close her hand in yours. You've almost reached Heaven when—along comes little brother. O hell!

—Burr.

$$\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$$

If you dont go half way with your friends, there can be only one result. Christmas is the best time to catch up with all the people you have been meaning to write to. And you can start something on your own side of the ledger by remembering friends who won't be expecting a greeting card from you.

Make up your list today. Over 1200 artistic numbers for selection.

Scatter Sunshine with
Christmas Cards

Strauch's

Wright Street

Next to Campus

A woman and a mirror
Are inseparable freaks,
You'll never find the first
The last rejecting;
But the mirror, it reflects
And very seldom speaks—
While the woman always speaks
Without reflecting.

—Puppet

—S—

Just when we think we can make both ends
meet somebody moves the ends.

Let MUNHALL Quote Lowest
Prices on Your

Publications, Stationery Dance Programs

MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE
On Taylor Street Just East of Neil

CHAMPAIGN

The APOLLO CONFECTIONERY

*When you get Apollo Confections
You Have the Best*

*A Special
Offering of Christmas Candies*

MOUYIOS BROS. Props.

URBANA, ILL.

FROM THE ADVERTISEMENTS WE WONDER-

Whether all mothers are happy when their children spill scalding water on the varnished table—

Whether the collar ad man thinks its Sunday all the time—

Whether the persons in the underwear ads are always in such a happy family circle—

Whether the persons in automobile ads are really as small as they appear—

Whether the man smoking a corn cob pipe with Mr. P. Adelbert's tobacco never lets his furnace go on a vacation—

—Widow.

—S—

SWELL STUFF

A fool there was and he loved his brew,

Even as you and I;

So he took some hops and some other crops

And put them on to stew;

But the stuff got thick and it had no kick,

So he used it for shampoo.

—Burr.

—S—

He was unmistakably New England
With a line of God-fearing Puritan ancestors,
Looking out from under his near-sighted eyes:
And I wondered by what whini
Nature had placed him in our philosophy department
To preach the non-existance of God.

—S—

He creeps in like Methuselah
And mumbles a musty lecture
From a yellow note-book,

On Thermopylae,

Some day I mean to bewilder him
By asking who was victorious at the Marne.

—S—

DO YOU?

These co-eds are a noisy lot,

I like 'em;

They make you blow the cash you've got,

I like 'em;

They call you tight, they think you're green,
Unless you shell out every bean,

They're the worst darn pests I've ever seen,

I like 'em.

—Octopus.

—S—

GOOD RIDDANCE

"Well, Margaret is engaged."

"Who's the happy man?"

"Her father."

—Lester.

—S—

"Remember the old days when we used to paint up the town?"

"Yep—and now they use water colors."—Froth

Hats that Reflect Individuality as Well as Style

Barnhart Millinery possesses all the distinctive features of Winter and Spring Fashions.

Mary A.
Barnhart

Flatiron Building

URBANA



APERSON'S LITTLE PLUMBER

At

120 S. Race

URBANA

Phone M. 906

TELLING IT TO THE JUDGE
(From "Topics of the Day,"
Literary Digest.)

"Well, well, that's a frightful case. What made you marry 14 wives?" asked the judge. "Well, your honor, I didn't like the number 13."

Jefferson (Texas) News

Judge: Where did the automobile hit you?"

Rastus: "Well, judge, if I'd been carrying a license number it would have been busted into a thousand pieces."

Schenectady (N. Y.) Union-Star

"Officer, what is the prisoner charged with?" asked the judge.

Cop: Mostly soda water, sir."

Boston Record

Prosecuting Attorney (to opponent): "You're the biggest boob in the city." Judge (rapping for order): "Gentlemen, you forget I am here."

Syracuse Herald

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer. "I'd rather not. They were not fit words to tell a gentleman." "Then," said the attorney, "Whisper them to the judge."

Progressive Farmer

To new maid: "This is my son's room. He's in Yale." "Ya?

My Brudder ban there too." "What year?" "No year, da jodge yust say: 'You Axel, 60 days in Yail.'"

Truth Seeker

—S—

Maid Servant—"The madam sent me to exchange this raisin cake—we found a fly in it."

Baker—"Tell your mistress there's nothing doing. But if she returns the fly, I'll give her a raisin in place of it.—Kasper (Stockholm).

*The Christmas Store
of Urbana*

McAllister's

"A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING"

to know where you can procure your Christmas things without unreasonable cost.

The McAllister Store is a wonderful *Christmas Store*. It sparkles with the spirit of the season.

Students will find our SERVICE and MERCHANDISE to their liking.

Hundreds of students will tell you.

A Few Suggestions for Her Christmas

Silk Hosiery \$1.35 to \$3.50

Real Kid Gloves \$3.00 to \$4.50

Silk Lingerie \$2.50 to \$8.95

Tooled Hand Bags \$3.95 to \$10.50

Hurd's Stationary 65c to \$1.95

Bathrobes \$5.95 to \$12.50

Snowy Handchiefs 15c to \$1

Shop in Urbana

at

The McAllister Stores Co.

"The Christmas Store"

Good-bye Bunch

*IT'S SURE GOING TO BE
mighty quiet around 606 East
Green when all of you are gone.
We hope every one has a real
vacation and remember that we
hope each of you enjoy a . . .*

Merry Christmas



606 E. Green St.

*Chuck Bailey Shelby Himes
Managers*



Just one of those heart-breaking little incidents of the Junior Prom. Benny, 'way back and to the right, is in his own dress suit; some playful Brother, however, waggishly tied the Rent Tag where you see it just as Benny was leaving the Frat., house. In the foreground observe Beauty and Chivalry, how they chuckle at the situation. Chivalry took the Rent Tag off **his** coat, you can wager.

(The border decoration is allegorical, and means, "Snake chasing Chicken through Eden.")



THE GIRL:—Oh! He must be awfully cold without his overcoat.

HORATIO POTTER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Horatio Potter, sixty and a prohibitionist, scanned the daily for inspiration. He wished to spend Christmas Eve, without spending much else.

It was the day before the holiday and Horatio had neglected plans for the great occasion. His eye turned toward the theatrical column, for while he was a modern reformer and did not believe in banal amusement he felt that as Christmas comes but once a year one might be excused for a slight discrepancy on the eve of that day.

The first announcement to greet his eye read: "O'Rafferty's Raft," a rollicking comedy of the three-mile limit. Twenty dollies all under twenty," and he turned the page rapidly. Next he saw: "Sandy's Jazz orchestra, all this week at Al's Near-Beer Cabaret. B. Y. O. L.," and his eye again roved on. "The Greater Love, a stirring drama of sex, children not allowed," next smote his retina. The newspaper dropped to the floor.

Horatio walked slowly to his apartment. "I will spend the evening in thought," he murmured, and let the maddened world go by."

He settled himself before the fire-place.

Then with a whoop the people in the flat above put "That Toddlin' Teaze" on the Victor.

Horatio has never been the same since.

According to Doc Carman, the storms which affect this part of the United States originate in the Puget Sound region. Why not sell it to Canada?

—S—
"No, I can't, I've got to study."
"All right, now I'll tell one."
—S—

One night, within a seminar,
A man whose name was Potiphar
Was shot.
He was the idol of Bayonne;
But now his pride and hope is gone
To pot.
One moment he was reading books
Another, and the dirty crooks
Beamed him.
And with one syncopated breath
That rude old gent that we call death
Gleaned him.
Such is life.

Roomate: Do you ever wonder at that economic circumstance which has us both brush hair, clothes, and shoes with the same brush?

—
Why is history hard?

Well, we've had a stone age, a bronze age and an iron age and now we're in a hard-boiled age.

—S—

"It's not prohibition that gets my goat," remarked Lafe Jabson of Still Valley, Kentucky; "it's its effects. In the good old days a moonshiner had more or less class distinction, now he's classed as a common bootlegger and the dignity of the profession is lost."

—S—



Picture of a cop. Apropos of nothing.

—S—

EMBARRASSING.

"I don't like these 'pay-as-you leave' street cars."

"Why is that?"

"If you accidentally become acquainted with a young lady on them, you are always under obligations." —*Punch Bowl*.

—S—

Where is the authentic case of the senior who still wears the orange and blue '21 baggage tag which he, as a freshman, purchased?

A BOVEYARD ANTHOLOGY.

REMINISCENT.

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dancing about them.

"I bet you never saw any dancing like this back in the nineties, eh, Unkie?"

"Once—but the place was raid ed."

—S—

A DEFINITION.

Each flea firmly believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.

—S—



From the campus Lethe rises
Bob-Haired Phillipa:
"In nineteen-sixteen I made
A date for the Promenade
Of nineteen-twenty. And the
Man,
So well loved in the early days, be-
came
Completely cellar gang; he chew-
ed tobacco,
Gambolled in corduroys, well-nigh
forgot
The art of shaking shins. And when I kept
That sad archaic date he came to
me on foot,
Wearing a red cravat. Oh, learn,
My younger sisters, not to fill
From end to end your date book,
All too hastily.

—S—



HOMAN

He—"Do you think you'll Tod-
dle down there tonight?"

She—"Oh! We'll take a taxi."

—S—

GOOD BIZNESS.

"I wish I vas as religious as Abie."

"And vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open when der collection box comes aroundt." —*Voo Doo*.





SCRAMBLIT'S SOLILOQUY

(With apologies to W. Shakespeare, Esq.)

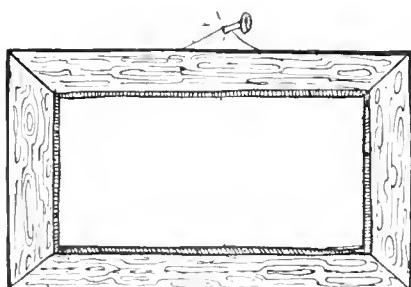
To roll or not to roll, that is the question. Is't wiser in the minds of smelts to suffer pains and distempers of outraged nature or take precautions 'gainst a sea of troubles and by uprolling, end them? To sigh, to peep no more; and by increasing length we stop the eye-aches and the thousand natural shocks that man is heir to: 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To sigh, to peep—To peep, perchance to blush; Aye, there's the rub.

—S—

Her lips, petite, alluring,
So perfect, rosy, smiling,
Enticing him to kiss her,
Her eyes are closed beguiling.

In tears, his eyes brim over;
Oh darn that kiss he gave her!
Why won't those lipstick makers
Change that rotten flavor?

—S—



First authentic photograph of the Freshman Class of Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Illinois. The man at the extreme left is also a member of Theta Nu Epsilon.



I know "it is more blessed to give than to receive," opined Raoul Harvey, "but I'm dead broke and I'm blessed if I can see how I'm going to get a winter coat unless some one gives it to me."

"How times do change," Raoul said, chewing a soda straw, "I heard a young fellow as a girl to let him kiss her hand the other night and she said, lifting her veil, "My gloves are on."

"A good speech," said Raoul at the fraternity banquet, "should be like a ladies' skirt. Long enough to cover the subject, yet short enough to be interesting."

—S—

Were you hurt when you fell on the ice?

No. I lit bottle side up.

—S—

STRANGE.

The hero passionately pressed his suit, but the more he increased his pants the less Trilby loved him.

When a girl wears long skirts it doesn't necessarily mean she's a prude.

No, she doesn't want to show bad form." —S—

She—"Did you pay for that yourself?"

He—"No. I wrote a check for it." —S—

BEAUTY IS SHIN DEEP.

He—"Are you saving anything for a rainy day?"

She—"Yes, indeed, I never wear silk stockings around the house." —Awgwan.—

It might be I could manage,
To get myself a date;
If I but had a Fliver
Or else a Mastic Eight.

—S—

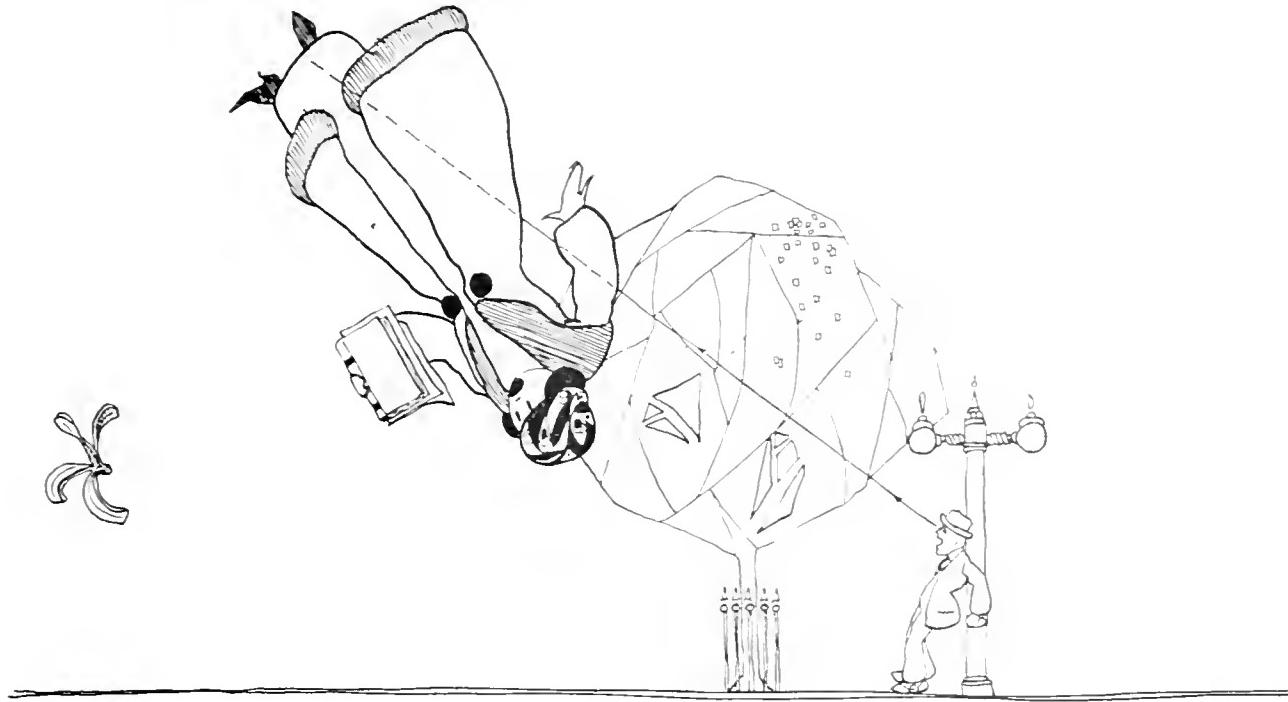
"Mandy, is dat 'ere husband of yours lazy?"

"Lazy? Why, man, dat husband ob mine lays down, and is too lazy to curl np." —S—



She: Robert, are you shimmyming?

He: No! I just put on my winter flannels.



IF SIR ISAAC NEWTON HAD BELONGED TO THE PURITY LEAGUE

The Youth sat glumly beside the Artful Maiden, wondering what to say next. At last:

"Well, I guess I'd better be goin'" he mumbled.

"Oh, don't go," she coed mechanically.

"Yeh. Gotta go."

"Hones'? Well, gladdametcha. Hadda lovely time."

"Bye."

"Bye."

He plodded homeward. How was he to know that for the first time in the semester the A. M. had not been kissed "good-night"?

—S—

We may look for a drop in the price of plank steaks—lumber is getting cheaper.

—S—

The preacher said: You are one." They tried to decide which one. And we don't know which won.

—S—

There is a vacation resort in the White Mountains where a hair net will only last twelve hours.

—HOMAN—

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A handful of tacks wrapped in cheese cloth and rubbed vigorously over polished furniture, will remove old scratches.

—S—

A fresh egg dropped in water will float or sink, we forget which.

—S—

Sour cream served on the boarders will enliven an otherwise dull meal.

—S—

To prevent hair in the ice water, shave the ice.

—S—

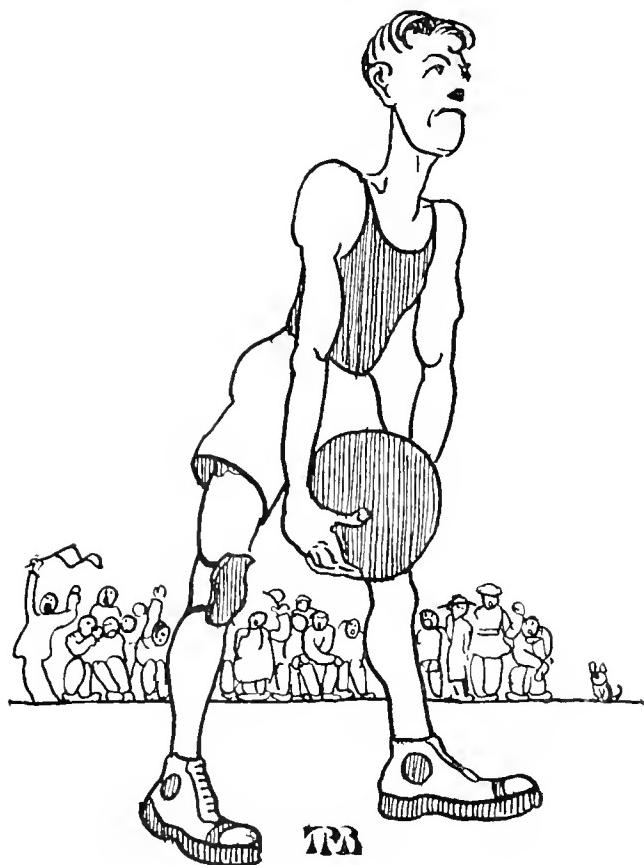
The violin is a great instrument. It gives many a chin a rest.

—S—

"What would you do if I turned you down?" she asked shyly as they sat on the sofa. Our nonchalant hero looked into space and said nothing. After a few moments of silence she nudged him and said, "Didn't you hear my question?" "Beg pardon said our n. e. h. I thought you were addressing the gas.



SUBCONSCIOUS STUFF



Erstwhile crap-shooter: "Come on li'l sphere, hop in the basket; papa wants to buy the baby some new shoes."

—S—

This means everything—and nothing.

Last Saturday night I sat in interested conversation with the Scholar, in a popular dispensary of gastronomic nick-nacks. The talk had veered through Freud to Yogiism, up to O. Henry and down to Schnitzler. At eleven thirty the first of the Bradley Hall revellers began to volplane in. Light laughter, heavy chuckles, silk stockings, Oscar Wilde haircuts, and all that.

The Scholar gathered in his brief-case and reached for his hat.

"Come on, Son," he said. "Let's go. Here come the animals."

CLYTIE AT THE SYMPHONY

It's just perfectly lovely here tonight, isn't it? I simply adore classical music. There is something terribly elevating about these grand, simple old melodies, don't you think? Only Beethoven is really very complex, of course, if you are able to understand him.

Of course, I like jazz too—I'm rather fond of dancing, you know. No—really, I wanted to come here!

I wonder why that silly little Clara Mudd wears her hair that way? Isn't it terrible? Oh, —hello there!—hello Clara dear!

Sh-h-h-h!!!—

Give me a program please. What?—Oh, I always close my eyes this way. I simply cannot appreciate real music without doing it. It makes me feel so alone, if you know what I mean.

Look at that girl down in the third row who insists on talking all the time. I simply loathe people who talk at symphony concerts. It really shows the lack of culture and good breeding. Isn't culture a wonderful thing, when you come to think of it?

Sh-h-h!!—That's pretty—it's the fifth, isn't it? Just to think of being able to write all that wonderful music! Mother thinks I might have been really great as a composer. I made my debut when I was twelve, you know. What was it I played?—I think it was "The Angel's Serenade." Yes, I'm quite sure that was it, "The Angel's Serenade."

But of course my bent is toward literature! —This is the last movement isn't it?—

And to think that Beethoven was blind too! Is my nose shining? I'm so emotional, you know!

—S—



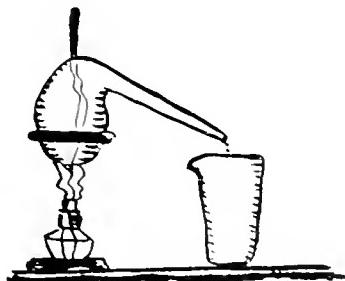
HOW YOU TALK!

Q. What does the university monogram say?

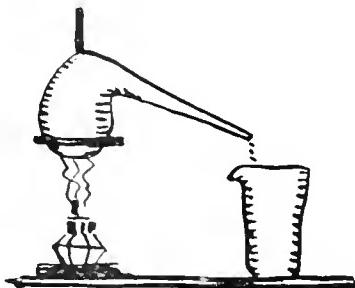
A. I've got my I on U.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

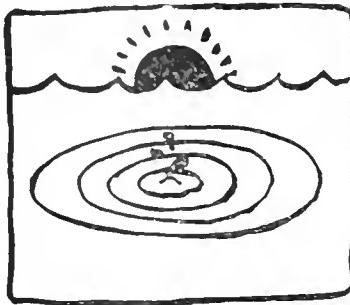
FOR YOUNG AND OLD ⚓ ⚓ ⚓ ⚓



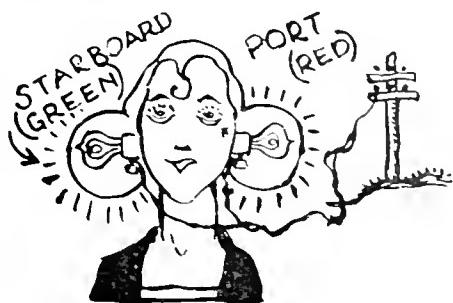
DEVICE FOR THE
REMOVAL OF SALT
FROM THE DEAD
SEA.



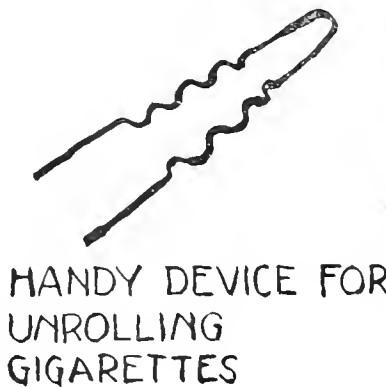
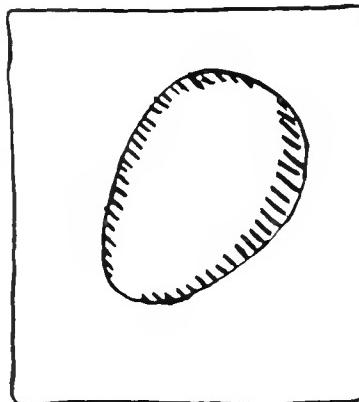
MACHINE FOR THE
REDUCTION OF ARIDITY
IN DRY HOMES



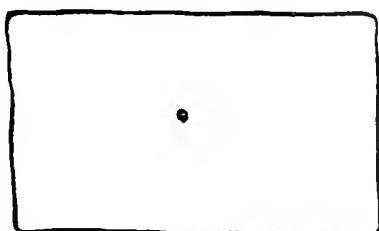
FISH, DIVING
AT SUNRISE



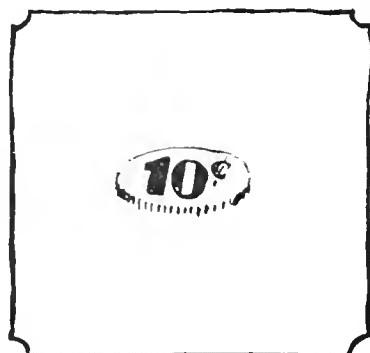
FOR CAMPUS
NAVIGATORS



HANDY DEVICE FOR
UNROLLING
GIGARETTES



HOW THE WORLD
WOULD LOOK IF
IT WERE SHAPED
LIKE AN EGG



CROSS SECTION
OF THE EQUATOR



INVISIBLE HAIR-NET
IN ACTION.



TEN-DOLLAR BILL,
AFTER A HARD
DAY'S WORK



The Siren



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OUR discussion is on the subject of Bla, (pronounced Bla.) It is a question that has to do with the collegiate world of all generations, a bit particularly with the present one probably.

Bla, or bla-blaing is the gentle art of speaking much and saying nothing, or of acting a part that is not by nature a part of one's act. It comes in many forms and varieties and is the most striking example of what the young man or woman doesn't get from college.

The usual soda-water dispensary-booth conversation is pure Bla. The same sort flourishes between dances and at sorority teas. The "oh, I think he's the most wonderful dancer" variety is included—that too, is Bla.

But let it be understood that shallow conversation is not the only variety of Bla in our child-like community. Often Bla appears in its most virulent form in conversations at the University Club or the Poetry society. Many times the high-brow, the would-be-high-brow or the self-confessed high-brow is its perpetrator. One who delves too deeply into books is often as guilty of Bla as he or she who delves not at all and therefore has to make conversation without

any basis for it. By the same token that person who considers himself or herself a bit popular; who makes dates easily or who is dated easily, too often lets the blue-ribbon popularity go to the higher altitudes and begins a period of adolescence known to the few as the Bla period.

The most striking example is that he or she who deeming himself or herself superior, treads on the toes of the multitude and frowns when the multitude fails to beg pardon.

To them all—to the student, the tea dancer, the fuzzer, the Greek letter man or woman, the literary light, the self-satisfied poet, the athlete and the hand shaker let the old girl drop a word of warning. "the blue-ribbons you pluck at college, tra la, are not worth a whoop on the loop."

Which leads to the suggestion that a Tau Beta Pi key never got a bridge contract, nor a memory book full of dance programs a happy home.





AND now, on the heels of Thanksgiving and the latest tag day for the benefit of weeping onion farmers in the Bermuda Islands, and a million other ideas for pulling the kale from its receptacle in the rear pocket or the Lisle National, comes Christmas.

A joyful season, truly, is the Yultide. Beginning with *le premier du mois*, the Lonesome One is startled at the friendliness of the Burlesonite, but the mail is not from merchants with an idea that "that little account has slipped your mind." Now, little reader, the communications are in the form of greetings nad salutations, effervescent with good cheer and happiness, full of information about friends, and last but not least, carefully solicitous about the welfare of the recipient, and coyly abiding allowed correspondence to drag.

The more clever of the writers usually remark that jewelry is always appreciated at Christmas time, and opine that since actual fighting is no more in vogue among the nations, everyone should put the Christmas list on a pre-war basis, or a pre-twentieth century basis—now, wait a minute, that last statement might be just a little off-color. We remarked that the more clever of the correspondence fiends mentioned these things. They do not. They exercise a mean sort of mental telepathy that pops out with the opening of the envelope and stays out until after December 25, constantly thrusting at the poor subject its insinuations that perhaps So-and-so really should be added to the list.

After a losing fight with conscience and the aforesaid mental message, the personage who formerly gleaned his information concerning old friends from the home town paper and who is now kept posted by the numerous well-wishers prepares for slaughter the more or less underfed calf, played by Bill Fold, and with heart and purse shrouded in deep despair—for he has no idea in the world that he will feel better for doing it—he repairs to the market.

Salespersons are ever present with their damnable offers for assistance in the selection of gifts. He buys not gifts for the "immediate family and a few relatives," but for old college friends, for old high school friends, for their friends, and for friends of the friends. And lo, another fish is brought to the attention of scientists.

Truly, zoologists should rejoice with the arrival of the Christmas season.

THE Illinois Fraternity Union, a newly organized body of alumni and association presidents striving for a really worthy purpose has surprised us somewhat and shocked us more by a rather radical recommendation. The fraters would expunge the Roast Section from the Illio.

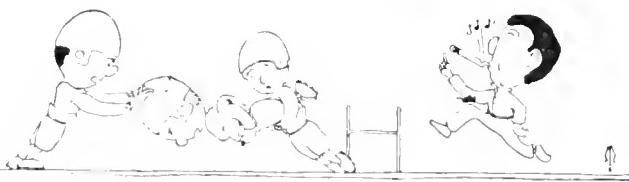
Without questioning the acumen of those who advocated the stand the Union has taken, may we tilt momentarily with their views? We may? Thank you. We will.

The Roast section, they say, shows the University in a light that is not appreciated as fun on the exterior but is taken as reality, and as a result the outside thinks we are a polygot aggregation of idlers and spend-thrifts. Which causes us to sigh tearfully for the activity of the grey matter of those on the exterior.

Since time immemorial college students have been expected to be flighty and irresponsible at times. They are conscientiously looked to for demonstrations of spontaneity and they generally deliver the goods. If the Illio chooses to call some amiable frater a sour owl, knowing that he is not, but is really a good fellow and if the university world will accept the statement that he is a sour owl in the spirit it is given—should we worry what the outside thinks? Not much.

However, to the Union let this credit be given—if the editor seeks to call a certain organization a group of boozing bums, when he knows that the days of fraternities that were groups of boozing bums is passed, then the editor should be frowned upon.

The University is as it is. The Roast Section, supposed to characterize university life, can do so without making out the student body to be a mandarin, immoral, drunken collection of young humanity, and the Roast Section is one of the best "selling features" of the Illio. The section should be well advised, you know that it will be well censored after the experience of last year, and so, it will be all right.





Clarrissa Mahoney Alecia MacDuff
Was a nice little girl, but terribly rough.
Her Father brought Clara's whole family to grief
By divorcing his wife and rewedding a thief.
Her Mother, a thief as I mentioned before,
Was the type of a girl that is worth waiting for.
Her Mother's grandfather, a gentle old man,
Hung around the saloon that his son-in-law ran.
Her eldest male brother, who recently died,
Was a gunman by trade and robbed banks on the side.
Her other male brother was blighted, it's said
By his habit of eating stale cookies in bed.
Clarrissa's one sister wore velveteen hose;
She never used rouge, though she had a red nose.
Clarrissa herself was the pride of the clan.
She made herself famous by rushing the can.
Which all goes to show that Clarrissa MacDuff
Never had half a chance—she just *had* to be rough.

S

The office of the Dean was a quiet as it usually is on Monday morning. Came a knock, following by an anaemic figure, bearing a frightened expression, a green toque, and five new books.

"Will you s-sign this excuse, sir?" it whispered.
"Sick, I suppose—or dental appointment?" enquired the Dean, with tempered benevolence.

"No, sir; I just overslept," was the answer.

And so we had to get a new Dean

S

If I could have but one desire,
I'd like to be a versifier,
 And scribble yards of complicated rhyme,
I'd chant of all celestial things,
 Of gilded harps and angel's wings,
And Poetize in rhapsodies sublime.

MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

A hush fell over the brilliant salon of the Comtesse de la Disgust, and a hundred bright expectant eyes turned toward the door. I remember that it was the door they were looking at, because there were curtains over all the windows. It was night, black night, outside, and the wind howled. But I wander. (I often do)

With a right royal air, and a delicate aroma of garlic, the Queen entered. The Comtesse and Myself eased across the room to welcome her, but our attention was caught by the old Lord Goutleg, Earl of Ptomain, who was acting in a very peculiar manner. The old Earl, who is over eighty, was swinging by one knee from one of the chandeliers, and shouting "I must speak to the Queen, I must speak to the Queen!" In a moment the entire galaxy of Beauty and Chivalry, including Her Majesty, were gazing at the Earl with amused astonishment.

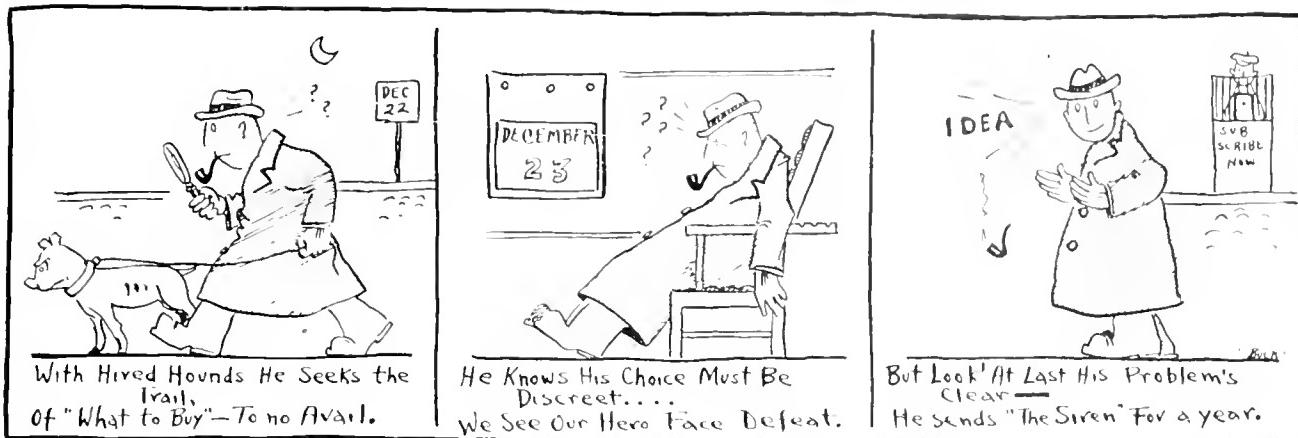
Never at a loss in any emergency, the queen, with perfect *savoir faire*, drew herself up to her full height and said, in modulated tones,

"And what is it, me good Earl, that you wish to tell me?"

"Good your Majesty," gasped the old man, the cold sweat standing out on his wrinkled brow, "Tis this: didst ever in all thy royal life, hear the Tale of the Three Eggs?"

"Nay, Earl, nay!" replied the Queen in high good humor, "That is a tale I wot not of."

"TWO BAD! !" wheezed the aged nobleman as the chandelier, unused to such heroic treatment, parted its moorings and crashed to the floor.



JUDGEMENT.

I knew a gentle robber,
A kindly robber too;
Who plied his trade quite quietly,
As all good robbers do.

He robbed the church and poor-house,
And he killed our gentle priest,
And then he made a compote,
Out of raisin mash and yeast.

Now as we knew, a gentler man
N'er drew a sober breath;
Though we didn't like the robberies
Nor Father Peter's death.

But we were never finicky,
In our nice neighborhood;
And so we let the robber off,
On promise to be good.

But when he made the compote
Out of raisin mash and yeast,
We rose in righteous dignity,
And garroted the beast.

—————S—————

"Remember when the lights went out at the Hi Ho house the other night?"

"Yeah."

"Where were you when they went out?"

"In the dark."

CAUGHT ON THE CAMPUS.

(Editor's Note: The following are snatches of actual conversation heard between classes. They are not revised or deleted, take them as they are. They show the result of an experiment conducted by one person, and they reflect the multitude.)

Two girls walking campus-ward at 4:00 p. m.—"He came over four times the next day, and ooooh! we were so thrilled, and do you know"

Two girls entering Lincoln building, 1:10 p. m.: "He was with Ruth, but he doesn't go with her steady, just now and then. I think he's engaged, he *never* wears his fraternity pin, and do you know"

Two girls in the entry way, Lincoln Hall, 2:00 p. m.: "Oh! Hello dearie. Say have you gotta date tomorrow night? Oh! Uh-huh, Yeah, uh-huh, yes he is, really"

Two boys, in front of the Arcade, 2:30 p. m.: "Yeah, an' as I watched it, pop, out flopped a raisin, and I knew I was in the right place"

Same two boys, ten minutes later: "Oh! Boy, just walk, that's all, just walk with 'em, it's got any dance step beat all hollow, and *anybody* can do it. Ohhhh! Baby."

UTILITARIAN? YES, BUT

WHERE'S THE PSYCHOLOGY TO IT?

A card is posted on the dark room door in the psychology lab oratory, 507 University Hall. It reads, "When the door is locked the key to it will be found hanging on the right side of the door frame."

—————S—————

"Are you really engaged?"

"No. Just signed up for the dancing season."

—————S—————

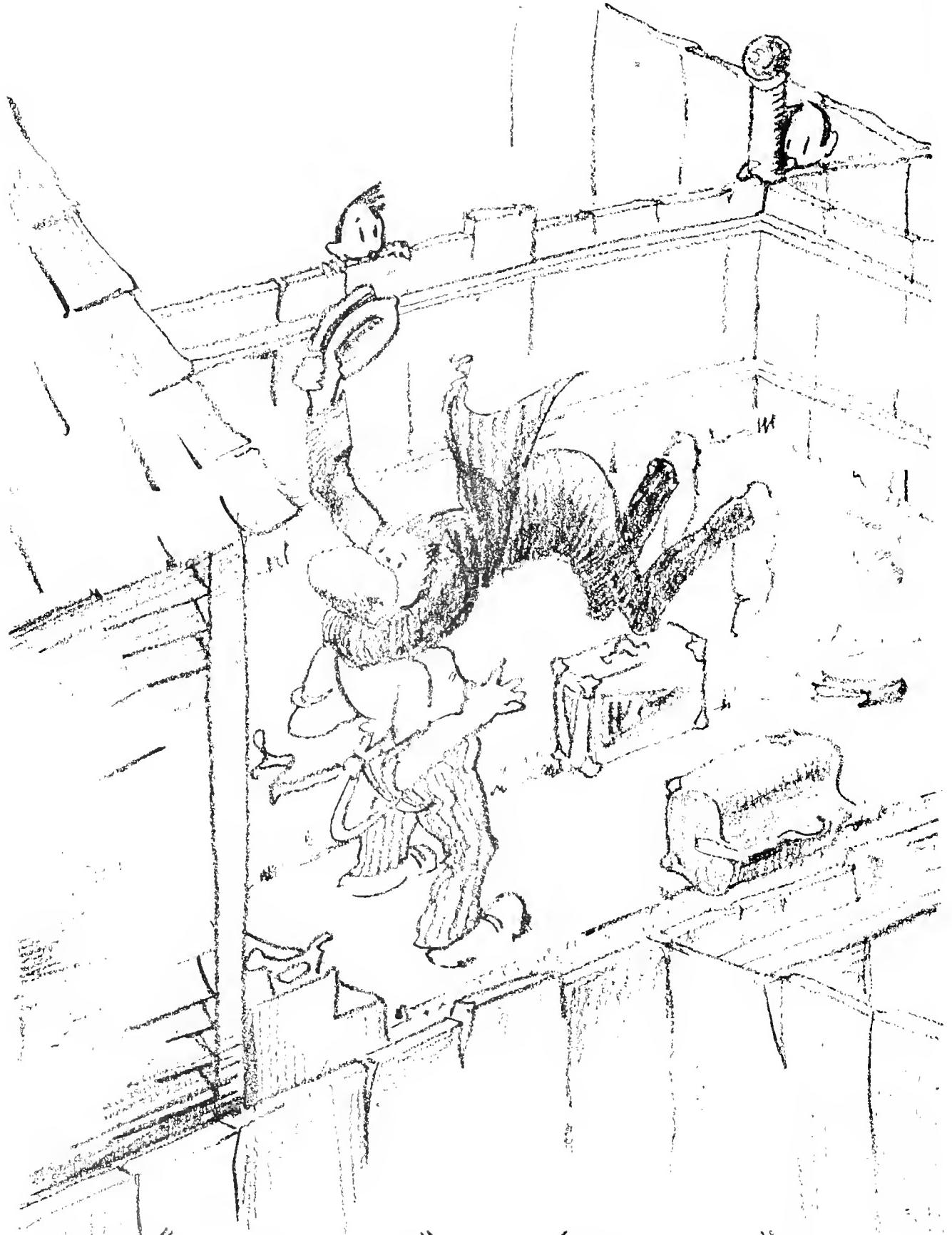
There comes a time
In the life of
Every young man
When he learns
That though
The words rhyme
There is no
Affinity
Between
Good Looking
And
Good Cooking.

—————S—————

"Oh! Hello Alice, how are you dearie?"

"Hello Bess dear. How sweet your gown looks."

Lord, how they hate each other.



"HOMECOMING" OR "DAD'S DAY"? Milt



UP TO THE MINUTE EPI

TAPHS.

I often envied
Those who flew;
I tried it—now
That's all I do.

I started out
To find a bear.
I found him.
How are you down there?

I tucked a high card,
Up my sleeve.
Now my wife and children
Grieve.

Here lies the bones
Of Vera Strange.
She fell upon the
Kitchen range.
How very odd, yes,
Vera Strange.

The automobile slowed
For the crossing.
I didn't.

I think I dented the radiator.

—S—

Proud Descendent—"Governor Carver was one of my fore-fathers."

Amannensis—"Who were the other three?"

—S—

Some girls wear short skirts.
The others wear hose with cotton tops.

—S—

There was a young lady named Beth,
Who couldn't say yes, but said "yeth."
When I asked her to wed,
This feminine said,
"Oh! Yethir, I gneth thir ith yeth."

—S—

Jazz—"What do you think of my car?"

Bo—"That's a nice horn."

Full oft upon the stilly night I've sought the ways of life and light
and spent my sheekles on enameled janes; when well I knew that then,
as now, I should have been behind the plow, or driving cattle down the
country lanes. Oft full upon a palmy day I frittered golden hours away,
a-standing on a corner swapping yarns, when if I'd been more
rabbit-like and kept forever on the hike I'd have more cows and porkers
in my barns. Oh! youth will have its fling, 'tis said, He'll spend
the morning hours in bed, forgetful of the saw, that "Tempus flies;"
But later on in life he'll wish he hadn't been a "spauyre" fish; He'll
know how Tempus Fugits, e're he dies.



She—"Are you going home for good?"

He—"No, just for a little change."



The Diary of Samuel Pepless.



(Being the doddlings of a disillusioned dunce)

Dec. 10.—Did into my borrowed worsteds and linens the night and so to a promenade of those juniors who possessed the requisite pound-sterling-plus and could borrow or rent the apparel. Met at the door by one Sir Jumbo Perambulator who had in truth been able to obtain a wicked outfit, withal he had forgotten to remove the "For Rent" tag from the hind quarter button. Yet it was a slick doublet and deserves praise. A good time was had by all and I judged from the dazzlingness of the eve that many flappers had taken the occasion for a "coming out" party. (Which is rather a sour jest for this time of the morn.)

Dec. 11.—Awoke with a bad head and a taste of leather shoon in my mouth, and so to the studio to sketch, feeling the same—sketchy. (Another ascetic jest and ripe with age yet excusable from a psychological point of view.)

Dec. 13.—To a dance this eve and was highly complimented by being stepped on by that tall gentleman of a Chalmers street brotherhood, who formerly was a high flier in naval circles. His Lordship did in truth honor me highly, and more so, in that he did frown at me as though I had been responsible for the collision.

Dec. 14.—Learning and Labor palling somewhat I did to the Dean's office for permission to visit my sister in Chicago, but being absent minded did falter when he asked me "How long have you known her?" and answer "Two weeks." So back to the class rooms, seeking learning, but finding only labor.

Dec. 15.—By good chance obtained sorority scandal of a wondrous nature for the Illio, and it being learned, I received invitations to two house dances before the day's end, but am holding out for a formal bid, or odds bodkins the scandal will be unearthed. "Tis blackmail, but a gentlemanly sort. Better men have done worse.

S. P.

WHO WOODEN LAUGH?

The dusty wayfarer had come to the door of the farmhouse at dusk to beg the customary food and lodging. The canny farmer promised him these in return for a little—just a very little work. And he led the Weary Willie to the woodlot and showed him a great many logs and a hatchet. "When these are split, you may eat and sleep."

Undismayed, the tramp started to work. Soon he cast aside the hatchet and, sitting on one of their number, commenced to tell funny stories to the logs. Story after story he told, and the logs split themselves with wooden laughter. Soon all were neatly split—save four, which resisted the funniest stories which the tramp could unfold. So he left them there, and after the promised meal was a reality, he climbed into the loft and slept.

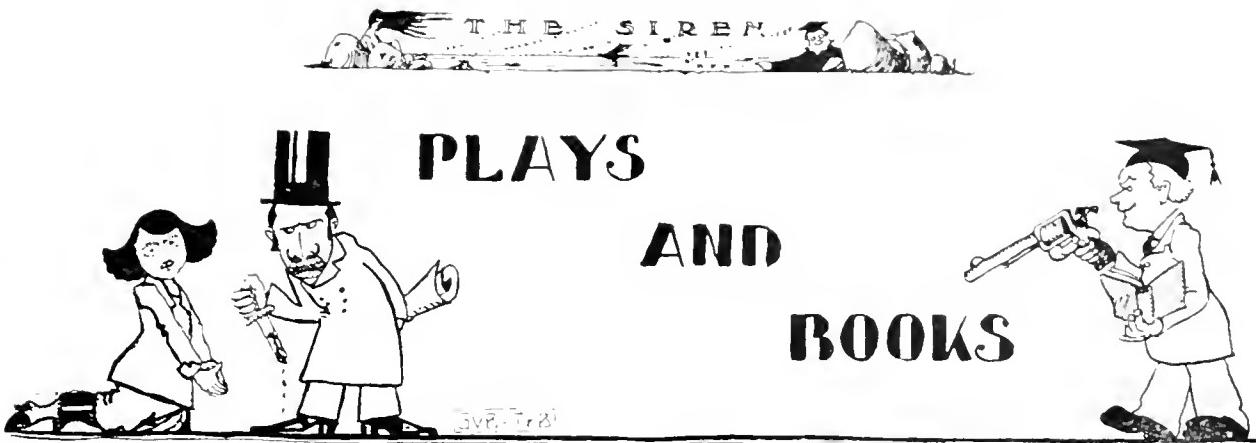
At the break of dawn the tramp was awakened by a loud ripping, splitting noise. He hastened to the woodlot and there were the four logs, neatly split. And not until he looked at them more closely did he realize that they were English walnuts.

-----S-----



Romeo Schmalz: You are the breath of my life!

Juliet Kirsch: Did it ever occur to you to hold
your breath?



A booklet of unassigned call numbers is "Pick Your Prof., or Getting By in College," by David E. Berg, and published by the Institute for Public Service of New York. The booklet is just what it says.

In the midst of page headings such as "Pick Your Prof. Craftily," "Like the Prof's Jokes," "Bluffing in Self-Defense," and "The Art of Avoiding Study," we glanced again at the yellow cover for reassurance. The concentrated purport of the interspersed boldface paragraphs seemed entirely too much like the peculiar style of these expensive five-pamphlet courses in self-development. But they do not have yellow covers.

This skimmer's handbook is quite accurate in its conclusion to a certain point. The ruses and wiles of the evader of knowledge as explained in this work are here today. We believe, however, that if Mr. Berg were familiar with the classroom relationships here at Illinois, with its mammoth classes and four-hour finals, he would modify lots of his advice. It avails nothing to try to "handle" an instructor when he is always as ignorant of your existence at the end of the semester as in the beginning. Too many men, too many courses, too many years—no can do.

A satire, certainly, but we would hardly recognise this effort as a satire were it not for the constant exhortations to "avoid a real interest in a subject." On the last page is an elaborate form for a card index entitled "Prof Personality Index Card," with qualities of personality and methods of handling to be checked. It is with a trembling for higher education that we imagine the serious application of these methods of "Getting By in College."

—S—

Henry Pitts says that January is one of the hard months in which to collect debts from the brothers. The other hard months are February, March, April, May, June, August, September, October, November, and December.

We have just looked over the "Tatler," one of the newer six-by-nine joybooks. The "Tatler" is a monthly proposition, has its office on and deals with things concerning Broadway (accent second syllable, Edith). It seems to have about the same relation to the New York stage that THE SIREN and contemporaries bears to undergraduate life—senseless, funny, very nothing-in-particular, yet quite worth while. And what a relief to the Mississippi Valley from the Manhattanese line of so many periodicals today!

There is old stuff and new stuff, and lots of old stuff done in a new way. We have the "Those Days and Now" cropping up all thru the magazine—we find the usual liquor chatter, a style review, Serial (with the S up), pomes, and s. and s. paragraphs. The Serial is not so good. It even contains a "Come away from there, "he hissed." But "When we see a girl of ten crying these days we don't know whether to give her a new doll to comfort her, or tell her that no man's love is really worth crying for"—that certainly has its appeal to those who would snicker.

Nearly every right-hand page has its photographs of actresses who are on the Broadway boards today. These cuts were picked out by someone with true appreciation, etc. The Tatler beautifully refrains from personalities, so easy to write. We are in favor of this new book, and we hope that it drops among our notebooks again.

—————S—————

Culled from the dope on ticket stubs in the November Illinois magazine:

Nietzschean, Baskt, Carmen, Bizet, metaphysics, Chopin, Pepys, the Duke of York, Drury Lane Theatre, Elizer, Rupert Brooke, Covent Garden, Moulin d'Or, Chris Morley, bons mots, and "haec olim memnisce." Whew!

And all this in less than three thousand words! Make no mistake, ye who would be cultured. Read the Illinois Magazine and note the quick elevation of the super-eyebrow region.



The Best From the Rest

Dizz—"Yes, he had the audacity to kiss me."

Kpzxw—"Of course, you were very indignant?"

Dizz—"Yes, every time."

—*The Western.*

—S—

CURSORY REMARKS.

Pep—"Don't go bathing after dinner."

Pip—"Why not?"

Pep—"Because you won't find it there."—*Tiger.*

—S—

Say It With Naturals.

The street car stopped with a yank. A man in the rear crowded his way to the door.

"Coming out! Coming out!" he cried to the impatient conductor.

"A half you don't," yelled the fuddled sporting gentleman in the front seat.

—*Prirot.*

—S—

Regret—"How can you spend so much time with that girl?"

Full—"It isn't the time I spend that I regret."

—*Prirot.*

—S—

Green Sap—"Pretty healthy water."

Green Cap—"Yeah, it's well water."—*Prirot.*

—S—

Mrs. Newlywed—"I'll take this pair of pajamas, and charge them, please."

Clerk—"Who are they for?"

Mrs. Newlywed (hotly)—"My husband, of course!"

—*Virginia Reel.*

—S—

QUITE RIGHT.

"Weren't you sore at the umpire?"

"Well, I was put out at first."—*Tiger.*

DON'T YOU DARE.

"If you kiss me again, I'll call father."

"Where's father?"

"Down-town, and won't be home till midnight."—*Tiger.*

—S—

Mrs. M.—"Don't you stay in the room when your daughter has company any more?"

Mrs. D.—"No, I am trying the honor system."—*Tar Baby.*

—S—

Waiter—"Tea or coffee?"

Waitee—"Don't tell me; let me guess."—*Tiger.*

—S—



"Whistling for a wind" at the Co-op corner.

—S—

TACT.

I went to a party with Janet,
And met with an awful mishap,

For I awkwardly emptied a cupful
Of chocolate into her lap.

But Janet was cool—though it
wasn't—

For none is so tactful as she,
And, smiling with perfect composure,

Said sweetly, "The drinks are
on me!"—*Jester.*

They sat beneath the apple blossoms. The moon shone softly. Suddenly he broke the silence:

"What's to prevent my kissing you?"

"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed.

But it didn't.—*Tiger.*

—S—

ON BIRTH CONTROL.

The minister to little Archie—"And what is redemption, my little lad?"

Archie (prompted by thoughtful mother)—"Redemption is being born again."

"That's splendid! And would you like to be born again?"

"Naw! Think I'm going to take any chances on being born a girl?"

—Humbug.

—S—

THE INTERLOPER.

They had just pulled the cork when a lantern entered the room followed by a lengthy individual with whiskers.

"By gum, I've ketched ye," shouted whiskers, flashing the star attached to his galluses. "What are you two a-doin' here?"

"N-nothing," stammered Jones, covetously glancing at the bottle on the table.

"N-nothing," echoed Smith, covetously glancing at the bottle on the table.

"Well, what are ye two aimin' to do?" persisted whiskers.

"N-nothing," said Jones.

"N-nothing," said Smith.

"Whee!!" said whiskers, "Then hold this lantern!"—*Juggler.*

—S—

QUITE TRANSPARENT.

John (angrily)—"How I see through your subterfuge!"

Marie—"Well, that's only because there's a very bright sun."

GUNDLOCK & MINER

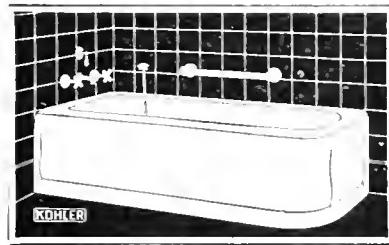
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AS IT AGAIN

She kissed me today
Who will kiss her tomorrow?
That's always the way
When she kisses today
I ask with dismay
Not unmixed with sorrow.

She kissed me today
Who will kiss her tomorrow?
—Dirge.
—S—

We read that Dante went through
hell
To find his sweetheart, tho'
around her
Fierce flames might rage. Most
fellows—well,
Go through it after they have
found her. —Punch Bowl.
—S—

OLD STUFF

"Everybody out!" bellowed the
top kick.
"Out of what?" questioned the
fresh rookie.
"Out of luck," yelled the t-k.
—American Legion Weekly.

H! JONSEY!

Doctor (at accident)—who—
who will volunteer to tell this
man's wife that he is hurt?

Bright Guy—Get Jones to break
the news—he stutters.—Chaparal.

—S—

H. C. What's the matter with
the Boss' eyes?

S.—They're all right as far as
I know. Why?

H. C.—Well I had to go and
see him in his office yesterday
afternoon, and he asked me twice
where my hat was, and it was on
my head all the time.

—San Mateo Elm.

—S—

Circumstantial Evidence

Counsel!—Now, where did he
kiss you?

Plaintiff—On the lips, sir.

Counsel—No! No! You don't
understand. I mean where were
you?

Plaintiff (blushing)—In his
arms sir. —Voodoo.

LUCKY BIRD

By mistake he had gotten the
wrong suit from the cleaners. Feverishly he fished through the
pockets. There were \$135 in bills
—S—

Mother—"Daughter, I have told
you many times before not to
let me find you kissing a man."

Daughter—It's your own fault,
mother; I told you not to wear
rubber soles. —Puppet.
—S—

Shy—Gee, I'd hate to be up so
high in the air with that aeroplane!

Sly—Well, I'd hate to be up so
high without it. —Drexerd.
—S—

NEXT TO NATURE'S HEART

Widow (whose weeds are dark
but not dense)—Isn't there something
I can put on to keep the
mosquitos from biting me?

Grouchy Bachelor—Yep. Clothes.
—Chicago Tribune.

Greetings Illini

*The Illini Publishing Company takes
this opportunity to extend its greet-
ings to all Illini—both old and new.
We wish to thank you for your pat-
ronage during the past school year
and assure you that we will be ever
ready to serve you in the future as
we have in the past.*



ILLINI PUBLISHING CO.

Green Street · · · · · Champaign, Illinois

DRAWBACK.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
And they cost a million or two.
—*Judge*.

—S—

SAFETY FIRST.

"What's going on here, movie
thriller?"

"Nope," replied the phlegmatic
citizen. "A couple of motor car
bandits are robbin' a bank."

"Good heavens, man! Why don't
you give the alarm?"

"I've got a balance of only two
dollars in that bank an' I ain't
goin' to run the risk of gettin' shot
for the price of a light lunch."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

—S—

Adam—"Let's turn over a new
leaf."

Eve—"Why, dear, it's only Sat-
urday."—*Widow*.



MARCY

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CHAMPAIGN



Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.
"How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX
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But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

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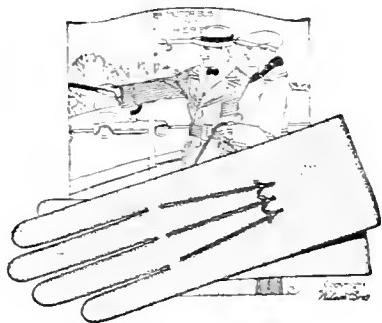
Anargyros

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He: I understand T. N. E. is giving the dean some trouble.

She: Oh! Is the dean a chemist?



Mocha Gloves

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DAY'S OF GRACE

Ye Student—"Sir, I want permission to be away three days after the end of vacation."

Dean—"Ah, you want three more days of grace?"

Student—"No; three more days of Gertrude," *Record*.

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Old Lady—"If you want to re-
main pretty, always, you must be
good."

Her Youngest Grandchild—
"Then, Grandma, you must have
been very, very naughty!"

—*Le Rire* (Paris).

—S—



Dick: "I say, Helen, when do
you think of getting married?"

Helen: "Morning, noon and
night."

—S—

"*Faint Heart Never Won*," Etc.
James—"May I kiss you?"

Eileen—"They say kissing
tends to the propagation of mi-
crobes."

James—"Well, you kiss me,
then. I'm not afraid of them."

—*Tar Baby*.

—S—

Magistrate: "But your wife
says you haven't spoken a word
to her for over a year." Polite

prisoner: "No, your worship, I
didn't want to interrupt her."

Pearson's Weekly

Christmas Greet- ing Cards and Books

A great many of your friends
will appreciate a remembrance
in the form of a greeting card
or book. Select them now and
take advantage of com-
plete assortments.

Knowlton &
Bennett

URBANA, ILLINOIS

We Lead In Every Line We
Carry

Parker Fountain Pens

Stationery

Bulletins

Dance Programs

Our work has a quality and
distinctiveness that we feel
certain will appeal
to you.

Geo. D. Louden
Printing Co.

Walnut St., Champaign

Youngster—"And you advise me to marry? You forget, in these days a wife costs so much!"

Oldster—True, my friend, but consider how long they last."

—*Le Rire (Paris)*

—S—

Yes, I was a freshman too.
Some of the happiest years of my life, I spent as a Freshman.

—*Squib.*

Picknell Meat Market

606 S. 5th St.—M2458

QUALITY ROASTS, STEAKS,

HAMS and BACONS

We Deliver

The logo for Mead's Cafeteria features the word "mead's" in a stylized, lowercase, italicized font. The letters are enclosed within a decorative oval border.

Cafeteria

610 East Green

Popular Prices

ELECTIVES.

Bing—"I heard that your old man died of hard drink."

Ding—"Yes. Poor fellow. A cake of ice dropped on his head."

—*Aygwan.*

—S—

"William, every time I come home I find you asleep. What do you mean?"

Servant—"Excuse me, madam, but I never could bear to sit around doing nothing!"—*Le Rire (Paris).*

—S—

TINTS AND UNDERTONES

Cosmos and daisies calico-wise
In a dull gray field of fern;
Sprinkling or rose on a morning
of mist
Relaxing my passion in dream;
Green soft leaves and tall grass
reeds
Cooling my head in their shade . . .
• • • • •
I lie watching the wall-paper move.

G. W. Lawrence Music Store

The only place you have a choice of records Columbia, Victor, or Brunswick.

Columbia, Brunswick and Victor phonographs.

Come in and let us demonstrate the different tones for you.

We also have a large line of string instruments and Saxaphones.

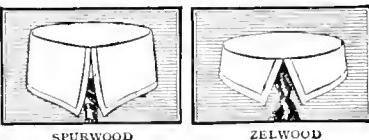
G. W. Lawrence

112 W. Main Street

URBANA



THE right collar is essential to the dress of the man of affairs—even if they are only love-affairs.



Collars & Shirts

EARL & WILSON, TROY, N.Y.

These Collars on Sale at

Gelvin's Clothes Shop

They were in a tea-room after the game, he and she. As they rose to go out, she stooped suddenly, baby-blue eyes frightened and wondering. A trifle embarrassed, too, as if something had. * * * She looked down at her silken ankles and a deep flush stole over her. "Oh," she cried, "I forgot to telephone mother I wouldn't be home for supper." —Banter.

S

ROUGE

Your eyes are like unto the rays
Of Luna's brilliant form;
Your hair is touched with radiance
Like sunset after storm;
Your face, enticing, bids me love—
But I'd not kiss in haste,
For I can see your lips are rouged
And I can't stand the taste.

—Dirge.

S

Prof.—What is there to substantiate the opinion that Shakespeare was a prophet?

Soph.—He was fortelling the era of home brew when he wrote the recipes for Witches' Broth in Macbeth.

—Panther.

S

Prof.—What right have you to swear before me in class?

Youth.—How could I know you wanted to swear first?

—Lampoon.

Christmas Gifts of unusual character

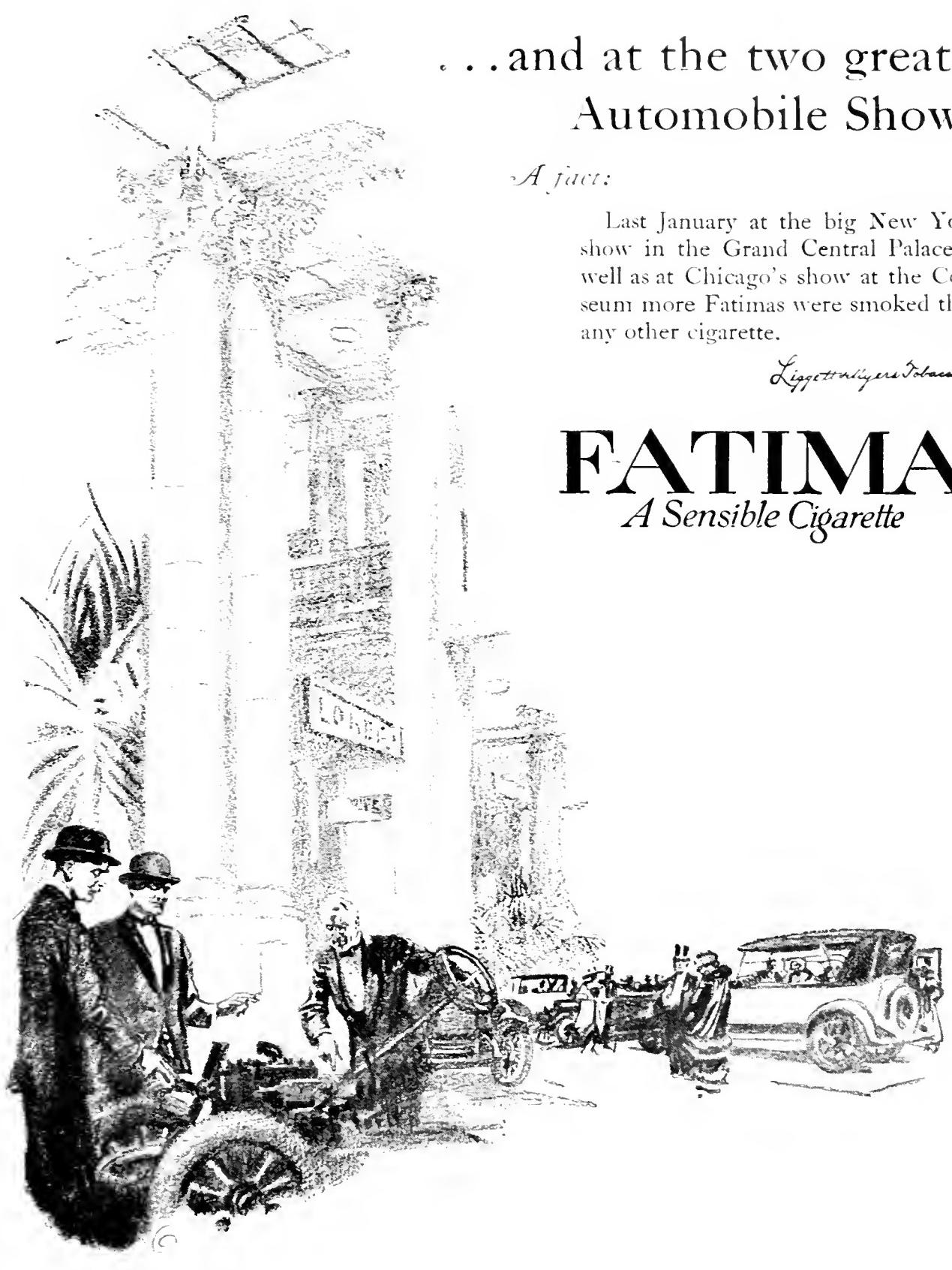
Are here in great variety. Hundreds of suitable gifts for every member of the family.

POTTERY, ROYCROFT GOODS, NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS, PENNANTS, EVERSHARP PENCILS, FOUNTAIN PENS, ETC.

*The Co-Op
Gift Shop*

On the square

Green and Wright Streets



...and at the two great
Automobile Shows

A jact:

Last January at the big New York show in the Grand Central Palace as well as at Chicago's show at the Coliseum more Fatimas were smoked than any other cigarette.

Liggett & Myer's Tobacco Co.

FATIMA
A Sensible Cigarette



What Is Air?

BEFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen, and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is argon. It forms no compounds at all.

Thus the modern, efficient, gas-filled lamp appeared, and so argon, which seemed the most useless gas in the world, found a practical application.

Discover new facts, and their practical application will take care of itself.

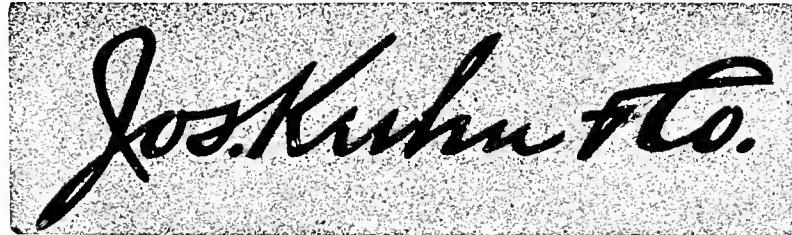
And the discovery of new facts is the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts.

General Electric
General Office  Company Schenectady, N. Y.



THE
·AS·YOU·WERE·
NUMBER ;
JANUARY,
1921



DON'T LOSE ANY TIME! IF YOU WANT TO SHARE THESE VALUES



SOCIETY BRAND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS

At Less Than the Cost of Manufacture

THE LATEST Styles are represented. A recent fortunate purchase enables us to give you this opportunity of buying Society Brand Clothes at the lowest prices in six years.

Sales offering Discounts of Fifty per cent will have to be discounted before the net price reaches the low level of prices at this store. - - - - -

Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men and Boys

Jos. Kuhn & Co.
31·33·35·37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

G. W. Lawrence Music Store

The only store in the Twin Cities where you have a choice of Columbia, Victor, or Brunswick records.

Come in and let us demonstrate our line of Columbia, Brunswick, and Victor phonographs.

We also have a complete line of string instruments and saxophones. See our offerings for Dollar Day.

G. W. Lawrence
112 W. Main Street

The Best in
Ice Creams, Malteds and
Confectionery

Schuler Bros. Confectionery

No. 9 Main Street

We are now
serving fresh strawberries
shipped direct to us
from Florida

Try a Sundae

A LITTLE EARLY

The kind old gentleman met his friend, little Willie one very hot day.

"Hello, Willie?" he exclaimed. "And how is your dear old grandpa standing the heat?"

"Ain't heard yet," said William. "He's only been dead a week."

—Tar Baby

—S—

Ballflour (gallantly) —Have you this dance?

Wallflour (demurely) —Not yet.

Ballflour (capriciously) —Please hold this stogie while I dance.

—Notre Dame Juggler

—S—

LADY VOTERS

The candidate greeting a lady, alack,

Now meets with a terrible par.
You can't slap a beautiful girl on
the back

Or hand her a ten-cent cigar.

—Judge.

—S—

In the confusion of the advance the chaplain was separated from his outfit. Night found him in No Man's Land without his bearings and aimlessly seeking his own lines. He stumbled into a broken trench and flopped when voices reached him. Friends or enemies? Had he blundered into the Hun lines?

Uttering a prayer, he made ready to do or die, when a sharp voice cut the death-like silence:

"Who in hell led that last ace?"

"Thank God, I'm among Christians," the parde murmured as he reached for his plug of Granger Twist. —Red Diamond.

—S—

CLEANING HOUSE

First Freshman —What have you done with all your pictures? Your walls look awfully bare.

Second Ditto —Oh, you see, mother says she's coming up to see my room. —Brown Jug.

University Pharmacy

505 S. Goodwin

Try Our
Hot Chocolate

Prescriptions

Filled only by Registered
Pharmacists

Telephone us your wants

Main 134
we deliver

FRED J. FRISON

Half Price Sale

At Jeweler
Wuesteman's

See our window
for wonderful values
in high grade
Merchandise

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Champaign's Leading
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Study Lamps

*Portable and Wallace
Adjusto Lite*

Drop Cord and Plugs

*All Kinds of
Accessories*

*Mazda and Nitrogen
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Aper Suction Cleaners

*Chandler
Electric Shop*

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*I have secured for early Spring
offering an unusually com-
plete and distinctive
line of*

Millinery

You will be satisfied when you appear on the streets in a Barnhart hat.

• •
• •
•

Mary A. Barnhart
Flatiron Building
URBANA

Politician to friend wife:
P—: "Well, dearie, I was elected."
W—: "Honestly?"
P—: "Well, what difference does that make?"

—*Bun Dodger*

—S—

Nip—I played poker all night last night.

Tuck—How did you come out?

Nip—Fine! I won eight prescriptions.

—*Pelican*

—S—

SQUASHED

He—My brother is exactly the opposite of me. I don't suppose you've met him, have you?

She—No, but I should like to.

—*Record*.

—S—

When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the fodder's in the shock,
Then dad redeems his overcoat
And puts the Ford in hock.

—*Octopus*,

—S—

THE COSMIC ERROR

My dome is filled with knowledge rich and rare;

Full many a wrinkle corrugates my brain;

I have oodle after oodle of cognition in my noodle;

To me zymology is clear and plain.

My speech just scintillates corruscant learning;

I understand the whereness of of the whence;

Socrates and La Fontaine, Kant and Hume, and other men,

'Long, o' me are vain and puerile, weak and dense.'

But there's one thing far beyond my comprehension.

My cerebrum of its cunningness is robbed;

When I cogitate the reason for more women every season

Thinking it improves their beauty when its bobbed.

—*Widow*.

Picknell Meat Market

*Quality Roasts, Steaks
Hams and Bacon*

606 S. 5th St.

Tel. M. 2458

We Deliver

*Shoes or Suits
Made Like New*

United Pressing Shop

*We can press
Your Suit or repair
Your Shoes
on short notice*

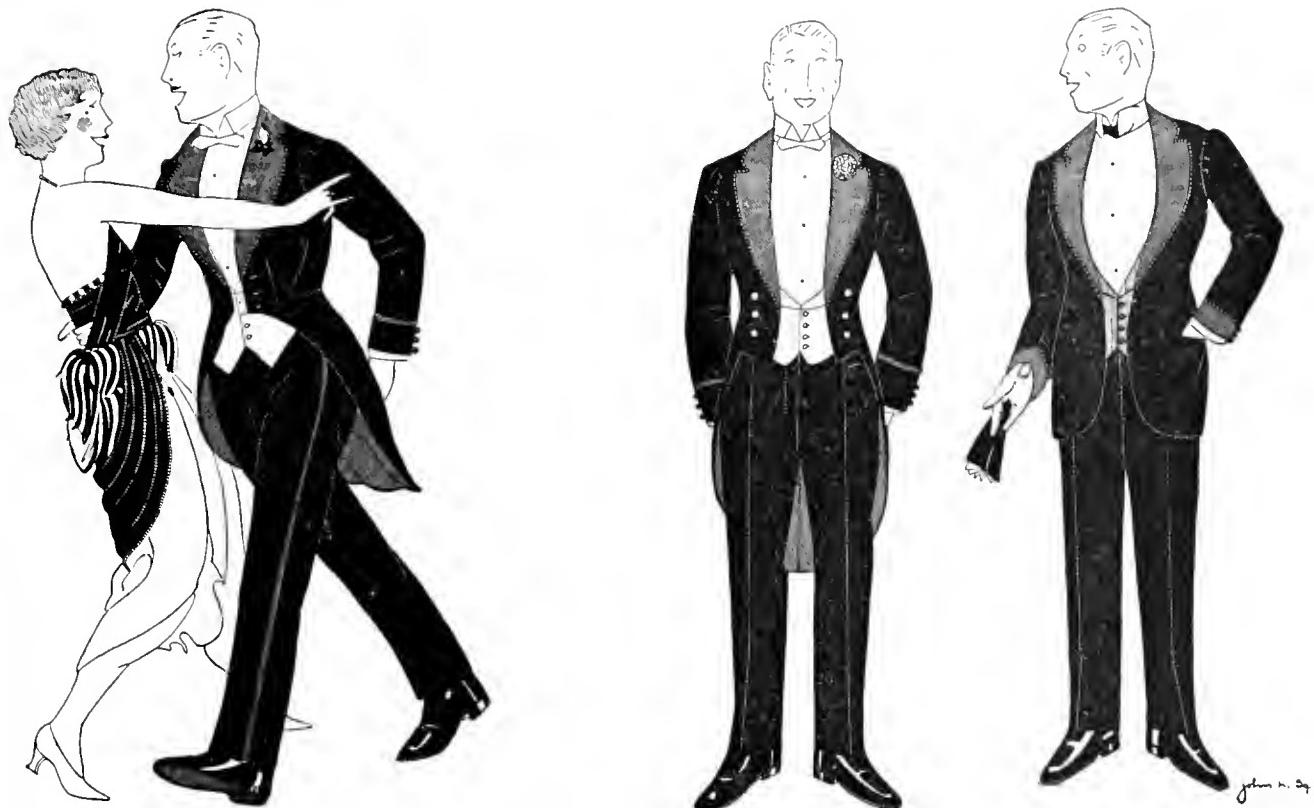


Apperson's Little Plumber

L. W. Apperson Plumbing and Heating

Phone Main 906

120 S. Race St. URBANA



Look at Jimmie Love with a new girl and new evening clothes!

Wrong, Emery—it's his old girl painted over and a new Lion Collar that makes him look dressed up.

Wish I had that collar on—mine's a mess already and I have the third and fourth dance with Jimmie's girl.



BIDWELL'S BETTER CANDIES

Next to the Postoffice

IT ALL DEPENDS

Young Lady (with hopes)—What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?

Male Floor Walker—Tastes differ, but I should prefer a white one! —*Jester*

—S—

Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail): Weak stomach, my lad?

Boy (nervously): Why, aint I puttin' it as far as the rest of 'em?

—*Octopus*

A Satisfied Patron Means A Steady Patron

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

Champaign Tea & Coffee Company
201 North Market Street

Auto 1586

Champaign, Ill.

Stoltey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories
Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil

Soph: "I know Schnitz isn't two faced."

Frosh: "How is that?"

Soph: "If he was, he would wear the other one."

—*Burr*

—S—

HE OUGHT TO KNOW

Doctor: "Say, Colonel, how does it feel to kill a man?"

Colonel: "I don't know, doctor, how does it?"

—*Burr*

*Let Munhall Quote Lowest
Prices on Your*

PUBLICATIONS

*Stationery and Dance
Programs*

MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE

On Taylor Street Just East of Neil
CHAMPAIGN

The Lighting You Need

We Have

*Proper Lighting Makes
Your Work More Efficient*

*Let Us Demonstrate
to You*

The Ideal Electric Construction Company

Opposite Inman Hotel

BEWARE OF WIDOWS

"I love you! I love you!" he murmured for the nineteenth time.

"Speak! Answer me!"

The maiden coyly hung her head.

"I—oh, Tom, this is so sudden!" she pleaded.

He drew her close to him.

"Don't be afraid, darling," he said gently. "Would you like me to ask your mother first?"

With a sudden cry of alarm, she threw her arms around his neck.

"No, No!" she gasped. "Mother is a widow. I want you myself!"

—*Burr*

—*S*—

SOUNDS FAMILIAR

Prof: "Why, you are so dumb, lazy, down right thick, that very few girls would even marry you."

Stude: "That's alright. Very few would be enough."

—*Burr*



MARCY

THE NEW ARROW COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., TROY, N.Y.

*When in Urbana
Drop in at the*

"Playmor"

*and see the Twin Cities'
Newest and Finest*

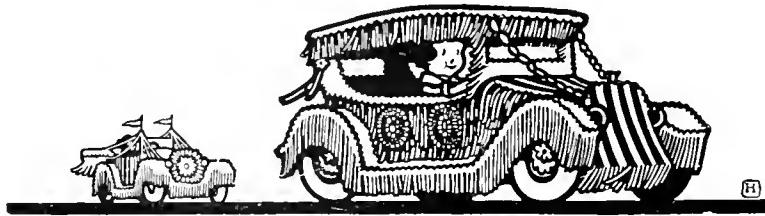
Billiard Parlor

Eleven Brunswick Tables

Just the place for University Students

106 N. Race—Urbana





*"— All dolled up — a taxi n'all —
and Decorations "*

Use Dennison's Crepe for Decorating

YOU'LL AGREE THAT A BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED hall is one of the greatest factors of a successful dance. Now every one wants the next dance to go over big. Your decorating committee can get some very good suggestions in our Dennison Department. Let us make up your party novelties.

Dennison Party Decorations

STUDENT SUPPLY STORE
Service Saving Satisfaction

606 East Green Street

"Chuck" Bailey "Shelby" Himes
Managers



- Emma and Eddie are hard-boiled seniors—they are saying “Bon Soir” to each other in English, having attended the Sophomore Cotillion. They are also dated for the Senior Informal tomorrow night, and tomorrow night looms unpleasantly in the minds of each.

Eddie rather fell for Emma a fortnight ago and asked her for a lot of dates.

He got them. Emma is a senior.

Now they have discovered that their lines don’t correspond. Eddie talks gridiron and Jack London; Emma talks Curling-iron and Fitzgerald.

Verily, Love is blind, deaf and dumb.

THE SIREN

The senators of ancient Rome
Need wear no frock coats when at
home;
But they'd no cause to send up
rockets;
For togas never had hip-pockets!

—*California Pelican*



The ancient Greeks enjoyed a
blessing,
Their trousers never needed press-
ing—
But to their joy some gloom at-
taches;
They had no place to strike their
matches!

Utah University Chronicle



But with all these adverse features
Togas helped these worthy crea-
tures
For at night, with murmured bless-
ing
They hopped in bed without un-
dressing.



The gentlemen of ancient Thrace
Wore robes with most exquisite
grace;
But they weren't lucky, altogether
Consider Thrace in windy
weather.

—S—

LIVE INTERVIEWS WITH DEAD ONES

Julius Caesar was sitting on a cloud hummock when I got in touch with him on the Ouija board and patented project-o-scope attachment. He looked bored; this look remained on his face when the connection was severed, somewhat later.

"How are you sir?" I said politely.

"How's yourself; you started it," he returned with a flash of his old time wit. "But if you must know, I haven't called a doctor lately."

I laughed raucously.

"Are you happy up there?" I asked next.

"Cheerio—bally well satisfied old bean," Jule said foppishly, and added, "I picked up that lingo when I sojourned in England some time ago. Like it?"

I passed the openers and continued.

"Ever get lonesome, Mr. Caesar?" I asked.

"Lonesome? Lonesome, you ask is it? Listen son, did you ever set in at a G. A. R. convention with about two scads of old 'vets' that knew more about war than Sherman did? I ask you, did you? Well listen, here I hear all about all the wars from the Trojan war to the new ones and the older they are the bigger the lies are. Here comes Alexander now and that darn argument of ours will start again."

Just then Alex appeared and as it is strictly against the Logdian rules for two spirits to be mixed at one time, the connection severed. Further attempts to open them failed or I am sure my message to the doubting world would have been more pregnant with sayings from the great man.



"Times have changed," remarked Harvey disgustedly, "My New Years' resolution was to swear off the hard drink, and darned if it don't look as if I'd have to stick to my resolution."

"Faith, hope and charity are wonderful," said Raoul the other day. "I've been living on charity for years and I've still got faith in the hope that I can continue to do so for some time to come."

SHAKESPEARE (Revised)

"Out, damned spot," quoth the freshman as he scrubbed his coat lapel vigorously, before entering his fraternity house."

"Lay on McDuff," said the ham actor, "but if the manager don't give us a raise tomorrow we lay off, what?"

"I am mad," shouted King Lear, "but I'll go clean nutty if they don't raise my salary."

"Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble," said the Senior in the laundry room as he stirred the steaming home-brew."

STEREOTYPED CONVERSATION

Stude: "The radius is the area squared times the cube root of the diameter plus ten."

Prof.: "Is it?"

Stude: "Isn't it?"

Prof.: "It isn't."

—S—

Latin Prof.: "What does equinox mean? You know nox means night and _____."

Stude: "Equus means horse" —that'd make equinox mean nightmare wouldn't it?"

—S—

"The blush slowly crept over her cheek."

Well, any good artist will tell you it doesn't pay to work fast.

—S—

CLARISSA

Bonny Clarissa McBride
Was the quaint little village's
pride;

But she lost her high place
When the paint on her face
Was transferred in the course of
a ride.

—S—

WHAT CHANCE INDEED

"If bow legs and thick ankles
won't make a girl wear short
skirts—what chance has morality?"

—S—

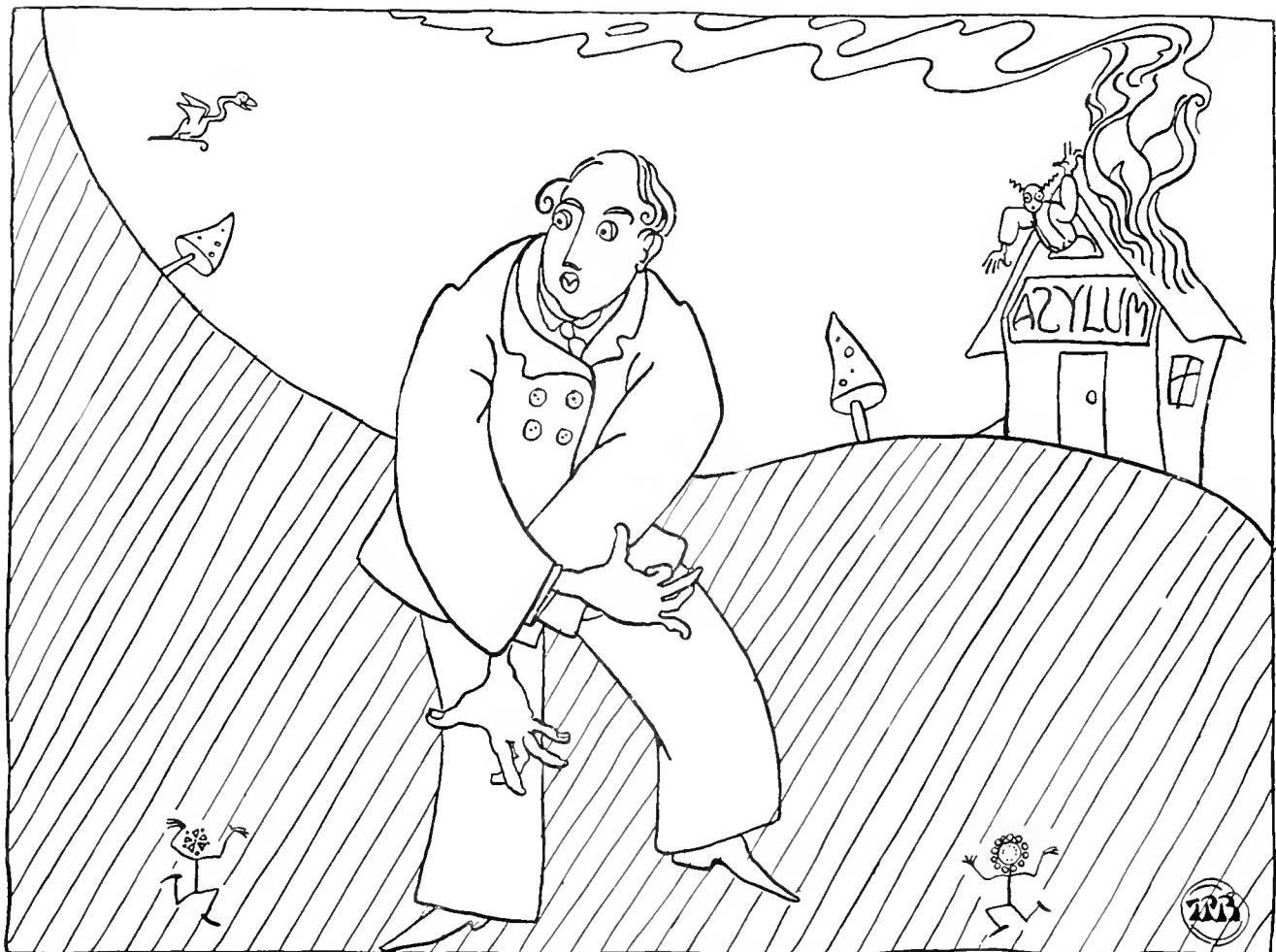
Under the table Mary,

Under the table you go;
One really must be very wary,
Here are guests and your petti-
coats show.

—S—

OLD WHEEZES MADE NEW

"When is a door not a door?"
When its been cut up for kindling.



News Item: John Doe, Sr., inmate of a deaf and dumb asylum, yesterday broke his right thumb hollering "Fire."

—S—

THOSE MEMORY WIZARDS

"I know all the telephone numbers in town."

"How extraordinary."

"* * * * Only I don't know who they belong to."

—Jack o' Lantern.

—S—

Any Co-ed—"Something in my heart tells me that you are going to ask me to your next dance."

Stude—"My dear girl, you must have heart trouble." —Froth

—S—

"This hotel is like home, in a way."

"How do you figure that?"

"There's no place like it."



Here we offer for your consideration a sketch of part of an orchestra which is playing a composition entitled "Sweet and Low"

TOO WELL ACQUAINTED

"Jack, can I use your dress suit tonight?"

"Why don't you get Frye's?"

"But he doesn't know me very well."

"I know it; he'll probably give you his suit." —Juggler

—S—

A SNAP COURSE

Soph—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

Froth—"No; who teaches it?"

—Voo Doo



MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

I'm an old, old man now, but I've seen some gay, high times. For instance:

In Herzegovina, (wherever that is), I was shooting partridges and craps at the shooting-box of Prince Shrdlu. The Prince and I, and the Prince's sister-in-law (a lovely girl, though half-witted) found ourselves one morning in a wooded corner of the cassowary preserve. I set up the family Soixantequinze and we lay doggo, on the chance of winging something for lunch.

"For gad," remarked the Prince, in his drooling, aristocratic manner, "I'm thirsty!"

"Cheerio!" I replied, having little else to say.

At that moment a stealthy step was heard, the hop-vines on our left parted and a strange figure stood before us, fingers to lip, ears drooping, and feet at several obtuse angles. We stared, in our well-bred way.

"Your highness," said the old man, "J'ai quelque chose-de qui a boire—sur mon hip. Caveat emptor! Mais, wenn Sie durst haben, jien vous donne. Miz-pah! But before I slip you this hootch, permit me to ask you if you have heard the legend of the DIRTY WINDOW?"

"No, by no means; no!" said the Prince, his tongue hanging out like a latch-string.

"Whereupon the peculiar stranger took a deep breath, dug his left heel in the ground, and said:

"You couldn't see through it!"

Then he disappeared, leaving nothing behind to bear witness to his existance save a faint odor of yeast.

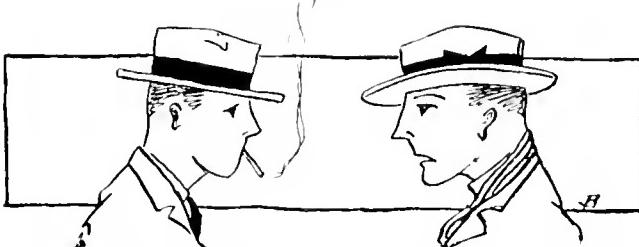
S

IT MATCHES SO WELL

"I see you're wearing Jack's pin?"

"No. Oh! I am, ain't I? I'd forgotten I had put on my blue dress this morning."

S



T. Hound: "How did you enjoy the leap-year dansant?"

Wallflower Ed: "Not a darn bit; half the girls refused to dance with me because I had never danced with them, and the other half because I had."

NOW WE KNOW

"Why do they always say 'The Terrible Turk'?"

"Goodness, don't you know? Ever smoke a Hotama cigarette?"

S

Illinoian in Texas: "Do you think it will rain tomorrow?"

Texas: "Listen son! There's only two people in the state of Texas that ever prophesies the weather. One's a newcomer and t'other's a damned fool."

S

I spent a winter, long ago,
Up in a tree in Idaho;
And there I witnessed many things,
Giants, ogres, geysers, springs:
I'll tell you all if you will stay,
And listen unto what I say.

The first month there was very hard;
I lived on onions, quail and lard.
I had but little on my back,
A Chemise made of gummy sack,
A necklace made of split bamboo
And then an amulet or two.

I got some inks and pen, I think
I drank the pen and ate the ink.
A ghastly thing to do, you know
As what befel me then will show.

A man stepped from a wayside inn—
Seized a child and pulled it in.
And then I knew, by doleful cries,
It was being used to swat the flies.
I tried to aid, but could not budge,
The tree was sticky—like sister's fudge.

I tore my hands and wrung by hair,
For there I was, up in the air.
And an elephant came and shouted in glee,
And twiddled his fingers and winked at me;
While behind the tree a Terragink
Pulled a pint from his jeans and took a drink.

One's place of abode should never be
Restricted to the top of a tree,
So I left at once to foil my fate
And drove away in my Mastie "Eight."
And n'er again will I ever go
To that lonely tree in Idaho.

C. W. C. '17



Here is the newest creation
of the

MAISON FAUX PAS

The BATHAT, a dainty whimsy of Beaverboard and Silkaline, suitable for wear with formal lounge costume. Costs several louis d'or, but is Cheap at Any Price!

MAISON FAUX PAS

Paris Shanghai Urbana

—S—

Guest: "Waiter is this 'Spring Lamb'?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir?"

Guest: "Well its tough. How do you account for that?"

Waiter: "It must be from the gambling, sir."

—S—

The man who collects for the laundry tells us that if all the fraternity men he is told are "out" were actually out at noon, the commissaries would make more money than a Sibley salesman in Alaska does during January.

—S—

Getting along all right?
Yeah, he's forgin' ahead.
Fine. He needs a new one.

She had been entertaining her home town beau for the week-end dances.

Monday morning she was late to breakfast and the house matron asked:

"Mayme, did you let that young man kiss you last night?"

"Now, listen," said the sweet young thing, "do you suppose he came all the way from Chicago to hear me sing?"

—S—



No, Reader; Doris is not mailing a love-note to the fastest man in Chicago; neither is she writing for her father for enough coin to carry her through the week-end. She is merely mailing a check for a Siren subscription . . . Aren't you disappointed?

—S—

While perhaps it may mean nothing in particular to you, the gent with the horn rimmed spectacles and a leaning toward art, remarks that each succeeding year finds the public—that part of the public which is easily separated from seven smacks or more—seeing more of the young women in the Follies.

"Is she refined?"

"Goodness, yes. She won't even read course print."

—S—

Taboo was a Terrible Turk,
Who abhorred any menial work;
But he's fallen in love,
With a sweet little dove;
He's struggling now as a clerk.

—S—

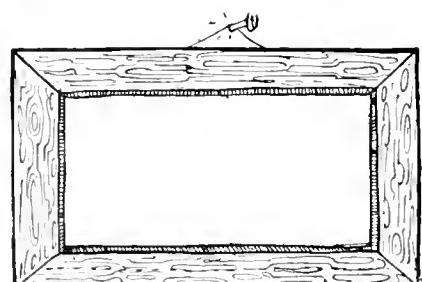
A LA CARTE

Mary had a little lamb,
And several other things;
The waiter took my overcoat;
The manager—my rings.

—S—

A naive young lady named Kratz,
Wore pretty fur tops on her spats.
But her spats got the mange,
Which is really quite strange—
And due to her fondness for cats.

—S—



Futurist portrait of the co-ed of 1987. That is so far in the future that some indistinctness of the picture must be expected. The expression of the face cannot be explained to an extent farther than that even co-eds of the present wear such expressions and so we may expect the same sort of thing in the future.

—S—

SQUASHED

He—My brother is exactly the opposite of me. I don't suppose you've met him, have you?

She—No, but I should like to.

—Octopus



The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



Jan. 7. Between the sheets 'til noon today for i' faith a hard week-end lies before your Nibs Pepless. The brothers didn't oust me for the midday wrestle with the tea and toast and so to the classes where many obscure things are brought to light. Then into best bib and tucker for the Sophomoric Collision the night and a right Merry time. Saw many there whom I knew and was hailed most boisterously from the gallery by My Lord Davis of the Alfalfa clan who waxed noisy at seeing me, and others, tripping. (Which is an embarrassing thing.) Must hand much to the second year men who staged the party however, but who, not knowing Davis, knew not enough to bar the doors to him.

Jan. 8. Again in the blankets, resting from the orgy of the eve before, then about the campus and the groggeries thereof, and so to a dinner of cordovan steak and the Senior Informal, which was informal in more ways than one. But a good time was had by all nonetheless.

Jan. 9. Much rest, for i' faith the two nights of in-step cultivation have proven wearisome. Was roused by certain of the Phi Beta Kappa clan and to their house for tea, wherat I surmise they are rushing me for membership in their order.

Jan. 10. Again to the grind, which reminds me of the years in the regimental of our good King Woodrow, an as-you-were condition, and it grinds on me to tussle with the testaments; knowing full well that in the short period of two weeks the exams will fall—but then, I'll desist, not wishing to be a joy-killer.

Jan. 11. Since the removal of the order of the T. N. E. from our midst am meeting full many young hopeful politicians who comment on being "just about to make the order" when the axe fell. Well—such boasting does no harm, withal it is futile.

THE PASSING OF THE T. N. E.

Slowly, one by one
The self-named stars of the campus
Signed on the dotted line
And joined the lot of the angels.

— — — S — — —

And dearie, do you know I was passing the drill field the other day and all of a sudden I heard someone shout "Pick up your dress" and ohhhh! do you know, for a minute I actually thought..... but it was only one of those horrid officers speaking to the men.

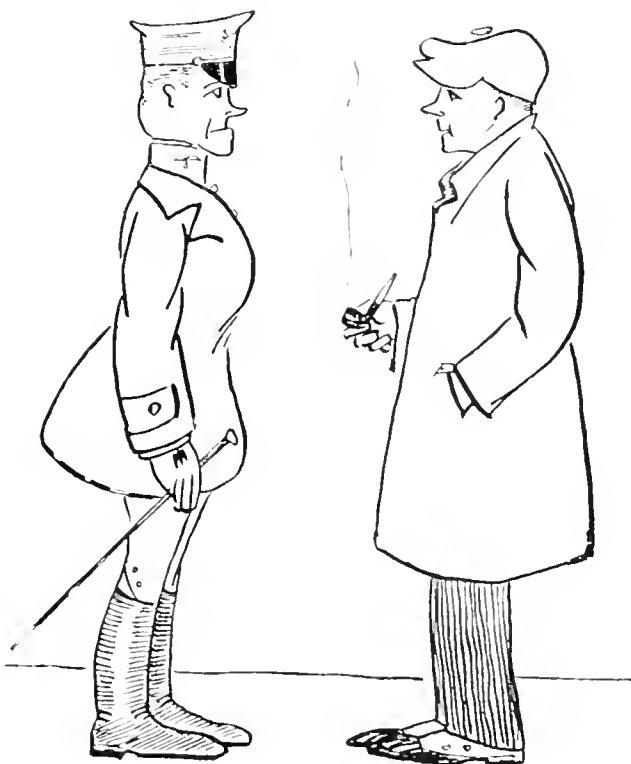
— — — S — — —

Han: "Gee! This is a funny world to live in."
Bones: "Yes, and so few of us get out of it alive."

— — — S — — —

May we not—suggest to Mr. Harding that at no time has Wood ever been considered out of place in a cabinet.

— — — S — — —



"Captain, what's the first requirement for a successful aviator, good nerves?"

"Naw, Good calves!"



THE HAMPIRE

A Fool there was and he made his prayer,
(Even as you and I.)
For a hunk of bone—it was ordered with care
And he hoped that the waiter would treat with him
fair
The Fool, he ordered a beefsteak, rare;
And a piece of apple pie.

The Fool was fooled, and his dough he spent,
(Even as you and I.)
There was not enough left to pay the rent
For he didn't get what the menu meant
But a Fool must follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I.)

So the Fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(As you and I have been.)
The proprietor laughed, The Fool nearly died
As he shoved the five dollar bone aside
And then to an arm-chair beanery, hied
(And there conserved his tin.)

—S—

KISSES

Being an excerpt from the diary of the good wife of John Penniwell, December, vFBJ

Monday, The Thirde.—Have juste returned from a short whyle at the stocks, where my husbande has been a prisoner since early sabbath morn. It seemeth so cruel that he should be punished in suche manner, for kissing me Sabbath the morn as we stooode together outside our little home, juste before his boat set sail for the islands.

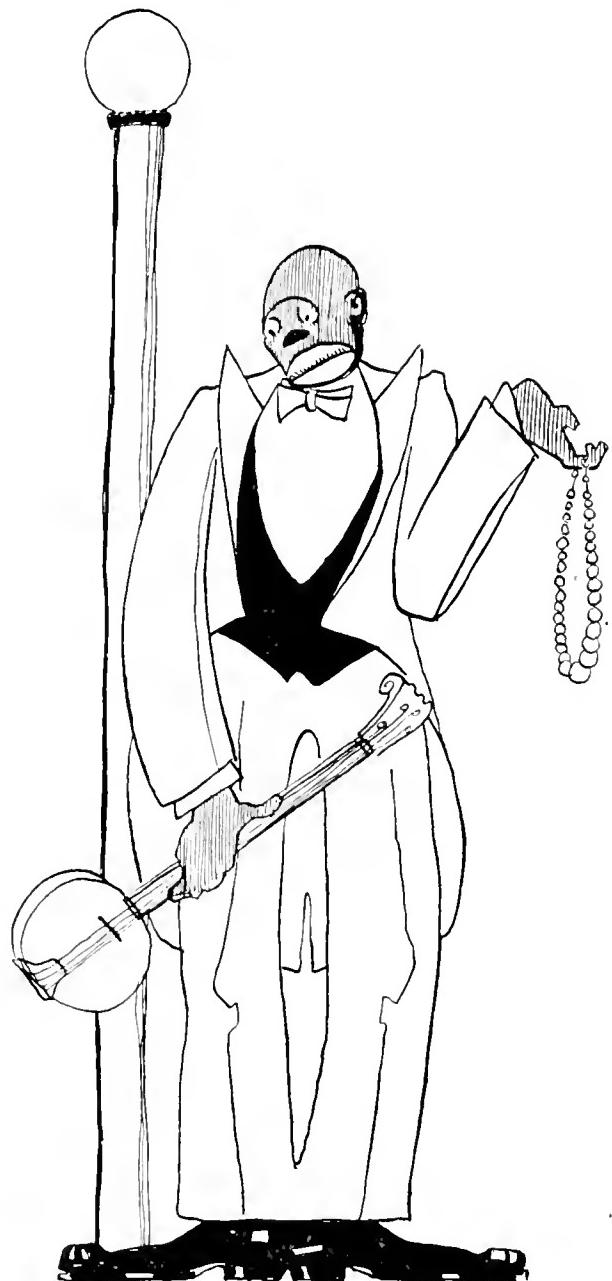
—S—

Being an excerpt from the dairy of Cecylie Van Plushfelt, Co-ed, December, vFBJ.

Saturday, December 11.—2 P. M., and the frosh has just carted my breakfast upstairs. Gosh, what a Cotillion, I'll never let that bird drag me to a Union dance, much less another affair. My feet are *simply* dead. And to top it all off, after the party was over, I stood on the porch with him for a half hour, absolutely defying house rules, and he didn't even try to kiss me. Thumbs down on such feeble clay!

—S—

She: I like your cigarette holder.
He: Why, I never use one.
She: Don't be so dense.



Orchestra Leader: Pardon me, ladies and gents, here is a necklace some lady shook off in de last dance.

—S—

He—I'm the best dancer in the country.
She (sweetly)—Yes—in the country.

—S—

GETTING FLESH

Landlady—"What part of the chicken do you wish?"

Boarder—"Some of the meat, please."

Sun Dial—



THE BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY

"Talk is a useless sort of thing at times," remarked Lafe Jabson of Still Valley, Kentucky, 'tother day. "Some people can be just as bored when they are smiling, jestticatin' an rampagin' as the bird that sits in the corner and sucks his thumb, but somehow I kinder think the thumb suckin' gent is havin' better time of the two."

—S—

I knew a young fellow named Lars
Who spent his time watching the
stars;

He found some last night
When he got in a fight.
Will someone please pass the ci-
gars?

—S—

HOUSE HINTS

Fraternities holding conventions in Canada will find that posting notices to that effect on the front door will help during rushing season.

—S—

Its very old, but have you heard
of the girl who had a blind date
with an bus?

—S—

I met a simple little girl—
The kind you'd love to pet.
She said, "Have you read Niet-
sche?" and
I'm somewhat groggy yet.

—S—

"What turns green first in
spring," asked the Botany prof.

"Christmas jewelry," said the
absent minded coed as she gazed at
the wrist watch on her thumb.

—S—

Its an ill wind—that blows out
your last match.

HOKKE

(WITH VARIATIONS)

Lillian assured me that she did not love her husband; I sought to renege them; now, he suspects me and she hates me.

Virginia confided to me an indiscretion of her past; I pitied her; this was my mistake.

When Heloise stopped at the Co-op to purchase Annette Kelman's book, "Beauty, How to Keep it," I assured her that she had no need of it; since then she has ceased to admire me.

—S—

By way of proof that there are others who think as we do:

From Life, "Lawyers' Number."
"Where does your son attend school?"

"In Chicago."
"What is he studying?"
"Robery, toggery and snobbery."
Our only correction would be to say "at Chicago," instead of "in Chicago."

—S—

"An awful thing has happened,
father!"

"My darling!"
"I'm afraid you'll have to adopt
a son!"

"What the——! Who the——!"
"I proposed to Freddie Chard-
more last night and he promised
to be a brother to me!"

—S—

"What a beautiful strain," said
the piccolo player with the heavy
mustache, as he blew a high note.

—S—

"Ducks," remarked the girl with
the line, "Ducks are terribly bon-
geois—they're such high-waisted
creatures."





The Siren



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AS you were!-----before Christmas, New Years and the ten day vacation has mussed up your work right in the middle of that last quiz in B. O. and O or your thesis on the fourth dimension. By this time you are—as you were and as you will be for some time—until the next time comes when you will be as you were before you got got to be as you were before the disturbance had entered. All of which is kind of pretty but it doesn't say anything. And all of which we mean that once again we are back at the grind after a short respite that has made education seem a darn nuisance, but going to college a blessing—during the vacations.

S

THIERE are jokes and jokes. Both come in many varieties, but most of them are varieties of the *joke* type, by which we mean, (when we set the word in *italics*,) that they are fit for telling only about the fireplace or between dances. They won't stand the glaringness of type except in such periodicals as "Captain Billy's Whiz Bang."

The old Girl has forsaken the suggestive joke. Somehow we feel that any attempt at humor that cannot be carried without a suggestion of smut, is not worthy the attempt. That is in print. What the editor or his staff may

choose to tell before the fire or between dances is quite another matter—as long as the listener appreciates the alleged humor implied. But the boudoir wheeze is, for the most part, barred from the columns of the Siren.

There are those about the campus and the campus groggeries who insist that delicate bits about sheer hosiery and lingerie are brightening. They flash humorous publications of other institutions before the editorial optics and demand imitation. To them all the Old Girl flips a plippant shoulder and replies that she is not in any sense an imitator. This year the Siren will be as clean and as humorous as her perpetrators can make her. Other publications to the contrary and notwithstanding.

Smutty mechanics will nearly always draw a laugh, without the incorporation of the slightest element of wit. Why be banal? Don't, if you can even attempt the really humorous.

So—take it or leave it. The Siren will continue to shout her alleged humor at you, there will be no whispering in the corners—she isn't that kind of a girl.



MIDNIGHT; coffee; cigarettes. Across the table sat a man who leads an orchestra at a place where a lot of us dance. He said some things that I will not forget for a while.

"I'm normal," he said.

I agreed with him and lit another cigarette.

"No one," he continued, "consistently has been more enthusiastic about jazz, youth, and general frolicking, than I. No one. I am a musician. I have heard, understood, and appreciated the best music. I play jazz, because it is popular, because I enjoy it myself,—not because it is the best music; it is not the best, most decidedly. I play it because the boys and girls can dance to it. They can't dance to Brahms or Debussy, you know."

"Of course not," I murmured. "They simply can't." I thought of Avalon, and then I thought of *Reflets Dans l'Eau*.

"Well then," said my musician, "I play jazz, as I say. Two nights each week, three hours a night. I sit there, playing jazz,—and watch the dancers."

"You were saying that you always had been an advocate of youth, and that sort of thing," I said.

"I was," replied the musician, "I was. But I am weakening."

"What—O! Weakening?"—from me,—"Don't like it? Tired of it? Want to chuck it?"

"Not exactly. But I want to tell you that I have sat there, playing jazz, and watched the dancers. I watched their faces—more than their feet. . . . Damn it, they are terrible!"

"Who?" I asked. I am a mild person, and his violence shocked me, since I knew him as a good-natured fellow enough, and one who seemed quite in line with the present order of things and people. "Who?" I repeated.

"These same dancers;" from my musician. "I said that the faces of some of them are terrible, and I mean it. The girls—some of them, not all of them of course—dance by me with their eyes closed, their cheeks inflamed, a little line of passion across their brows. They cling to their partners; they cling and clutch. They are like Madonnas, some of them, and yet they dance . . . that way."

He sipped his coffee found it cold, and pushed it from him with a tired gesture. Then he continued:

"One gets fed up. We of the orchestra see more that we can assimilate. The men—many of them, that is,—dance past us. They seem to play to us—for lack of any other audience. They seem to make it a point to dance past us."

I said "and are the faces of the men—terrible?"

"Ah, no. Not terrible. That is not the word.

The men who use us for an audience are not capable quite of being terrible. They are exhibitors, rather. They show us the closed eyes and dusky-red cheeks of their partners—they wink at us, they turn their eyes heavenward, as if to say 'You birds will know me, I wager, when next you see me. See what a state this girl is in. Hasn't she fallen for me, though? Look at her, look at her!'—then they toddle out of sight. No, the men's faces are not exactly terrible; I have a fancy that they are like a monkey who has acquired, by simian shrewdness, the largest cocoanut from the tallest palm on his particular island. That sounds a little far fetched, perhaps, but that is about how these men look."

The clock on the garish wall intoned once. I observed that the scullion of our rendezvous was piling chairs on tables, and that a waiter hovered anxiously near. It seemed to be quitting-time.

As we struggled into our sheepskins I asked my musician this question:

"You've been moralizing, in a way. After all, what are you going to do?"

"Do?" said he; "I have done it. I played my last dance last Friday night."

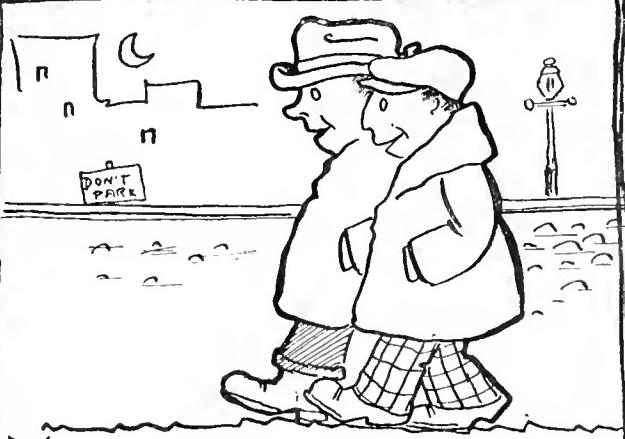
As I trudged through the crunching snow that night, to my tardy bed, did I whistle Avalon, did I whistle a bit from Thais, or did I whistle not at all? I do not know.

—S—

WE have with us this month, children, the gladhander. We have him with us all the time, but next spring we shall have many more of him. He will be running for something then. Now he is merely on several committees, trying to get on several, more, and creating an Atmosphere. "I" comes first and after "I" comes Important. That is, Important (Mex.) He can always be told by the fact that he is not at ease until he has wrung your mitt on each and every occasion. This automatically makes him your lifelong friend, but you don't know it. Never sit next to one of these in a class, or he will use you to practice on the whole semester.

The outstanding things about the gladhander is his sincerity. It is no more concealed than the top on a Ford. He often tells you how sincere he is. And he is easily as sincere as the brown derby over the red nose (and tie) and checked suit when he tells the dear old lady that prohibition is a wonderful thing.

Children, beware the gladhander, as he has never been known to rattle.



WE SAUNTER DOWN THE
MOON-LIT STREET
AND SEEK A PLACE TO
SHAKE OUR FEET.



ALAS! OLD NELSON'S HALL
IS BARRED;
"NO DANCE THIS EVENING" -
READS THE CARD.



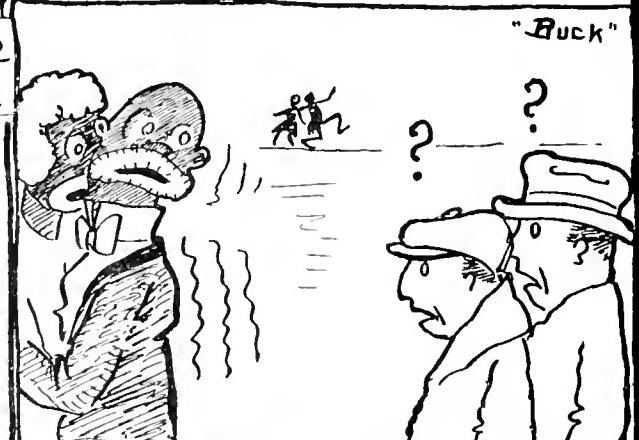
WE WEND OUR WAY
DISCONSOLATE,
AND CUSS BECAUSE WE
HAVE NO DATE.



WHEN LO! SWEET MUSIC
RENDS THE AIR,
ANNOUNCING DANCE, AND
MAIDENS FAIR.



WE JUMP AND ROLICK
IN OUR GLEE,
THEN HASTEN UP TO
SHAKE A KNEE..



BUT WOE IS OURS!
ALAS! ALACK!
WE'VE LOST; THE BALL
IS ON THE BLACK!



CLYTIE ANALYZES HER PERSONALITY

After all, what is so interesting as one's self—one's own self? I don't mean just one's outward self; clothes, bath towels, soap, rouge, and such things, tho they are frightfully important too. One wouldn't think of going out into society without some thought on her *appearance*. Clara Mudd, poor little Clara is such a tomboy—dressed too fast for the cotillion; made it in an hour and a half she said. Do you know her petticoat actually *limped*? I didn't wear any. However—

But what I meant was one's real inner being, one's personality. I have given quite a bit of attention to developing my personality. I have had to train it up quite carefully. You see, at first before I gave it much thought it didn't express me at all. That's the advantage of having ideals. I attribute what I am today entirely to my ideals.

I am terribly romantic! Sometimes I get quite carried away by a beautiful sunset, or the sound of music on the water,—or a red roadster with wire wheels. Have you seen Toodles'—dear, foolish, Toodles—new sport model? We had such a darling time last night! That is, until Toodles quarrelled with me.

I was explaining my personality to him and how impulsive and sympathetic I was—and yet innocent, don't you?). I am really quite Greek, you know. Harmony, tranquility, perfect poise,—these are the qualities I cultivate. I was telling Toodles so, and he was very rude and flippant, and said that the only thing Greek about me was the box of fraternity pins I kept on my dresser. Nasty thing! Besides, I haven't got his old pin, or I would have insisted on going right home and getting it for him.

I lost it a long time ago.

When I got home I forgot to stop at the doormat, and tracked some mud in onto the hall rug. One of the older girls who was jealous because Toodles used to take her out last year (Toodles says now that she was an awful bore, and I believe him too), called the sisters (the cat!!) and they said some very mean and cruel things to me.

I said that I had enough to think about without bothering with doormats. I think it is the mark of a little mind to think about such trivial things, don't you? Poor mother is that way too! I just looked at them,—just looked at them and didn't say a word for a minute. Then I walked off, dignified but simple. I suppose I'll hear about it after chapter meeting tonight! I don't think many people have a personality like mine, do you?

Don't you think that the woolen stockings are so sensible?

—S—

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor, as they carried the epileptic out of his shop. —*Record*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

She—Football is such an awfully rough game. Do the players get killed very often?

He—No, dear, only once.

—*Banter*

—S—

Roomie 1—"Last night I was out riding with May when the car broke down six miles from town and I had to spend the evening fixing it. What would you have done?"

Roomie 2—"The same thing you did only I wouldn't have lied about it." —*Widow*

CLICK! CLICK!

Dorothy Jones and Dorothy Smith,

Will never create any splash;
For Morse o-graphically speaking,
They're two Dots without any Dash.

—S—

The little girl in the front row is willing to wager that immediately after the fatal transformation Lot remarked to what had been his wife, "I told you so."

—S—

Mary played the phonograph,
When entertaining Jim;
For gentle songs like "Avalon,"
Seemed quite a help to him.

—S—

S-S-SHURE!

He: Do you know a lawyer?

It: Yes.

He: Well, ask him if a man can change his name if he stutters and his name is TTTTTTTTTT T utt, TTTT utt, TTTTutthill?

—S—

Bill Blizzard owns a racer,
And he has lots of pelf;
But since his chauffeur quit him,
He's been shifting for himself.

NICE BOY

Nice Boy (to co-ed): "Would you like to go to the Senior play?"

Co-ed (all aflutter): "Why, I'd just love to."

Nice Boy: "Then buy your ticket of me, will you?" —*Frivol*

—S—

First Tea Toad (after the danc-sant): "What do you mean by telling the girls your dad was a rich Southern planter? He isn't is he?"

Second Tea Toad: "Only part way. He's an undertaker."

—*Lyre*



MASH AND SMASH

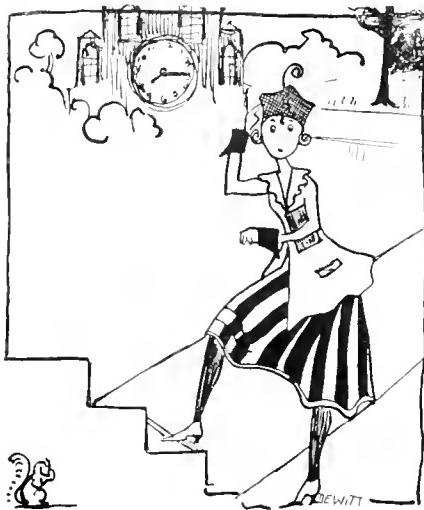
The Jollier—We've met before, I think.

The Beauty—Have we?

The Jollier—Yes; in my dreams last night you were the young lady who kissed me.

The Beauty—Oh, now I remember! In my dreams last night you were the young man whose face I slapped for being too fresh.

—Judge.



Agnes (Who has slept the sleep of the just)—What excuse this time? Street car? No. Sick? No. Mother on a visit? Hoho,—I'll just powder my nose at him.

(And it probably worked.)

—S—

The editor of the Pelican Prints stuff that no other fellagan He's awfully fly But still he gets by And I don't see how in the hell can.

—S—

FAMOUS E'S

Foot-----

T. N.-----

And the kind you get in B. O. and O. 3.

—S—

A HELLISH REMARK

He: Do you care if I smoke?

She: I don't care if you burn.

—Octopus

—S—

"Was your daughter's musical education a profitable venture?" ask Gilder.

"Rather," said Miller, "I bought the houses on either side at half their value."

—Philadelphia Record

A spinster of Classical Greece Tried knitting a sheepskin pelisse; (This rhyme, though quite bad, Was the best that I had, So you please will not call the police.)

—S—

Fond Father—My boy, what do you expect to be when you get out of college?

Devoted Son—An Old man, father.

—Banter

—S—

ON THE FARM

"What you got?"

"A mince pie with likker in it." "Run it through the separator."

—Judge

"Avoid the large stone house on the corner," warned Weary-Willy to a fellow hobo.

"And why?" questioned the freight artist.

"Last fall I asked that bunch there for a hand-out and some young bucks grabbed me, hustled me to a small bedroom, where they talked to me for a long time. Then they put a little pin in my lapel and told me to clean up the cellar."

—Gargoyle

—S—

It is just preposterous to assume that a man with a light hair on his coat has been kissing a blond girl as to assume that a man without one hasn't.

—Drexerd.

—S—



Englehardt



E. Bogg's

There once lived a jovial Scot, Whose name I completely forgot;

He lived on cheap whisky,

Which seemed rather risky, But he never had a sick day in his life and died at the green old age of ninety which goes to show that you never can tell.

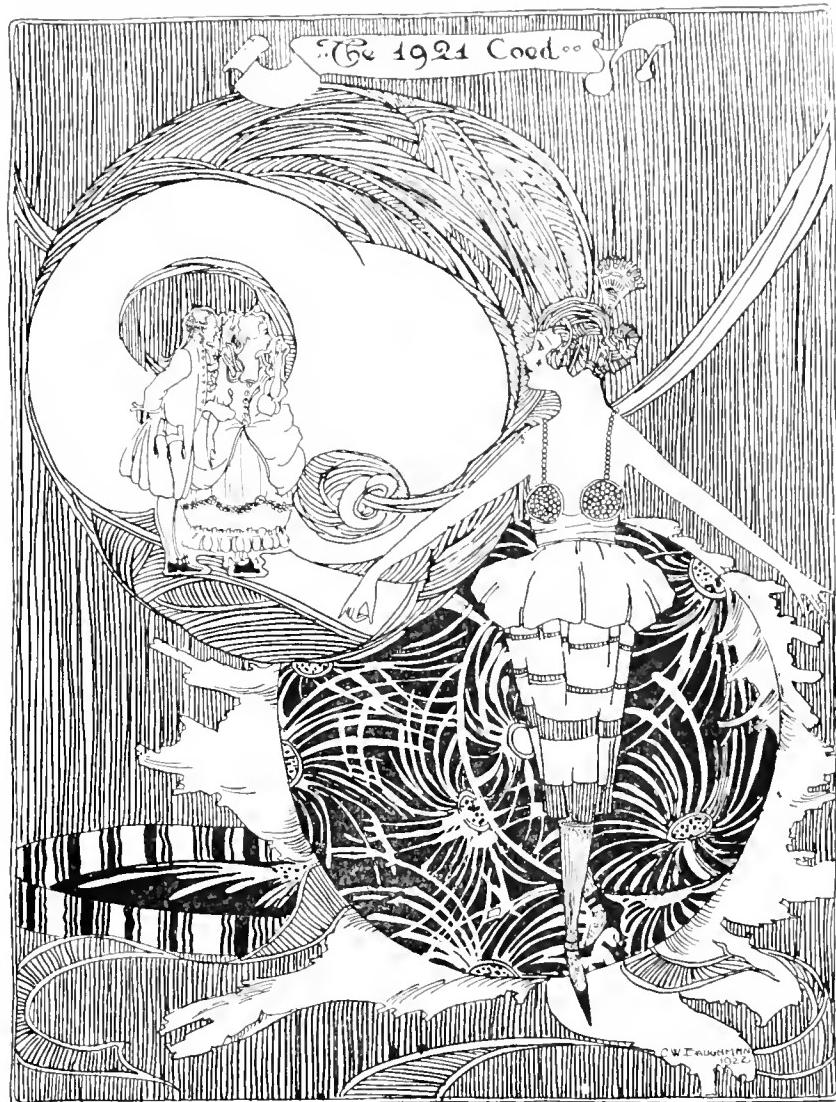
Lovely women!
Sung by poets,
Painted by painters,
Exploited and praised
By davenport anacondas,
And regular fellows,
And doddering oldsters,
And philosophers;
Lovely woman!
Center of the universe
Since Lillith,
Slowly, since the first dawn,
Becoming wiser, more beautiful—
Learning, through the ages,
What wires and levers
Operate the earth—

• • • • •

Lovely woman,
You have reached
The flower of your growth.
You are complete.
You have been
Eve, Helen,
Ruth, Esther,
Xantippe, Cassandra,
Cleopatra, Boadicea,
La Gioconda, Borgia,
Anne of Austria,
Anne of England,
Carrie Nation,
Missus Pankhurst,
Rosie Quinn, and
Ida Tarbell.
You *have* been these,
You are now become
The COED of 1921 !!
Rest on your oars, ye race!

• • • • •

Happy New Year, wonderful girl!
Like the spineless cactus
And the giant raspberry
And the boneless chicken.
Only time and careful nurture
And civilization
Could have produced you!
You are unique!
Your hair is divinely architectural
Your face is the map of Paradise,
Your lips are of their kind



A masterpiece,
Your voice is the mingled harmony
Of brilliant parakeets
Who have died and gone to heaven
And your capacities, your talents!
Your flair for modest exposure,
For darling concealment,
Your ability to dance,
Your ability to make eight-o'clocks
And even recite in
Those eight-o'clocks!
Your absolute mastery of
The art of the lily-white lie!

All these perfections
Stupify me. I doff my cap
I do not presume to be jealous,
But yet I consider the fates unkind
When they willed that I be
Created a man. After all,
A man is a poor thing,
Mere background! . . .
And to think, wonderful girl,
That you have come here
— angel incognito—
To get educated!
And do obeisance.



"THE SORROWS OF SUSAN"

(We ooze down the aisle at the Park and decorate a seat. Mother and young hopeful deposit themselves immediately in front of us. Title of picture is flashed on the screen, "The Sorrows of Susan.")

Young Hopeful: "Ma, what does that say?"

Ma: "You wouldn't understand dear. Sit still and watch."

Y. H.: (playfully reaching back and gouging us in the eye with one of mother's hat pins.): "But, Ma, I wanna know anyway."

Ma: "It says 'The Sorrows of Susan.'"

Y. H.: "Who's Susan, Ma? It isn't our cousin Susan is it?"

Ma: "No."

Y. H.: "Why is she sorrowful Ma? Did she lose something?"

Ma: "No, dear be still."

(Sub-title flashes on the screen: "Susan Stan-dish, a young and innocent girl arrives in New York and obtains position as amannensis to a blind artist.")

Y. H.: "Ma, what does that say?"

(Ma reads the sub-title.)

Y. H.: (Picking up our new hard hat and squashing it in childish glee): "Ma, what's an amannensis?"

(Ma explains.)

Y. H.: "Ma, are you an amannensis?"

Ma.: "No, dear."

Y. H.: "Then who's an amanuensis?"

Ma.: "Susan."

Y. H.: "But what's Susan one for if you and me ain't?"

Ma.: "I don't know dear, be still."

Y. H.: "Oh! Ma."

Ma.: "What dear?"

Y. H.: "Is that funny man behind us an amanuensis?"

(We blush, rise and move back thirteen rows for luck, where we enjoy the rest of the show.)

—S—

ROLLED HIS OWN

Sparks: "When I was through the Cascades recently, I came to an unsurmountable cliff eight hundred feet high and found no way to go around it."

Dark: "How did you get over it?"

Spark: "Rolled up in my blankets."



Maw: There, there! Don't take it so hard!

Ysybelle: Oh, but mamah, to think of the brute calling me on Monday for the next Friday's date! I never was so humiliated!*

—S—

TO A LITTLE MISS.

O. Gee, Now,
If you don't stop looking so sweet,
I'll have to kiss you.

Don't put those little feet
Together just so.

And don't make your little red mouth
Round just so,
Or I'll have to kiss it out straight again
And That'd be naughty you know.

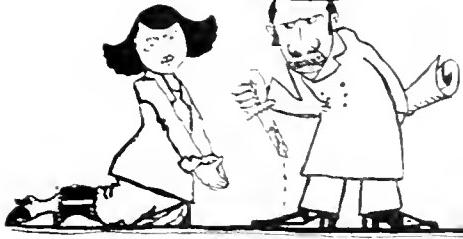
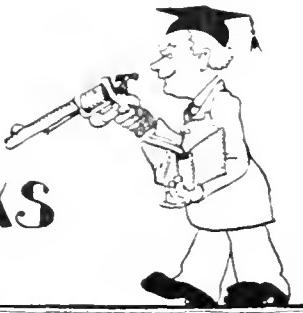
And those big round eyes
Believe me, will get a surprise
If they ever again look at me
With that pussy demnrity.

I haven't heard your voice yet,
But I know it's a regular hummingbird quartet—
Fluted honey and nectar and dew.
Doggone,

I wish you'd have mercy upon
Poor me, I entreat—
If you don't want to be kissed
Don't look quite so sweet.

—S—

*This is mildly funny, but it doesn't mean anything.

PLAYS AND BOOKS

Every year the advance dope on the Follies, from some one who saw the show in New Korke, lets the Middle-west patron know that they are "not as good this year." And every year we go to see them, pay a big price, see a big show, laugh and enjoy, and we have never been disappointed.

After resisting these recurrent bear stories year after year we are surprised to find the latest batch in some measure justified. This year the Follies seemed not so good. Certainly it was a wonderful show, but in our opinion Mr. Ziegfeld production of 1920 was not up to the Follies's standard of other years. We missed the former stars, a little too much: Marilyn Miller, Bert Williams, Ann Pennington, Eddie Cantor—they simply are not there. And George White's show is certainly in the competition nowadays.

(The customary apologies to Egyptians and those from the city surrounded by the United States for mentioning anything Chicagoan.)

—S—

It's very late,
The midnight filament glows
O'er but few tables—the windows
Nearly all are dark; for at this hour
Activity has no excuse.
Awake, clear-eyed, brain clear—
I sit and ponder. Why am I not sleeping?
Among those others, half whose rest is gone?
Another nite, perhaps, but now,
Familiar page before me, I dream of one,
The one girl The girl
That never was.

—S—

When in Rome, do as the Romans do. But—if you don't like Rome, go to Paris.

—S—

What has become of all the stories about the second lieutenants?

—S—

No, George, those three letters do not mean "Not so funny."

The life of an editor is a dizzy one. He promises anybody anything, cheerfully accepts contributions which he knows will never see the linotype, gets out his sheet and then sits back in the throne. Soon the clamor arises. Soothingly he gushes forth apologies, promises corrections and radical changes in policy. Everybody is satisfied. Then he gets out the next issue in the same old-fashioned way.

—S—

The life of an artist is a dizzy one. He is assigned some work due, even as a theme or foundry problem, on a certain far-off date. He plays around, idly fussing, dreaming, waiting—the editor reminds him to no avail. But on the eve of the fatal day, he uncorks Higgin's, and containing more java than ideas goes to work. The dawn finds—the artist on the drawing board fast asleep.

—S—

The life of the contrib is a merry one. He knows when copy is due; he realizes he has written nothing. Chem 14d and Orph. 55 need constant attention. He recalls the time when the editor done him wrong (upstate idiom, stet), and besides the speed mill needs oil. Harvey and Bert Leston get all the good stuff first anyhow. The editor won't run any editorials but his own. But on the night before the deadline after the liberal arts and sciences, the roommate's work, the roommate, and much coffee have been disposed of, ye contrib places ye copy paper in ye mill and—decides he should have been in bed long ago.

—S—

"Poiper, lady, poiper! Big wreck on the B. O. & O!"

—S—

We suppose the Ags had to do their fall plowing somewhere, but wasn't it rather inconsiderate to spoil the nice yard in front of Chemistry?

—S—

Who was it, the Persians or the Egyptians, who put only twenty-four hours in a day?

—S—

"No," Raoul Harvey says, "I never did believe those Fords were all they were cranked up to be."



Cyrus Drake: 'My dear fellow, it is so dry in this town that we have fish here, fish, mind you, *four years old*, who have never learned to swim!'

HARD LUCK

1st Stude: "Say, Jack, may I borrow your dress suit?"

2nd Stude: "Sure, but why all the formality?"

1st Stude: "I couldn't find it."

SCENE ON A STEAMSHIP

Husband (to wife, leaning over rail): Have you just dined, dear?

Wife (gloomily): On the contrary!

VERSE LIBRE

(*with apologies to the Ill. Mag.*)

Little flakes of frost on the pumpkins; the fodder shocked (I don't know what by) BEHOLD—I have caught a cold.

Little Mary, the sweetest girl in the Sunday school class, stubbed her toe and said "DARN".

(the depth of feeling here is marked, the pencil impression doesn't show in the print however.)

Once Upon a Time, as George Ade might have said, There was a Young Whippersnapper who left Home and Mother and Went out to see the World. His parents were Very Much Worried about him, for he didn't have an Idea in his Head beyond Having A Wild Time and lots of Moonshine, Maidens and Melody. They consequently were greatly Relieved when he decided that the best place from which to View the Universe was the University of Illinois.

When he got to School he was a Riot from the Start. His Rhet Instructors fell on his Neck and Wept with Joy, then lifted up their Voices and Praised his Dashing Brilliance and Vivid Touch. His Math Profs. thought he carried an Adding Machine in his sleeve. His Captain made him a Corporal after the First Week of Drill.

On The Other Hand, Six Frats are Sore yet because he accepted a Button from the Seventh. The Sororities Passed the Word Around at Pan-Hel Meeting that "Here Was A Good Thing", and each Claimed that "I saw Him First". He set the Fashion in Collars and for Four Years he Never Missed a Dance.

When he Graduated With Honors he was a member of Mawanda and the Goofs Club, Sigma Xi and Tribe of Illini, Phi Beta Kappa and T. N. E. Dean Clark was his best friend.

Moral: 'Studies are what we come to school for! and! Never let your studies interfere with your education.'



One but speaks a truism when one says that the soup-fish-swallow-tail-full-dress-monkey-suit is, in this enlightened XX Century, worn only at weddings, funerals, and Junior Proms, and by male undergraduate quartettes.



LINES ADDRESSED TO A COFFEE-SOAKED CIGARETTE BUTT

You are finished, worthy friend; your use has reached its end,
You are soggy, brown, and cold; no more does your savour lend
Glamour to the conversation. Sophomoric observation
Does not need you any more; hence your sad annihilation.

You inspired me for a while; you improved my verbal style;
And the girl across the table did at first deign me a smile.
When your first blue cloud ascended I felt that I comprehended
Man and woman, god and devil; and before the mood had ended

I was eminently able (to the girl across the table)
To expound the end of life, in a rambling sort of fable:
'In the medieval, 'tended by a gang of pages,
'Lived a ravishing young princess, of the sort that quite engages,

'She was happy, in a way, but she longed by night and day
'For a goblin surnamed THRILL, a distressing sort of fay,
'Whose great fame had reached the princess from the lips of her old nurse,
'(And compared to any creature's this fay's features would be worse!)

"Gainst her royal father's wishes she did leave the royal dishes,
'Left them soaking in the kitchen, like a school of bed-rid fishes
'And she clomb aboard her palfrey with a firm, determined will
'Thoroughly to scour the country 'till she found the goblin THRILL.

'Well, she looked through woods and sedges, and along the roadside hedges,
'And she looked among the mountains and she crept upon the ledges,
'And searched through many a land, and she clomb on many a hill,
'In her weary tearful searching for the goblin surnamed THRILL.

'Till she deemed her search a fiction, and to dodge parental friction,
'She went back unto her palace (vis-a-vis laughs at my diction)
'And beside the palace gate, she, in weary, sorry state,
'Saw a creeping, dirty being. Who but THRILL did there await!

'Right on her own doorstep perching, THRILL, the goblin she'd been searching,
'Waited for her like a drunkered, like a drunkard, leering lurching,
'THRILL, the thing of her desire, now a thing obscene and dire,
'Started forward when he saw her, and his eyes were red as fire.

This, as well as I was able, to the girl across the table,
I related while you smoked, but she didn't like the fable.
And she left me in a pet; any you, poor cigarette,
I immersed, perforse, in coffee where you lie, forlorn and wet.



Best From The Rest

REMAINDERS.

Reporter (breathless)—Heard your cashier's gone off and left you?"

Bank President—"That's about all"—*Lester.*

—S—

Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life." —*Friol.*

—S—

ENCOURAGED

"Do you think you could learn to love me, Christopher?"

"Well, I passed Calculus."

—*Jack-o'Lantern*

—S—

Virginia had a little quart
Of cider, hard as steel,
And everywhere she went, 'twas
sport
To watch Virginia reel!
—*Gargoyle.*

—S—

It was easy to see that he was angry.

"What is the matter, dear," she cooed.

"Bill says he has kissed every girl in your house but one," he raved.

"I wonder who she is."

—*Octopus*

—S—

Hay—He was surely a far-sighted man.

Dees—How so?

Hay—He had a fire extinguisher put in his coffin. —*Chaparral.*

—S—

A WORLD BEATER

First Darkie: "Mah hoss is de most distinct hoss wat am."

Second Ditto: "How come, niggah, how come?"

First: "He's so slow dat if he went half as fast as he runs, he'd be goin' backwards." —*Banter.*

Said the bridegroom to the gloomylooking man: "Well, old man, have you kissed the bride?"

"Not lately," replied the glam, as he passed out into the starry night. —*Wampus.*

—S—

The staunch old churchman used to pray:

Hosanna, O Hosanna!

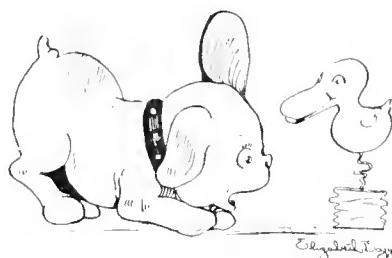
But now with gleaming eye we say:

Havana, O, Havana.

—*Sun Dodger.*

—S—

DUCK !!



"My dear, I'm so sorry I couldn't see you when you called, but I was just having my hair washed."

"Yes, and the laundries are so slow about returning things, too."

—*Octopus.*

—S—

SAFE, IF NOT EANE

"Hes wandering in his mind."

"That's all right, he won't go far."

—*Virginia Reel.*

ONE ON COLLIER

Geology Prof—Please give us the name of the largest diamond.

Stude (the morning after the night before)—The ace, doctor,

—*Tar Baby.*

—S—

Juggs—Don't you think Jones a fool for committing suicide?

Muggs—Yes, it's about the last thing I'd ever do.

—*Brown Jug.*

—S—

IN THE DORMS

Soph: "Hey Frosh—telephone!"

Sleep Voice: "I aint 'specting no call"

—*Burr*

—S—

DANGEROUSLY ILL

Prof: "Is Jones ill?"

Frosh: "Yes sir."

Prof: "How do you know?"

Frosh: "Last night I heard someone tell him to lean over and take his medicine." —*Banter.*

—S—

WHAT FUN !

Judge—"I sentence you to be hanged."

Optomistic Prisoner—"I love to be kept in suspense; it's so exciting." —*Widow.*

—S—

"Won't you take a ride with me?"

"It's too cold."

"I have a stove in the bottom of the car."

"All right, then; I like a little oven."

—S—

RIGHTO

Stude—What's a hypocrite?

Stewed—A guy that smiles when he meets a co-ed on the campus.

—*Tarbaby*



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If you hurry, you can get in on the January shirt sale at Zom's—high-class shirts, mostly Eagle, Wilson Bros. makes, at considerable reduction.

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Apparel for University Men
Green street—of course

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we wish to express to the students of the University our thanks for their patronage and our pleasure in their friendship.

May the New Year bring to each friend a great and happy prosperity.

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*Doughnuts and Coffee
15 cents*

Always Open—across the street from the Inman on Walnut

*Waffles and Coffee
25 cents*

Clergyman (who has sat down next to slightly intoxicated man): "Do you allow a drunk on this car?"

Conductor (low voice): "It's all right so long as you don't get noisy." —*The Gargoyle.*

"Why do you call that old briar of yours Jazz; because it has such a kick?"

"No, because the stem is always clogging." —*Froth*

ON SHIPBOARD

She—Goodness! What is that horrible noise?

He—Why, my dear, that was nothing but the dog-watch barking at a passing eat-boat.

—*Brown Jug*

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HARD

Prof: "Do you know the five methods of choosing the atomic from the combining weights?"

Frosh: "I know four."

Prof: "Which one don't you know?"

—*Burr*

S ASUGGESTION

The Woman—"I believe I've danced with you before, haven't I?"

The Victim—"I dunno; if you have why don't you do it now?"

—*Chaparal*

S

Freshman—They Tell me Bill had a peculiar death.

Wise Guy—How's that?

Freshman—A mahogany piano fell on him.

Wise Guy—Oh, I see; a mahogany finish

—*Tar Baby.*

S

Small Brother—Will you please give me a stick of chewing gum, Mr. Blunderly?

Mr. Blunderly—I don't chew gum. Bobbie. What makes you think I do?

Small Brother—Because I heard my sister say that when you were at the dance the other night you gummed the whole party.

—*Punch Bowl.*

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Once Upon A Time —

There was a little goofey. "He had a head." Papa and Mama "looked into it" and found nothing; so they passed the buck" to the U. of I. which was good for goofey.

Goofey thought he was a "man" and got "stung" on his "dates" and his "election bets" and in several other "ways and means," one of which was "portraits." He listened to "bunk" and went out of his way to be "slaughtered." "On receipt" of his "portrait" goofey's mama "hung a crepe on it" and "labeled it" a "mutilated future asset" and laid it gently in the bottom of the trunk to "play with the moth-balls."

"By the time" goofey was a senior "he was a man" thanks to the U. of I. and old "father time."

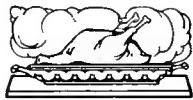
He "quit gambling" and "taking chances" and other men's "dates" and "Sent Home a Weber Portrait" which was "framed and hung" and goofey's mama looks at it each day and "murmurs" "Goofey, my little goofey."

Start right and stay right—don't take chances and don't get stung. Have Weber make your portrait from your freshman year, through to your senior year.

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Soph—What'll we do?

Senior—I'll spin a coin. If it's heads, we go to the movies; if it's tails, we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge, we'll study.

—Brown Jug

—S—

George Washington—Yo' say yo' calls yo' cow United States. Why fo'?

Andrew Jackson—Cause she's done gone dry. —Sun Dodger.

—S—

"Mother, who is that wild-looking man over there?"

"Hush, child."

"Is he the Bolshevik ambassador?"

"No, dear."

"Has he escaped from a lunatic asylum?"

"No, my child."

"Well, who is he?"

"He is the man who started the Overall Club on the University campus." —Foolscap.

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Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.

"How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

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He didn't want to hit him hard, so he pulled the trigger easy. —*Brown Jug*

—S—

Clarrissa—"Father, you're a brick."

Father—"Well, if I let you walk over me, you needn't remind me of it." —*Widow*

Kissing a woman with a pug nose is like trying to peek through a keyhole overshadowed by a Roman doorknob. —*Pelican*

—S—

Mother—"I think it's wonderful to have a limousine lighted inside like that one of George's."

Innocent daughter—"That's funny, I never say any lights."

—*Widow*

—S—

Nowadays, when a man reaches for his hip-pocket, you don't know whether it's a threat or a promise.—N. G. '20. —*Pelican*.

—S—

BIG GAME

A woman was frantically running around in a five and ten cent store. She seemed to be in a great hurry and was looking for a clerk.

"Can't somebody get me a mouse trap?" she gasped, "I have to catch a train."

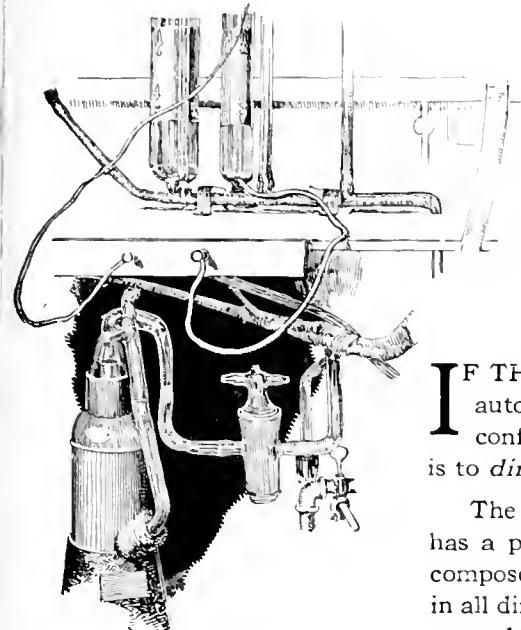
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What Is Vacuum?

IF THE traffic policeman did not hold up his hand and control the automobiles and wagons and people there would be collisions, confusion, and but little progress in any direction. His business is to *direct*.

The physicist who tries to obtain a vacuum that is nearly perfect has a problem somewhat like that of the traffic policeman. Air is composed of molecules — billions and billions of them flying about in all directions and often colliding. The physicist's pump is designed to make the molecules travel in one direction — cut through the exhaust. The molecules are much too small to be seen even with a microscope, but the pump jogs them along and at least starts them in the right direction.

A perfect vacuum would be one in which there is not a single free molecule.

For over forty years scientists have been trying to pump and jog and herd more molecules out of vessels. There are still in the best vacuum obtainable more molecules per cubic centimeter than there are people in the world, in other words, about two billion. Whenever a new jogging device is invented, it becomes possible to eject a few million more molecules.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have spent years in trying to drive more and more molecules of air from containers. The chief purpose has been to study the effects obtained, as, for example, the boiling away of metals in a vacuum.

This investigation of high vacua had unexpected results. It became possible to make better X-ray tubes — better because the X-rays could be controlled; to make the electron tubes now so essential in long-range wireless communication more efficient and trustworthy; and to develop an entirely new type of incandescent lamp, one which is filled with a gas and which gives more light than any of the older lamps.

No one can foretell what will be the outcome of research in pure science. New knowledge, new ideas inevitably are gained. And sooner or later this new knowledge, these new ideas find a practical application. For this reason the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company is the broadening of human knowledge.

General  **Electric**
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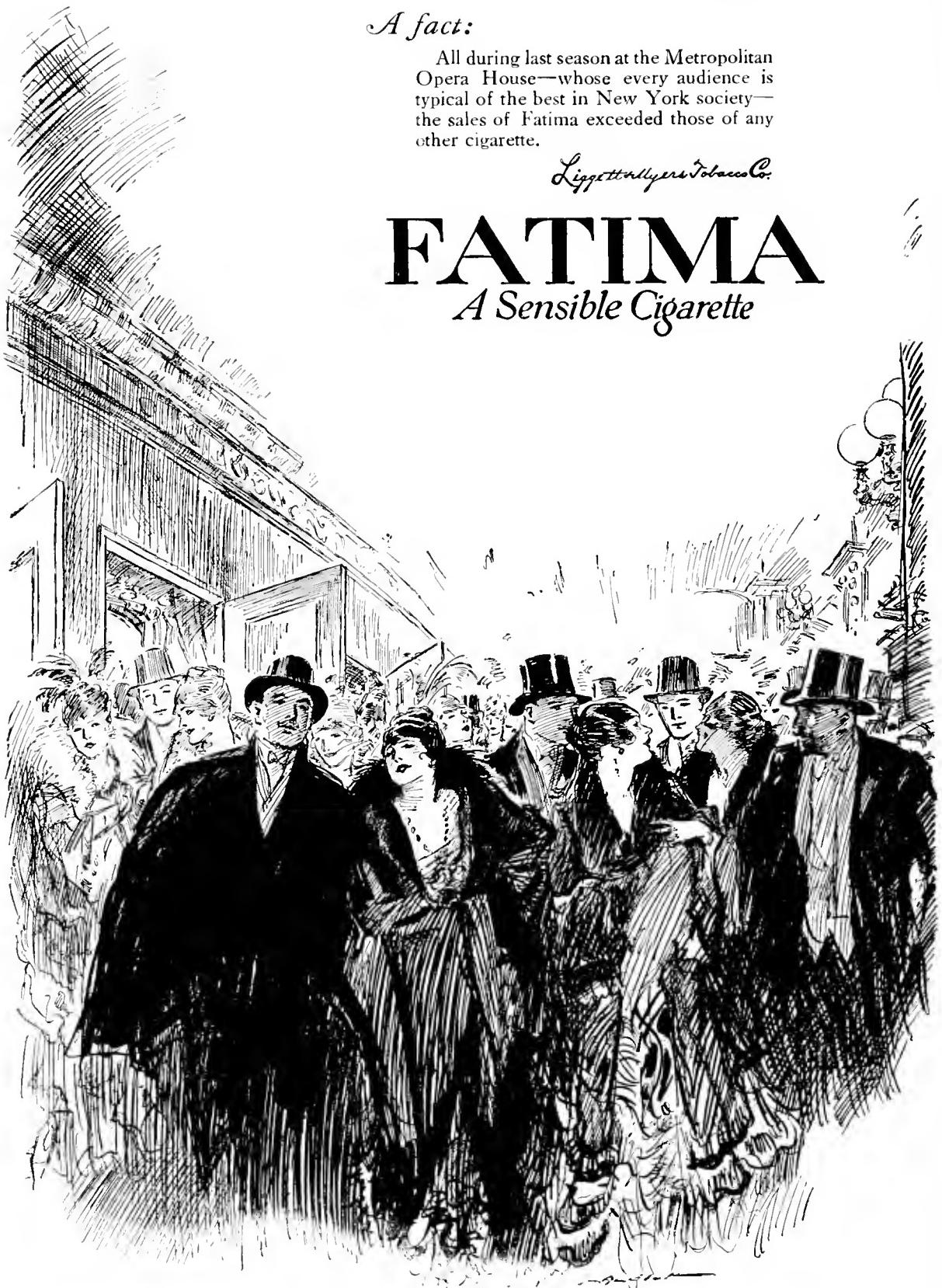
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We are now
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from Florida

Try a sundae

THE GREEN LYDIA HAWK

"How I envy you, so darling
now," murmured the sweet young
thing. "How wonderful it must be
to gaze on the clouds, breathe the
expanses of ocean, and smell the
breeze, salt air."

"Yes," answered the coal passer,
"it must be."

American Legion Week

S

Chemistry Prof.: "Name three
articles that contain starch."

Freshman: "Two cents and a
collar."

Boys

S

"She reminds me of the sea."

"How?"

"She looks green—but sometimes
she is awfully rough."

Virginia

S—

Prof. kindly, after long lecture:
And now you are free to
ask questions.

24: What time is it?

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Original becoming hats
for dress and street wear
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Kant C?

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of prices we'll be pleased
to discuss later.

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Impression?**

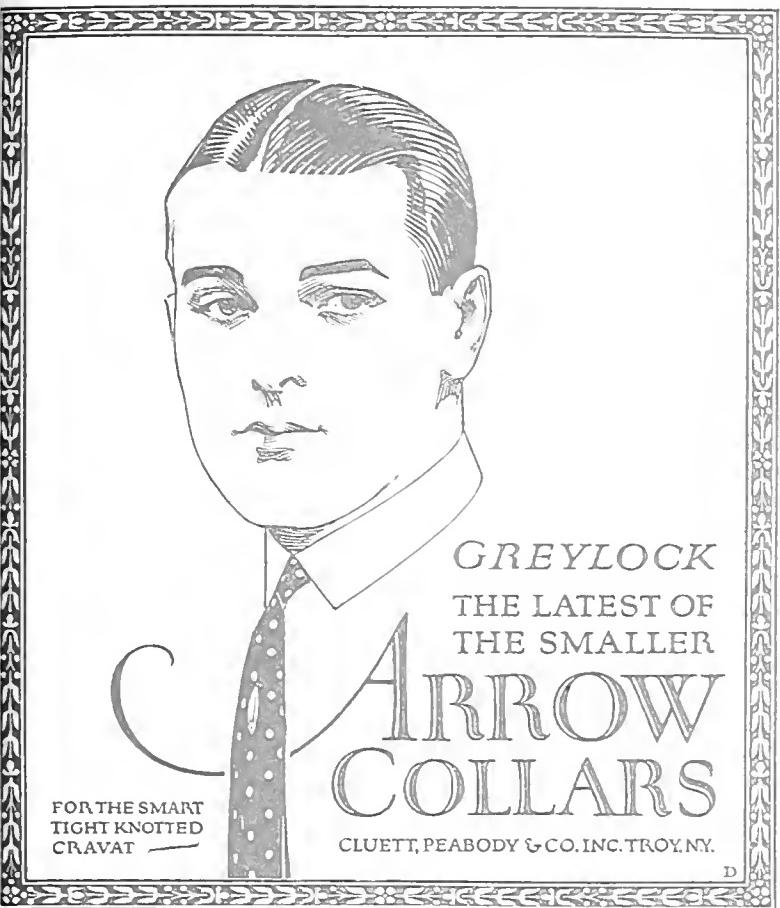
Distinctive printing is an asset to any institution. Ordinary printing fails to attract and hold attention and create the desired favorable impression. It's the neat attractive and distinctive printing that brings results.

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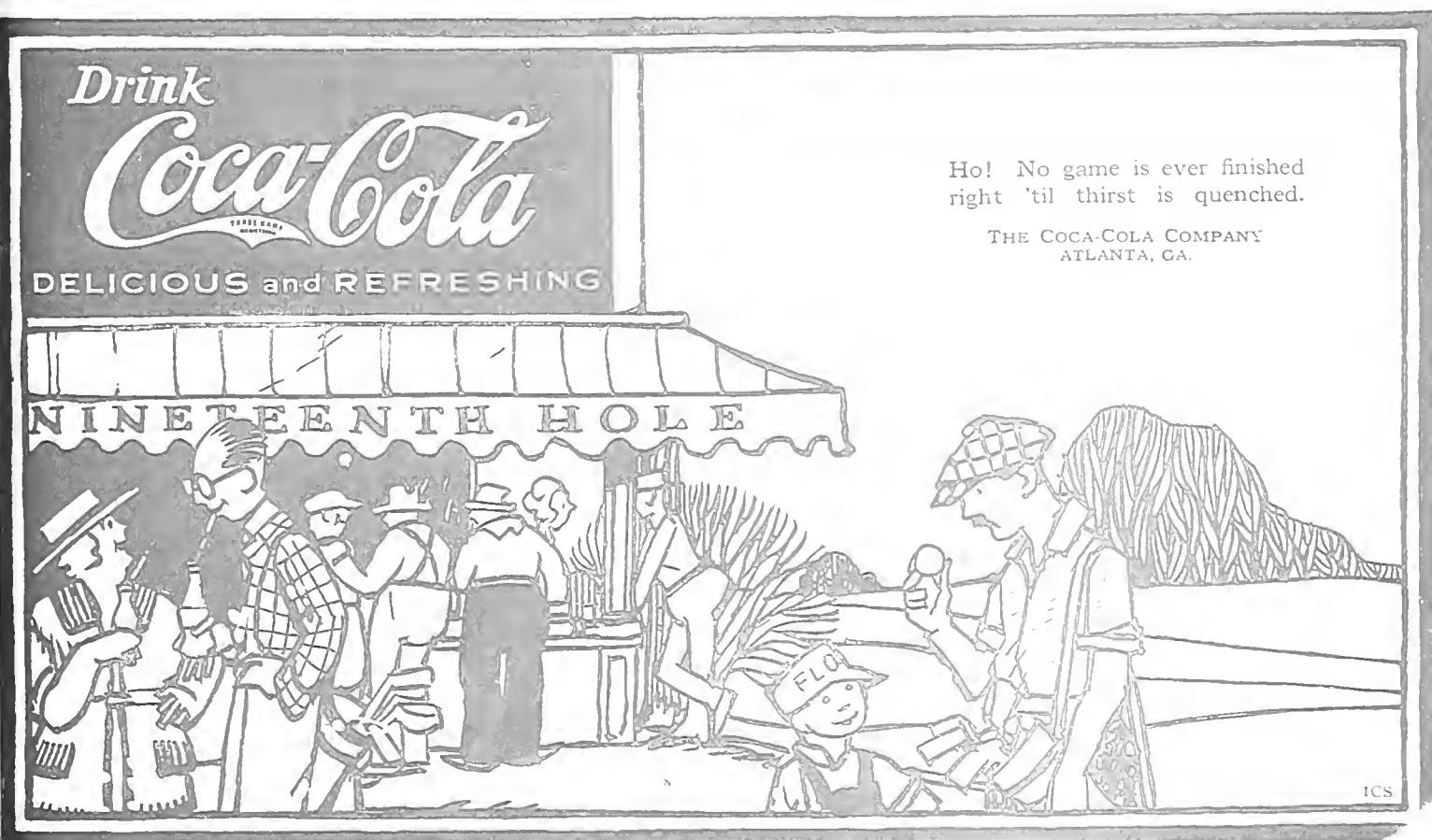
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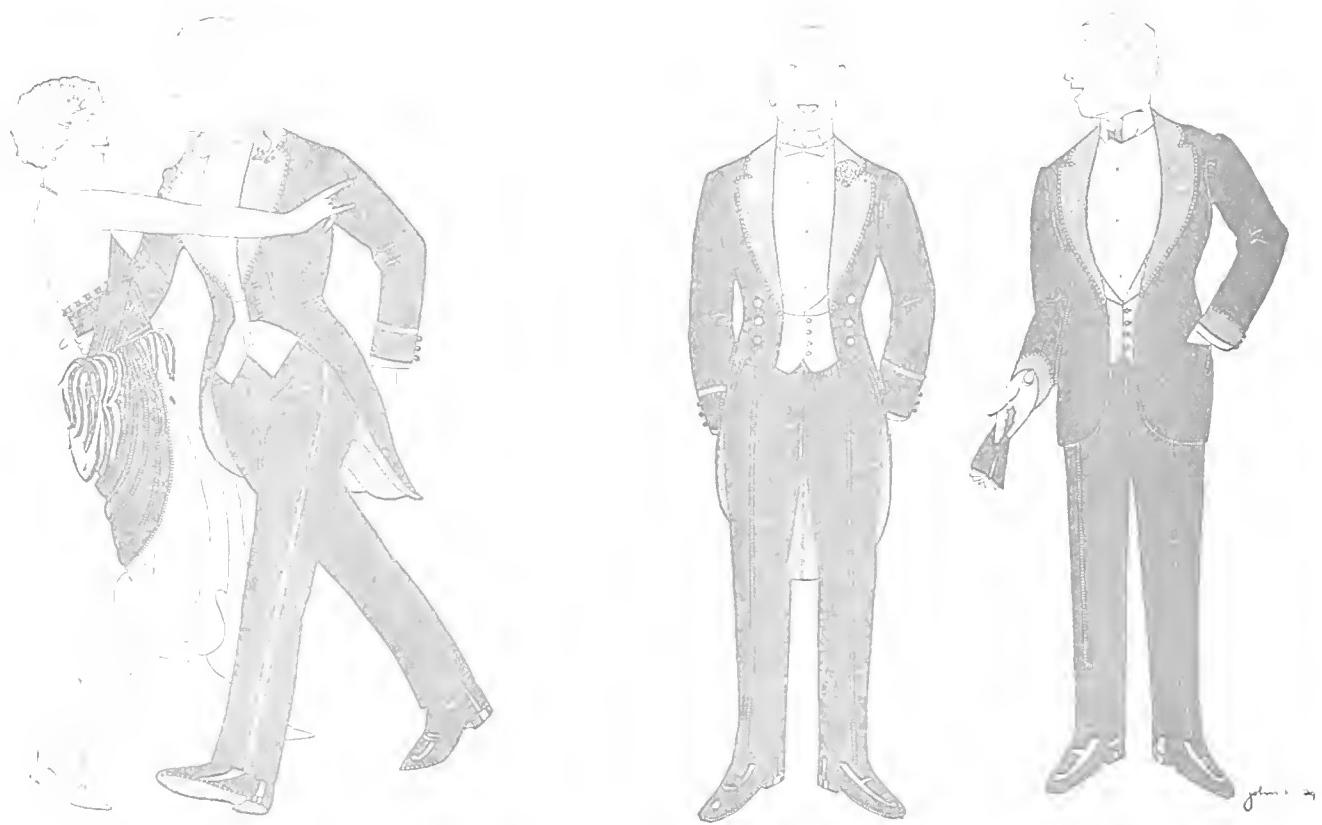
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LADIES' HATTERS

317 N. Neil Street

Champaign, Illinois





Look at Jimmie Love with a new girl and new evening clothes!

Wrong, Emery—it's his old girl painted over and a new Lion Collar that makes him look dressed up.

Wish I had that collar on—mine's a mess already and I have the third and fourth dance with Jimmie's girl.



stop in at the
Doughnut Shop
and try
The Different
Cream Doughnut

Special attention given to pastries

Wholesale and Retail

612 So. Fifth Street

Just off Clinton

S

"And when he kissed her, the blush would creen over his cheek," read the Reader.

"Not in this day. The women get it on too smooth," raved the Fool.

Froth,

S

**A Satisfied Patron Means
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Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store. Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

Champaign Tea & Coffee Co.

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Champaign, Ill.

NOT BAD

Guess what Clark did the other night when he Baltimore Lettuce?

What?

He ate it! That's what he did.

—S

For the Best in Books
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PUBLICATIONS

*Stationery and Dance
Programs*

MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE

On Taylor Street, corner of North
Main Street, HAMMONTON, N.J.

Stoltzey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories

Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil



*We wash, we dry clean, we press, we please,
we want your business*

Main 406

The only girl in the whole town that attracted him was one that smiled at him from behind the curtain of the beauty parlor in Janesville. He was not brave enough to step boldly before the display of false fronts, cold cream and such beauty necessities or supplements, but he could see her vaguely, behind the curtains and the manicure table.

She was chic, no doubt of it. That saucy smile, the silly, effective spit curl, the hair so flat against her sleek head . . . oh! she was adorable and he worshipped the artistry of her from afar. Unmistakably painted, that face was the envy and admiration, and, let it be whispered, the model, of every jeune fille in the town. No other eyebrows so thin and arched as hers, no lashes so black and long. She was chic, no doubt of it.

To him, she was the personification of the City, a reminder of the white lights that he had learned to know while he was also learning the high lights and shadows of window trimming. His would-be artistic soul found no affinity in the stolid, prosperous little town; he was lonesome.

He wanted her. He wanted to build a shrine to her in his tiny rented room, to have her to come home to after the store closed, to tell her of his plans for the next display. But the proprietor of the Beauty Parlor was not to be persuaded to part with her treasure.

"I need her, I tell you," he argued. "I must have her. She has to be mine. Please let her go, just in the evenings. I'll bring her back before the shop opens every morning. And I'll be so careful of her, honestly."

When the style show came she was his first thought. He planned his window about her; he pictured the curious crowds, all gasping admiring ohs and ah's before his display, his rival fuming at failure to win the prize.

"If I can't have her always, let me take her just for tonight, then," he begged. It's awfully important. I'll pay you well. Please let her go. His idol did not move, just smiled bewitchingly. Reluctantly, sadly, foreseeing sure destruction for her pretty model, the avaricious proprietor rang up the money on the cash register and gave her consent.

With eager, trembling hands he drew her to him. His strong arms went about her, her chin nestled on his shoulder. She was worth the price.

Bright and early the next morning he returned her to the Beauty Shop.

"Say, that dummy of yours certainly is a peach. My window took first in the style show," he said, gleefully, to the proprietor.

Noble Candy Co.

C. U. NOBLE,

Wholesale Confections

"Quality and Service"

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Phone—Gar. 1604

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Dress suits for rent

Waistcoats for formal wear

ZOM displays them in domestic and imported pique, \$1 to \$10.

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Just about anything else you need for evening wear.

Roger Zombro

Apparel for University men

Green street of course

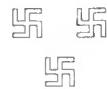
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Paper which leads the world in quality. Strong, refined, exclusive, pure white and smooth writing.

Hampshire paper is ideal for University men and women.

Three popular sizes, Imperial, Royal Club and Regent. Quarter ream packages give quality at very moderate prices. You will be pleased with our complete line of good stationery.

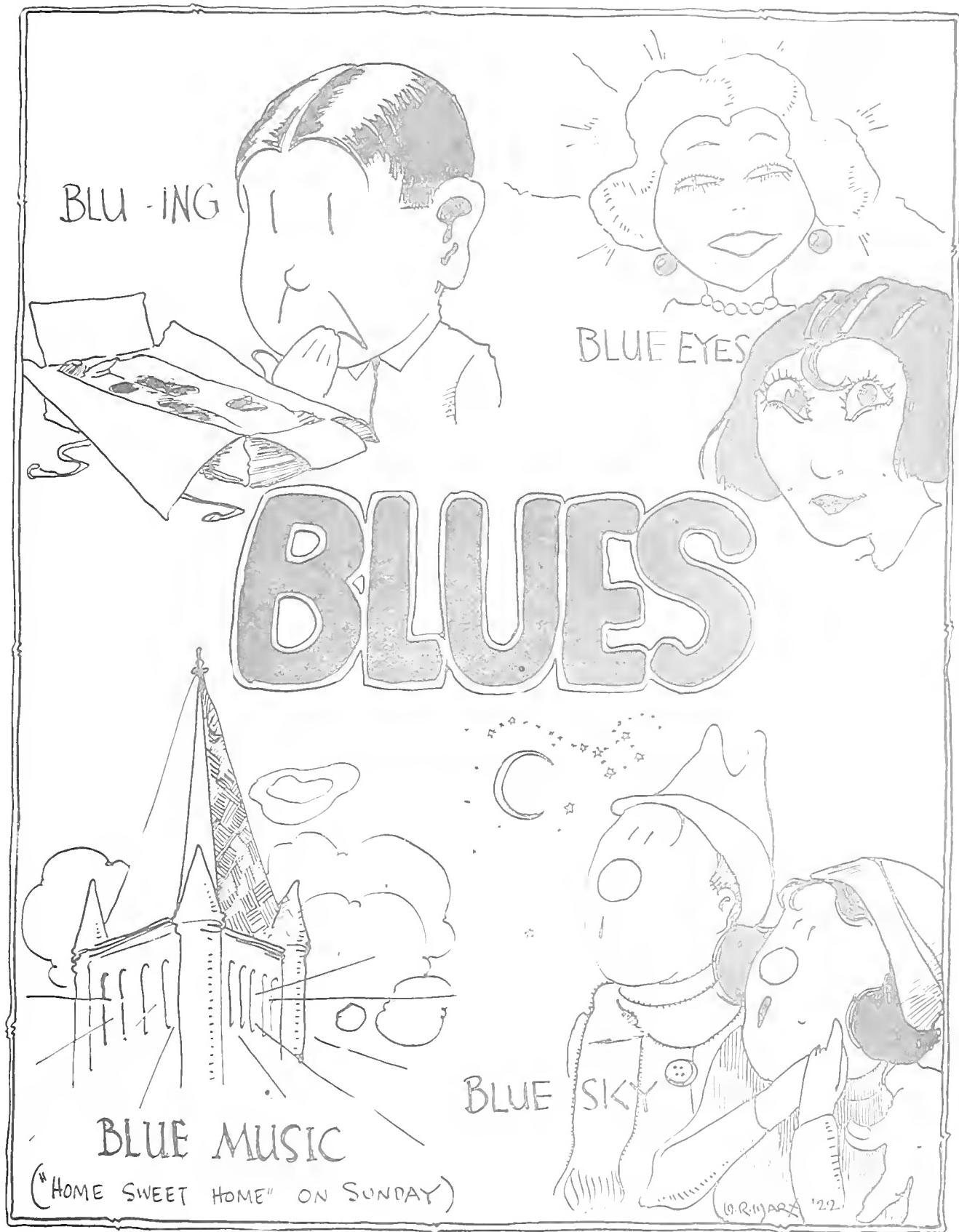


606 E. Green Street

"Chuck" Bailey

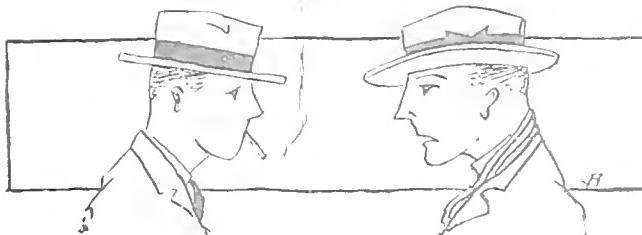
Managers

"Shelby" D. Himes





DON'T YOU KNOW . . .



First Youth: I quarreled with Mayme last night
and she told me to leave and never to darken her
doors again.

Second Same: Yes? What did you do?

F. Y.: Told her to get off my lap so I could
leave.

—S—

Ah wants one o' them plasters what you stick
on your back.

You mean one of our porous plasters?

No suh! Ah don't want none o' your porres'
plasters, ah wants the bes' you got.

—S—

THEY SAY

They say
A guilty conscience sleeps uneasy
And the Bolsheviks are crooks
So they must sleep uneasy.
But as I
Lay awake with a clear conscience
On that d—n
Rocky bed in the dorm
And think how cheap
Hair mattresses must be in Russia
I wish't
I was a Bolshevik
I'd chance uneasy sleep.

They say
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
So She must be by now
Much fonder of Myself.
But as I
Get letter after letter
From hims and hers
But not from Her
And each one says that She
Is with another Him
I wish't
That she would be
A little less fonder
And not quite
So absent.

Don't you know you mustn't snicker,
Nor smoke a nasty pipe;
Don't you know you can't drink likker,
And must never dine on tripe.
Don't you know that joy's unlawful,
And that dancing's simply awful,
Oh, of gloom you get a jaw full.
It's a sight.

Don't you know that joy on Sunday
Has been done away with, quite,
Don't you know that rouge on Monday,
Isn't now considered right,
Don't you know that syncopation
Has been banished from the nation
And we've sainted Carrie Nation?
It's a fright.

—S—

There was a young lady from Michigan;
To meet her we never would wishagain.
She would eat of ice cream
'Til with pain she would scream,
And then order another big dishagain.



Little 1966: "Really grandfather, how could you have been so antiquated as to even think of wearing a polka dot tie on the Lord's Day?"



Beauty's but skin deep they say,
So I'll win Grace or bust;
She hasn't very much beneath—
But Gee, I like her crust.

—S—

First Stud: "I was pouring over my books last night."

Second Sam: "Better be careful, you can't sell 'em at the end of the year if they're all yeasty."

—S—

IF ADS WERE TRUE TO LIFE

Alice: Jimmy, you look all wrong. Run home and put on a Tiger Collar, Hongkong garters, a Styleminus suit and a Knicks hat; then shave with a Fillet safety razor and rub a dash of that wonderful French Pinand on your jowls and we'll go to the dance.

Jimmy: Alice my dear, I will. Meanwhile make your skin "the kind you love to touch" by using some Heatherbloom m-a-s-s-a-g-e cream and slip into a Fitform corset and we'll be set.

—S—

Silk stockings cover a multitude of shins.

—S—



She: "What do fellows talk about after a dance?"

He: "The same things you girls talk about."

She: "Oh! You horrid things."

A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



Speaks now a weedy wraith,
Once named Jack Watsisname;
(Not that the name matters)

"Since, one by one, the little
things,

Which one could do upon the
Lord's Day,

Dwindled;

Dwindled, by the grace of local
law,

Infidel though I was,

I went to church;

There I learned

All about the troubles of
A church in Ephesus;

All about the necessity for good
Chicago;

All about the necessity for good
men

To stand against the radical men;
And that the Ladies Aid would

not

Meet at Sister Smith's, but at
Sister Jones'.

There was music, too . . .

Music?

But nothing matters now,

—S—

WE HOPE SO

She: My new dinner gown came
today, I just tried it on.

He: Did it come up to your ex-
pectations?

WHO WOULD? WHO

The boy stood on the burning
deck,

Each lifeboat was a jam;
The ship was from Havana,
So he didn't give a rap.

—S—

"Mr. Ivories, can you tell me
the difference between a Ford and
a co-ed?"

"No, Mr. Bones, what is the
difference?"

"Well, it's H—I when a Ford
don't go, and sometimes H—I
when a co-ed does."

—S—

Musical comedy producers are
threatening to quit the game unless
the amateur competition of our
college campuses is done away with.

—S—



"Dress reform?" questioned
Life Jabson of Still Valley Kain-
tucky. "Huh, it ain't reformin'
they need, the forms are all right,
leastwise on most of 'em, its
elongation they crave. There's
been too much of an exposé of
crookedness in the underworld
lately."



AND REMEMBER TO DROP
YOUR HANDKERCHIEF
WHEN THEY PLAY "ALLAH'S
HOLIDAY."

Postman: (to co-ed) I'm sorry miss, but it seems I've lost your postcard, but it only said to be sure and put your long ones on; to let Alice know who you went with to the T. N. E. dance; that Uncle Harry lost a cow Tuesday with the botts; and that they are all well at home.

—S—

CAMPUS "MUSIC"

Clang the keys with high flung
hands,

And fingers sure of flight;
Slur from bass in long cascades,
On tinkling treble light.

"Sweet Patootie,"—Wail it out—

And mock with evil eye,
Then, clicker, clacker—make it
faster,

Twist melody awry.

Spare no ears, with metal fingers,

Beat and bang our Baby Grand;
Brain the key-board, make it
gibber,

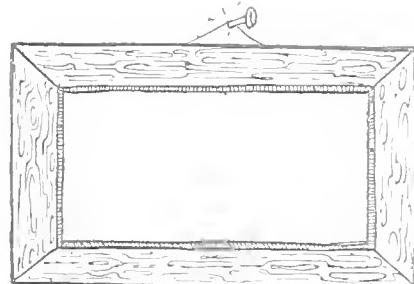
Mendelssohn from Jazz-Bo
land!

—S—



"Yes, the world's all wrong," remarked Raoul Harvey sadly, "Prices droppin' caught me with a good load o' hawgs ready to sell; I'd just bought a overcoat for \$75 that's now sellin' for \$15; coal's still up an' the weather's cold; the ole woman has influenzey an' six o' the kid's are ailin'; dispespy's got me and the rheumatiz is ever present; the landlord raised the rent agin an' bottled goods has riz—but the sun air still shinin' in my basement, there's still one good barr'l o' hard cider left an' fall ain't so far off neither."

—S—



The above is a pleasing likeness of the man (or woman) in the University community who doesn't want his (or her) picture in the Roast Section of the Illio. In the near background will be observed the person who says "Oh, now really, I don't want anything in the Illio about me," and means it.

To other day as I was ambulating mournfully towards that institution of torture known to its initiates as an eight o'clock, I encountered, strung exotically across the expanse of cement sidewalk (which leads dutiful students down John street to their classes and undutiful ones to the devil and the Omega Chi house) a bevy of coeds. Looking in their unstudied disarray like a Japanese sunflower or a soft-boiled egg dropped on the carpet; chattering in the fashion peculiar to the gentler and more deadly sex, they whiled away the fleeting moments with an avid and detailed examination of their mutual enemies, that is, I meant their friends, pursuing their subjects with an intense absorption and eager gesticulation which rendered hope of passage impossible until the particular victim under the coeducational eye should either be plucked bare or die of burning ears, and proceeding towards the halls of laborious learning at a pace not exceeding, at the most, more than twenty feet an hour.

What did I do? What do you do? Turned off the Mosi's and drank two malteds for breakfast.

—S—

"Eatin' cloves," remarked Raoul Harvey disgustedly the other day, "Eatin' cloves after takin' a drink o' good likker, 'pearls to me to create the same feeling of dissatisfaction that comes with wearin' a long overcoat just after you've had your trousers pressed."

—S—

Horatio Polonius Carr,
Once started to train for the bar;
But he stopped when a clause
In the famous Blue Laws,
Put his practicing place below
par.



Down with water!



CLYTIE BECOMES A GOOD INFLUENCE

I'm so interested in reform, you know. It is taking the country by storm. It is simply fascinating! I wish I had taken it up long ago. I sometimes think that all the time I put in studying the trombone was wasted—actually wasted!! when I might have been taking up sociology and becoming a Useful Member of Society. That's a horrible pessimistic thought, isn't it? Still, I don't know... I'm essentially artistic, you know.

I am to speak at the next weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent". I feel awfully strongly on the subject, you know. So many of our girls need to be reminded of this, don't you think? I'm going to wear my new street suit, and just the dearest little duck of a hat.

—Or should I wear a hat?

You see, I have always been more interested in culture. It's only recently that I took up social service, and of course I haven't attended any "Y" meetings. I don't think that the Y.W.C.A. is a very strong cultural influence, really. Do you?

But of course it does do a wonderful work....

Intelligence—social service—reform—they all go together, don't you think? I never realized it until recently, although, of course I feel that I have really been intelligent for a long time. I'm awfully liberal in religious matters. I rebelled at having my spirit crammed into a narrow, orthodox creed when I was six. I never did like to go to Sunday School. I was too advanced for mama, poor dear.

Of course I feel differently now. Have you seen our new minister? He's just the nicest thing. He called on dear mama the other day, and we had such an intimate little talk. He was so interested in my ideas of reform, and I talked real confidentially because I had just had a marcel and I knew that I was looking my best. I put on my appealing look and asked him if it was really wrong for a girl to let herself be kissed once in a while. The night after I took up reform I wouldn't let Toodle kiss me. It made the poor dear so mad! He sulked and argued for an hour, so I finally let him have just a little one so he'd go home. I don't think that that really hurt a bit. I decided that I could begin to reform other people first.

What? Oh, he said that while the church would probably not recognize such things, he himself was inclined to interpret the rule in a liberal spirit. He had awfully nice eyes. I'd like to dance with him....

I heard such an inspiring talk the other day on "How I Can Make My Life Count"—the lecturer was a lady, and she had on a terribly smart hat. (I

guess I *will* wear a hat after all). She was a sorority sister of mine, and also a D. A. R., I heard. She showed what we might accomplish if all the earnest, really worthwhile people would get together. I decided right then and there to devote my life to something really *big*, and become a Good Influence. I have given up morning dates, and egg malteds, you know.

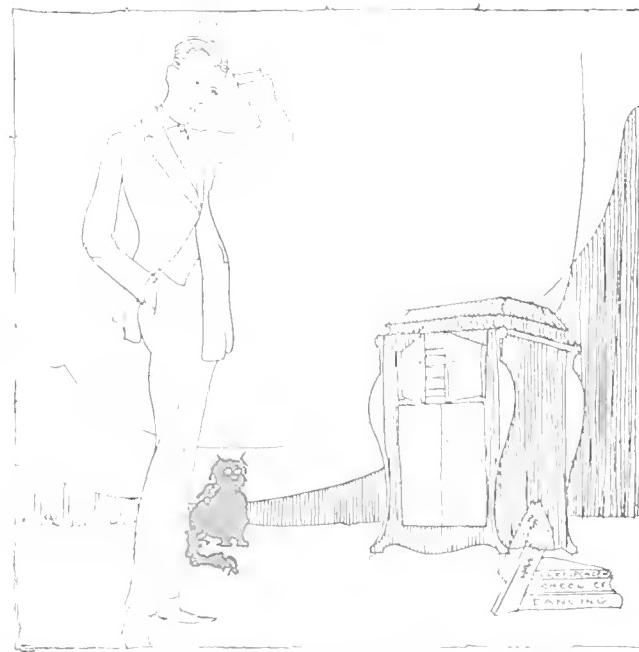
Of course, I don't believe in being fanatical. Some people with really high ideals show such poor taste, don't you think?

So many people are agitating against the cigarette now. I hope none of our really nice people—people one knows, take it up. Wouldn't that be simply *frightful*? I couldn't do without my omars-fatimas.

But I do feel my responsibility to society so much. It is really fascinating being a Responsible Member of Society. And of course, one can always smoke in the bathroom. We do at our house. Didn't Benjamin Franklin or Lincoln or some one say once that a man's bathroom was his castle... Well, anyway that's the way I feel.

I turned down my fourteenth bid to the Senior Ball yesterday. Have you seen my new taffeta frock with georgette vestee?

— — —S— —



What to do? Oh! I know. I'll flip a coin. If it falls heads I dance; tails I go to the Orph, and if it stands on edge I'll study.



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

The robins bring us promise
Of the near approach of Spring;
And little flowers all foretell
Its joys—n'everything;
But the surest sign of Spring to me,
Now nevermore in stock—
Was the goat-head poster telling,
Of the Coming of the Bock.

— — — — — S — — —

As the poet who voices a general sentiment,
This month's Siren hails Theodore Maynard, who
wrote:


"When Horace wrote his noble verse,
His brilliant flowing line,
He must have gone to bed the worse
For good Falernian wine.
No poet yet could praise the rose
In verse that so serenely flows
Unless he dipped his Roman nose
In good Falernian wine."

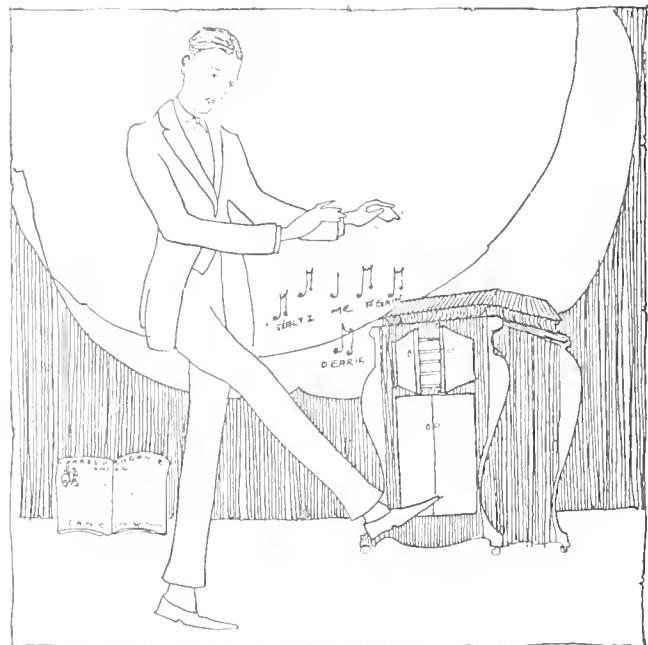
"BOOTS" PLACE"

I have been in many places
In my short exotic life,
And I've gazed on many faces,
Crossed with sorrow, joy or strife;
But of all bright countenances
The most cheery, smiling face
Was the map of "Tuffy" Lindgren
— "Tuffy," once of "Boots'" place.

Many lads have gone to glory,
Who once frequented that den,
Where we met, with song and story;
As we'll never meet again,
Merry songs and cheerful laughter,
Once identified the place,
Where the lamp-lit room was brighter
For the smile on "Tuffy's" face.

Now those days are near forgotten;
"Boots" is gone—his portal barred,
Gone, the benches, battered, rotten,
Where we sat—the evil starred.
Never more the boys will gather
At that old time meeting place;
Where we always found a welcome
In the smile on "Tuffy's" face.

— — — — — S — — —



Would-be Chorus Man: One, two, three—KICK.
But that's the reviewers job isn't it?



I dote on golf and think it's thrilling,
When weather's warm and forks are trifling
To take my sticks and go, a-smile ~
My idle Sunday hours to while ..



But look! Here comes a spector awful ~
"Hold Sir!" "On Sunday golf's unlawful!"
He shrieks and makes the wckin ring ~
"Play golf on Sunday? No such thing!"



I flee before this dreadful menace ~
Who shouts "And also play no tennis!"
Then flaming posters greet my vision;
"Verboten" stops each new decision.



"Tahoo" the chessman's label reads;
I cannot write, nor sew on beads.
The Blue Lavis make the whole day blue;
The question now is "What to do?"



The Siren



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WHAT NEXT?

DRAPIERIES for the Venus de Milo have arrived; prohibition (we are informed) is with us; we of the University community move in a species of pre-revolution-lettres-de-cachet existence and the sign "Verboten" greets us at every turn. AND we expect more? Verily we do—we sigh, look hopelessly out at an indigo world and say "What next?"

Immediately we know--the BLUE LAWS.

But we say, we already have them. We live in a supersterilized community, we don't go to shows, play tennis or golf or tiddle-de-winks on Sunday and we hesitate about working on our beaded bags on the Sabbath—what more dreadful could happen. But if there is anything in this super-befogged world that they can be tied, hung or draped on us "wild young things" the Siren is betting a Kappa Beta Phi key or a T. N. E. pin that we get it.

A heterogeneous lot of white tie wearers have settled the point—they are going to enthronize the Great God Gloom. Professional reformers out of a job since prohibition, have set to work anew. "Down with the cigarette" has replaced the old slogan "Down with booze." After it will come "Down

with joy," then "Down with comfort" and then; What next?

Nothing is free any more—not even speech. Examinations have transformed our institution into a vast research laboratory to determine the theory of the "survival of the fittest." We are even pre-Magna Charta in our honor system—and most of us don't seem to give a whoop if we are. Members of the faculty, certain members at least are more privileged than it used to be considered fair to the student body. The supply of co-eds is shorter than ever before; cokes have gone down in price but lemon extract has gone up; and our thumbs are wearied with over twiddling on Sunday—

Criticism without a remedy is wrong, some will say? Even so. Therefore the Old Girl proposes a remedy. Take all the professional joy-killers; give them, in some manner, an inside idea of the attitude of the century; let some of them have a few children; let trials and tribulations of their own, mar their happiness; let them taste of the fruit they so passionately decry; give them something to do beside sit on a soft cushion reading Pilgrim's Progress and hearing second hand of the terrible state of morality of the universe through the pages of Hearst's or the lips of those equally as narrow as they—then let judge us. Until then they are unfit to do so.



Well anyway—the world is blue, especially when viewed through blue glasses. The Siren flips her tail listlessly and murmurs:

"What next?"

— — — S — — —

THREE is something new under the sun. Civilization, now prodigiously ripe and straining upon its twig, has evolved an unprecedented thing, a sort of cross between a philosophic system and a rule-of-thumb method. This new thing is called "a Line." "Line" is the latest kitten of the old cat Conversation, and remotely a descendant of Discourse, of loving memory. "Line" is a code of words, a specialized array of sounds accompanied by gestures, a flexible formula for getting by, a purposeful foolishness, a foolish purposefulness, a shield for truth. "Line" is hard to define, easy to detect. In short, "Line" is the most insidious, and the most popular institution in the present-day social code.

"Line" is the more or less direct result of little to do and nothing to think about, of living made easy, of the wholesale system of education, of latter-day *laissez faire*. Our grandmothers spent their spare time usefully; so did our grandfathers; they had to. We do not have to, so we spend our time "shooting 'lines'" at one another. It is probably quite all right, and to be welcomed as a product of our recently attained social perfection.

— — — S — — —

This being the Blue Number the Siren wishes to state for publication, her greatest lament. Being physically unqualified, she cannot wear those cute filagree silk hose—enough lament for any woman, especially a Siren.

— — — S — — —

"When the earth's last picture is painted
And the youngest critic has died...."
We'll find out the millennium isn't;
And we'll know the reformers have lied.

— — — S — — —

We are expecting considerable assistance on next year's Blue Number provided the state legislature doesn't kick in with the necessary.

• — — — S — — —

T. N. E. has gone from our midst. You probably noticed in our senior election the absolute eradication of "polities" that its extinction brought about. Now didn't you—*really*?

YE gods of adventure and romance, send us something new!

Day after day we have been staring with dull eyes at the same placid, homely vista of respectable brick buildings, disreputable shanty eating-places, shiny unchanging dance floors, cluttered, dusty class rooms: the paraphanalia of education.

Day after day we have dodged the same jaunty Fords and Overlands, eaten the same malted milk concoctions, told the same stories, laughed at the same jokes, read the same impossible magazines, endured the same people.

Day after day we have followed the ancient round of fidgety classes, sleepy lectures, vapid conversations, indigestible meals, pointless dance engagements with mere unloved acquaintances, stuffy sleeping and reluctant waking.

Must this endure, world without end, until we flunk out or graduate?

Send us earthquakes, dear extinct pagan deities, send us a cataclysm! Cause the Boneyard to rise and sweep us to the sea! Let slip a thunderbolt into the midst of us! What matter if a few of us are hurt? We need hurting.

Turn, if you will, the ordered wits of some reverend professor, that he may astound some class with insane questionings of the entertaining quality of Milton. Addle, if you must, the pate of some local Minerva, that she may sing the praises of Rupert Brooke. Put madness into the heart of a dance orchestra, that they may nonplus the dancers with a sudden rendition of Brahms, or Chopin. And, too, make mad some Doctor of Music, that he may astound the concert hall with Avalon, or Margie.

Shock us, jolt us, electrify us! Take us by the ears and pull us out of our rut. Mosses and lichens are growing over us, over the town, over the school, over . . . over our very souls.

We have maps, but we do not know that there is a world about us. We read books—when we have to—but we do not know, or care to know, that they were written by and for human beings like ourselves. We feel pain, but we do not know that others can feel pain.

Ye high gods of romance and sweet unreason, we are mired, with our weak mouths stuffed with mud.

Help us!

S - - -

Another last line:

"Go on—turn a new leaf."



Photograph of an earnest worker for the Blue Laws in a brown study.

He appears to be in deep thought.

Is he planning the next atrocity to foist on an unsuspecting public, some dire trick for the suppression of happiness?

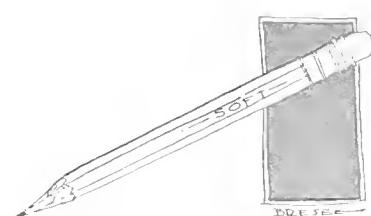
Not so (our mind reading department informs us) he is just wondering if the new stenog. is a "good scout" and if two pounds of raisins is too much for that brew the deacon told him about.

—S—

I hear Binks is spending all his spare time over an Ouija Board. What's the idea?

He hopes to get in communication with his uncle who was a brewer.

—S—



"Everyone makes mistakes"—oh you know that one? Well this cut in this place was a mistake.

MAUD MULEY

She was only a poor farmer's daughter.
You could smell the sweet hay when she talked:
But the joints in her knees squeaked like trees in the breezes
And the racket was fierce when she walked.

She was only a poor farmer's daughter.
Her hair was all covered with weeds:
But the space on her dome
She filled in with loam,
And planted in small grains and seeds.

She was only a poor farmer's daughter.
Her face was as red as a beet;
But the shoes that she wore
From behind to before,
Measured sixteen or seventeen feet.

She was only a poor farmer's daughter,
Such beauty is too seldom found;
But she never was wed
And now she is dead,
For she fell in a milk pail and drowned.

—S—

How does Mabel manage to dress so well?

Really I couldn't say. I've never watched her.

—S—

I see Bones has been promoted.
Yes, he got a peach of a receipt and told it to the boss.

—S—

Church contributions might be larger if one-armed men could be induced to pass the plate.

—S—

Following the recent trials, our idea of a light occupation is framing Phi Beta Kappa shingles.

JUSTICE! JUSTICE!

An Indianapolis man was adjudged insane. He had been shipping eggs over the Big Four.

—S—

"Willie, what're you doing out in the pantry again?"

"I lost my appetite here, this afternoon, Ma, and I'm trying to find it."

—S—

"Margie, I'm always dreaming of you-u, Margie—"

"For heaven's sake, dream."

—S—

A sweet thing named Annabelle Lee,

Had ankles petite and most nice;
But one look at her face
And the whole he-male race
Left Annabelle home, shooting dice.

—S—



"A DIP IN THE PAST"



I once knew a chap from Calcutta,
Who lived upon garlic and butta,
His first name was Cal
While his girl's name was Sal;
She cussed him one night and Cal-
cutta.

—S—

There was a young girl from
Decatur
In love with a Cunardier waiter;
They were shipwrecked a while
On a Cannibal Isle,
And during their stay there he
ate.

—S—



They say whiskey shortens a
man's life.

Yes, but he sees twice as much
in the same length of time.



The Co-ed: Its a very pretty dress but I couldn't
wear it to a dance you know.

The Modiste: And why not?

Co-ed: It has no shoulder straps and its so ir-
ritating to toddle out of ones dress, don't you think?

—S—

NEW FABLES IN SLANG

By First Aid

Once upon a time there was a Big Boy, the Pride of his family, a Dream among women, and a General Hit. Having absorbed a Local Curriculum, he was sent away to give the starving Champaign Merchants the benefit of his Old Man's mazuma.

Before leaving, in the manner of all Innocents, he hid himself to the residence of his Fair One's father, which was where she lived when not out. After the famous copy-writted and Booey Bushman-Bayne fadeout, he left with her Phiz in a Pocket next his Liver and part of her Lips on his Chin.

After surviving three (3) or more months of Hard Labor and Learning he returned to the Fatted Calf he had left behind clothed in Luxite, the only guaranteed Seamless. But in the Mean-while the rest of the Male Population had been making Hay between mails and the Damsel, who had formerly extended the Hot Hand, Pulsating Heart, etc., now Exhibited the Cool Gaze and Cold Shoulder.

Moral: What good is an Education?



"DREAMLAND."



EPITAPH OF A YOUNG LADY

Last Week Tuesday, Gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train.
"Ah! Good afternoon," she said
But—the train just cut her dead.

—S—

"The Lord will provide," re-
marked the cook when she discov-
ered the oleo had run out just at
dinner time.

—S—

SIR ISAAC NEWTON HAS SERIOUS ACCIDENT

NEWT OUT OF HIS HEAD

Is Hit By Apple While Asleep in Garden

London, E., Today—This after-
noon while napping in his garden
our beloved fellow neighbor and
locally prominent physicist, Sir
Isaac Newton was struck on the
head by an apple which fell from
an apple tree under which he was
napping. Sir Ike had been con-
templating the whys and where-
fores of the galosh, and its respir-
atory organs just prior to his nap.
He was rendered unconscious and
probably was in this condition for
some time. One of his hired men
who had been watching over Sir
Ike's experiments in home-brew
discovered his employer when he
went to the garden to report the
results of the latest attempt. He
found our fellow citizen lying
prone on his back and unconscious
and rushing for help. He called
friends of the intimate family who
carried the scholar to his room
and Doctor Harold Hairoil, M. D.,
(adv.) was called and pronounced
the physics expert out of danger.
Sir Ike said the accident had
proved a lesson to him, namely
that what goes up must come
down, and he's now said to be
working out a theory concerning
what he calls gravity and his next
experiment will be with pumpkins.

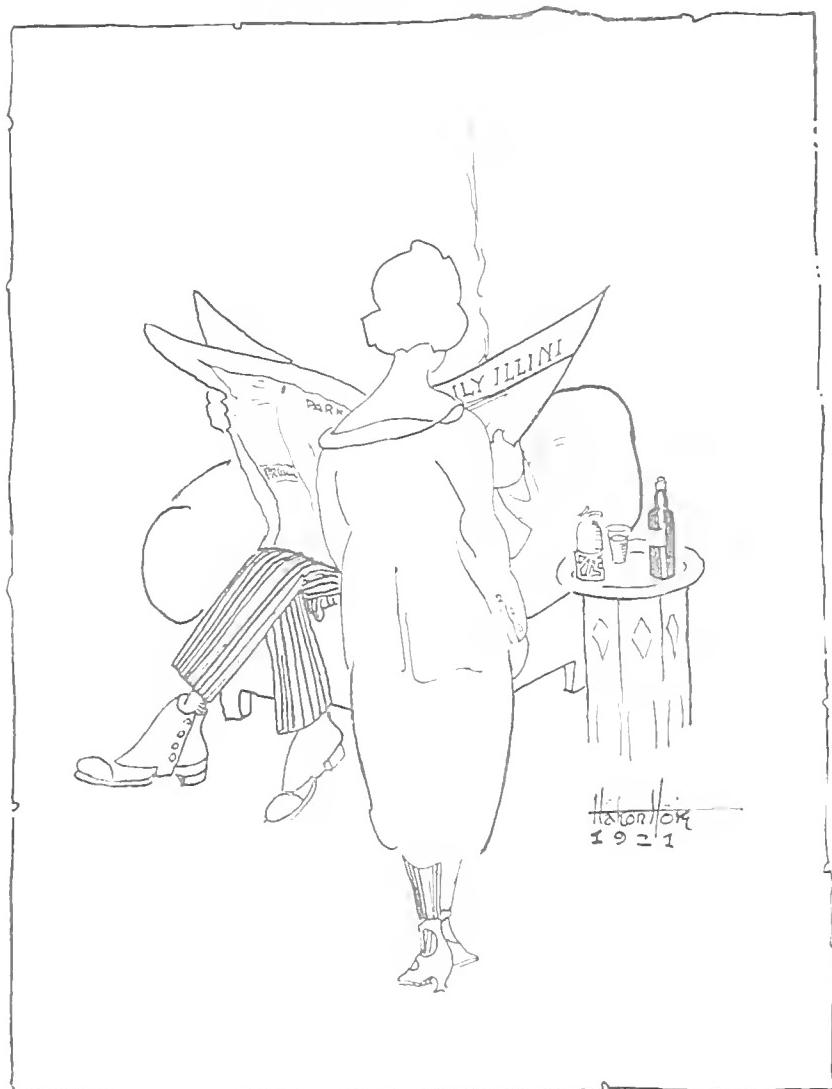
HIRAM AND ADVERTISING

OR
(A Tussle With The University of Illinois Annual Register and the
Pre requisite.)

Hiram was a Gentle Youth with a Leaning toward Advertising.
On Entering the University Hiram took a Register and looked up the
subject "Advertising, B. O. and O.S." (so far so good.) Then his eye
caught the line, "Pre-requisites; B. O. and O. 7" He looked up B. O.
and O. 7 and found "Pre-requisites; Economics 1, B. O. and O. 1." He
looked up B. O. and O. 1 and found "prequisites, Economics 1 and
Accountancy 2a and 2b." He looked up Accountancy 2a and found;
"Prequisites, Accountancy 1a and 1b, Economics 7 or 26, 22, or 27,
"Registration or credit in Economics 1." Economics 1, on being looked
up showed "Pre-requisites 30 hours University work."

Hiram has given up the idea of taking Advertising, and is now
registered in the I. C. S.

—S—



Mrs. Fuss—You think only of yourself. What have you ever done
to save other men from miser? Mr. Fuss—Didn't I marry you?

The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



Feby. 2—Thru my semi-so-often quizzes to day, then to bed to recover (if possible in ten short days) from the effects of taking ten-hour exams in two-hour courses. Odds bloods it behooves one to get his education early in life lest the survival of the fittest campaign now so prevalent cuts one off in an odd moment.

Feby. 8—Thru the mills again the day, battling the hordes in registration. Managed to get into three courses I didn't want, two I wouldn't have, nay not even on a wager and one the university verily doesn't know exists. So to bed, weary of the childish squabble over credit hours.

Feby. 9—To the post-exam jubilee the eve, where many collegers frolicked more or less merrily. Slept thru the most, but carried away the impression that one Chas. E. Keek had written something or other or done something or other—anyway the name stuck in my mind for some unwotted reason.

Feby. 10—To the class rooms once more. Sad put out by the musty and age worn jokes with which certain of the begowned elite twice annually open their classes and which I wot well of, having heard them repeated at the club lo these many years.

Feby. 18—Saw "Sweethearts" an operetta, so-called, and wondered much at the goodness of the production because i' truth the mid semester finals had worked havoc. Odds bodkins, our friends the finals have wrecked many a young life this time.

Here's to the women,
Each of us knows
They get sunburned,
Where men wear clothes.

"It's a dog's life" muttered the village butcher as he dextrously measured off three yards of bologna for the lady customer.

ODE TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD MUSICIAN

(With Apologies To Kelly and Sheats)

Blow high, blow low, not all the groans
Of clarinets or suffering saxophones
Can bother, worry, or mean aught to me;
I have my Rhet. and Trigonometry.

—S—

I come in strange shapes that ye may understand me the less easily.

My derivation is a thing forbidden to the many, and at times even the pros are ignorant whereof.

I am composed of signs and symbols of no meaning to the uninitiated, and often to those who have taken the course.

Radicals, integrals, carboxyls, exponents, cotangents, derivatives, and triphenylmethanes are the substance of my being! And I always contain factors to correct to zero and seven sixty.

When you have got me the riddle of the universe is as simple as the tax on a coke. Like the lonesome mustard plaster, I crave application. When I am worn out, another takes my place.

I am the formula!

—S—

Sing a song of college days,
A pocket full of Rye,
But now it's sliced with cheese be-
tween,
Because the town is dry.

—S—



Master 1980: What do you think of that terrible Jones boy?

Master 1981: I don't think of him old dear, one shouldn't associate, even in his mind, a person whose great grandfather played golf on Sunday.



MARCH 1921, A. D.

1. Tue. Children born on this day should be named Bill.
2. Wed. Warm today. Beeve Dee raised from the dead.
3. Thurs. Adam and Eve expelled from the garden B. C. 4768.
4. Fri. New president takes oath, Ring Lardner Sect. of State.
5. Sat. Shortage of paper, inauguration returns.
6. Sun. Inventor of Buttered Toast born, A. D. 202.
7. Mon. Henry VIII. Nat. Goodwin of England, takes another wife.
8. Tue. Wee-Gee communicates with spirit of St. Vitus.
9. Wed. C. J. Caesar, first commander G. A. R. (Grand Army of Rome) married.
10. Thurs. Children born today, girls or boys.
11. Fri. Penny ante night-black denrees wild.
12. Sat. Umbrellas should be in fashion sometime soon.
13. Sun. Our guess, some sons still in bed at nine A. M.
14. Mon. Bacon, writer of Shakespeare's plays, born.
15. Tue. New kind of toddle invented by Cleopatra, B. C. 57.
16. Wed. Noah successfully lands ark on Ararat, great feat, B. C. 3906.
17. Thurs. Rain, wear the silk ones today.
18. Fri. Carrie Papers, famous movie star, born.
19. Sat. Broke again, letter home.
20. Sun. Warm again, oil the weed base of the old bus.
21. Mon. Much news, Solomon married again, B. C. 1898.
22. Tue. Last of Thanksgiving turkey, another load off our minds.
23. Wed. Full moon, fine for dates (not the fruit, dates).
24. Thurs. Easter vacation, Songs in order.
25. Fri. Private dectives out, intoxicated man seen.
26. Sat. Ivan Itch, Russian inventor of parsnip pie died A. D. 706.
27. Sun. Ike Newton struck on head by apple.
28. Mon. Goliath, famous Phillistine, loses his head in an argument.
29. Tue. Ann. of the "how old" fame, born; year unknown.
30. Wed. Darins, of Persia, establishes first diary, B. C. 1492.
31. Thurs. Mouth leaves like a lion (or lamb).

TO A WOOLEN BLANKET

When softly I ascend the stairs at night
And to the chilly, darkened "dorm" I go,
I think how all day long the wind did blow
Across my cotton bed clothes few and light,
I glance around and at the sight
Of room-mates shivering from head to toe
I am full loath to join them in their woe
And cower from acceptance of their plight,
But when I think of thee, thou warm old friend
Blanket of wool, so thick and soft and warm,
That cozy welcome doth to me extend -
Then I o'ercome my terror of the "dorm";
And unto Morphens my body I command
Until I hear the six o'clock alarm.

- - - S - - -

A newly initiated freshman gets the idea he's a mighty man.

That being admitted, the seats of the mighty
ought to be a bit tender these last few weeks.

- - - S - - -

"Say, Ed?"

"Yes?"

"You were wrong about that painting."

"Uh huh?"

"Yes, and you were mistaken when you said
that the tapestry was yellow."

"Well?"

"Say, Ed., if you won't be more sociable than
that I'm going to bed."

- - - S - - -

Light opera is "blooming up" at Illinois. The Women's League has just produced a very, very creditable operetta and Pierrot is getting the deck cleared for the Student Opera in May. Both take hard work and show what the student body can do when it tries.

- - - S - - -

NATURALLY A NATURAL LAW

The sun had kissed the western sky

One bid the world good-night,

While in the sky the silver moon

Hung blushing at the sight,

A youth beside a maiden walked

(I tell no wondrous deed)

When twilight's shadows kissed the shore

He followed nature's lead. — *Tar Baby.*

- - - S - - -

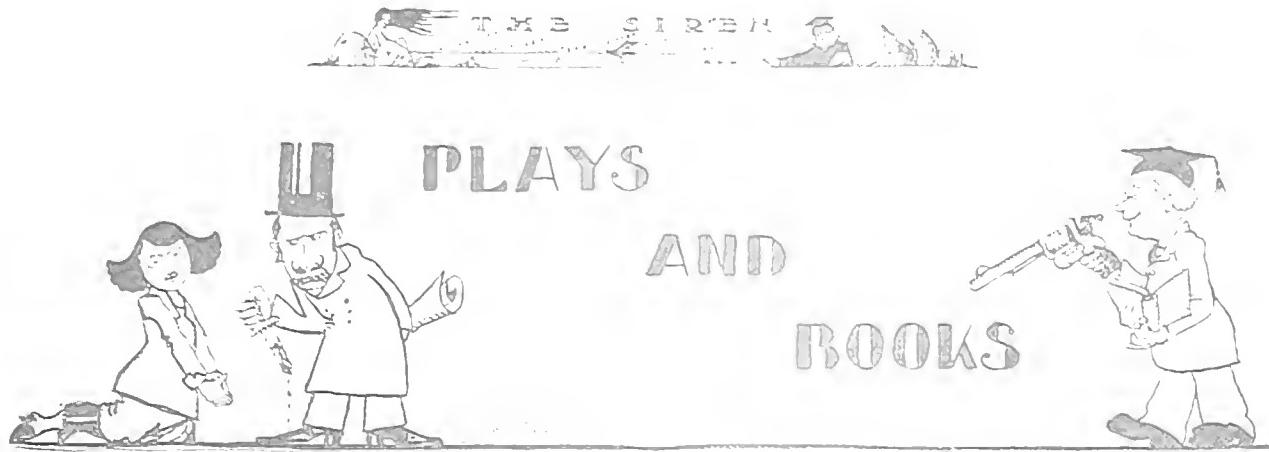
HOW COME?

Ella: "Jack's new mustache makes me laugh."

Della: "Yes, it tickles me, too!"



The Lecturer: "I repeat--anyone who would
dance cheek to cheek would eat peanuts in public."



A booklet which came to our attention lately is "Humbug Land," by Menendez Pinto, published by a firm on the coast. This satire is in the form of a report "concerning a Man-like Creature Inhabiting the Earth during the Seventeenth Eon." (Never mind how long an eon is). The point of view is that of an Immortal, an "Ethereal," who can see the human race as it really is and can describe it as such.

The author points out with great care what is the matter with the genus homo. He shows that our mentality, ideas, conclusions and habits are all wrong. He shows that as far as pure reason is concerned, there is no sense to modern social structure, education and industrial system, militarism, or justice. He compares us unfavorably with members of the animal and vegetable kingdom, who are dominated by Nature and instinct.

It is impossible in a short review to give much idea of the things human that Sr. Pinto picks to pieces. Furthermore, it would not be very interesting. What if the earth is all wrong? Granted that all these things are true; what of it? Suppose man is an unreasoning animal, filled with quite the wrong ideas? The Millennium will come thru evolution, and not thru any correction by reasoning power.

If these thirty-five pages have any other purpose than to tell us a lot of things we already know, we must confess that it did get over, but it lay where it fell.

— — — — — S — — — — —

"Main Street," undoubtedly the book of the year should be discussed here at length. We'll let George do it however and content ourselves with saying that it is in effect a neighbor, who taking your undershirt off the clothes line, comes into your parlor and shows you how dirty it really is. (If you get what we mean.)

— — — — — S — — — — —

How did you like Alice's girl friend?
Rotten!
Oh! Couldn't you kiss her either?

Do you ever get sick unto death of Champaign, Urbana, the University, and all your friends? Of course you do. And you don't know what to do about it. You probably think there is nothing to do. But there is. Brothers and friends, this little scheme will lay low the worst case of those disgusted blues.

In the late afternoon, about four, enter our library, and go to the periodical room. Paw over the magazines on the tables, follow your taste in the contemporary treasures in the pigeon holes. Read the London "Studio," "L'Illustration," "Travel," "The Spur," "Asia," "Country Life in America," "The Pacific Monthly," and, forgetting all you have ever heard about English humour, read "Punch."

When you start for dinner, you will realize that you have been away from the cornfields. You will have been in Connecticut, in Essex, in Nice, the Levant, Tibet, Osaka, San Diego. You will have been on Tottenham Court Road, the Rue de la Paix, Figuerona Street.

And walking home in the dusk you will smile to yourself in the knowledge that you have over those who clamor around you.

S — — — — —

"AND SLEEPS THROUGH MORNING CHAPEL"

The perfect college man, affirms Dartmouth "Macko Lantern."

Does not preface his exit from a room with a detailed account of how many pages of French he has to do in the morning.

Does not feel it necessary to glide passionately about a room whenever a Victrola is playing.

Does not take a cold shower in the morning.

Has read "This Side of Paradise" but is through talking about it.

Has not a plaster skull in his room, nor a pair of candlesticks.

Is not afraid to skip a class twice in succession.

Hates the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, COSMO POLITAN, and LIFE.

Finally thinks out,



The Best From the Rest

She (coyly): "George, darling, you have such affectionate eyes."

He (thrilled): "Dearest, do you really mean it?"

She (bored): "Yes, they are always looking at each other." —*Reel*

—S—

A little girl with short shorn locks
Has left my heart a wreck.
She hasn't such a pretty face,
But you should see her neck.

—*Gargoyle*.

—S—

CLOTHING OR COURSE

Babble: "Man wants but little here below."

Bibble: "Yes, and woman apparently wants even less than that." —*Sun Dodger*.

—S—

John—"How do you tell the age of a chicken?"

Jim—"By the teeth."

John—"A chicken hasn't any teeth."

Jim—"But I have." —*Drexerd*.

—S—

Few girls know anything about safes, but just the same, nearly every one knows a lot about combinations. —*Sun Dial*.

—S—

Teacher—In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should only have one wife?

Little Boy—I guess it's the part that says that no man can serve more than one master. —*Tar Baby*.

—S—

Mistress—How was it that I saw a policeman hugging you in the kitchen last night?

Cook—I don't know—unless you were peeping through the keyhole. —*Tar Baby*.

—S—

EGOTISTIC

"Gee, boys, I wish you knew my best girl. She is the most accomplished girl under the sun, and knows positively everything."

"But don't you hate to go with a girl who knows so much more than you do?"

"She doesn't though." —*Tar Baby*.

What did you have to say for yourself when you got home late last night?

I had a lot, but the wife was talking, so what chance did I have? —*Brown Jug*

—S—

WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?

She: Oh, Jack, please don't smoke now! I want you to dance this next number with me.

Jack: Let's take a walk through the gardens, instead.

She: I can't. I'm so dead tired now that I can hardly stand on my feet.

Jack: But you want to dance.

She: Yes, but you—you dance—Oh, you make me so mad! —*Jack o' Lantern*.

—S—

The Lady—Adelaide looks pretty tonight. Clothes do make a difference.

The Gentleman—Yes, but such a slight difference. —*Indge*.

—S—

CROSS YOUR EYES AND DOT YOUR TS

Cleared-eyed Youth—What's the matter?

Cross-eyed Youth—I've lost my girl.

Cleared-eyed Youth—Why that is not without precedent. How did it happen?

Cross-eyed Youth—Why, I was sitting beside her on the sofa, when my knee began to itch and I started to scratch it. —*Tar Baby*.

—S—

IN 1920

Sophia—I think he's a wonder. —*Pelican*, makes a girl blush?

Sophia—I think he's a wonder. —*Pelican*

—S—

What is next to the best thing in the world?

Drunk—A bottle

—S—

I've heard that Cupid strikes the match

Which sets the world aglow;

But where does Cupid strike the match?

That's what I want to know. —*Mugwamp*.

—S—

Her mother—Betty, pull down your skirts,

Betty—Why, mother, I'm not a bit cold.

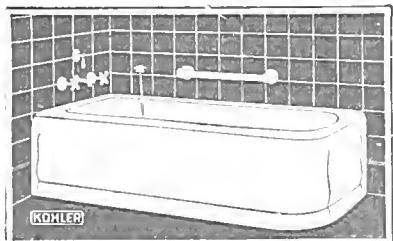
—*Tar Baby*.

GUNDLOCK & MINER

PLUMBING AND HEATING CONTRACTORS

Ideal Heating Boilers

Phone Main 561



Kohler Enamel Wear

219 West Main Street
URBANA, ILLINOIS

For your Breakfast—



You'll find it will suit both your taste and
your convenience

Green Street

Hank Mosier

Turkish
Cigarette

EGYPTOS

Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.

"How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX
of 10 — BUT THEY'RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

"Judge for Yourself—?"

Special attention is called
to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes

Murad
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Have You Seen

That Classy

Illinois Stationery

Three Styles and Sizes

Gold Seal—Blue Seal

University of Illinois

Better have a look-see now.

Geo. D. Louden
Printing Co.



Men's Spring Hats

Choose your hat from this collection of new styles, produced by some of the best makers in the world. You'll be sure to be sure of value, and free of a fad, in this distinctive individuality.

You have a choice of a thousand ways you can almost suit yourself to.

Gelvin's Clothes Shop
Green Street

IN THE PAST few years we have seen many new styles of hats. In fact, there are even more than ever! But, Body and Head, the author of "How to Write," says, "of all the hats in the world, none save the simple, broad-brimmed hat, has been a success."

AT THE END OF THE DAY
WE ARE ALL AS

Get a good hat now, and keep it for the Spring. It will be a great help to you in the Spring, when you are getting married.

THEY WERE TAKEN IN

All the Way I go, no one
is going to find me out
of me.

Jackie, You're a
All the Way I go, no one
is going to find me out
of me.



Designs
Etchings
Colorplates
Photo-Engravings

Advertising
Purposes

J. E. GRUDD & CO.
Champlain Quay, N.Y.

"I smiled- and he shot me"



AFTER MONTHS and months
* * *
MY WIFE persuaded me.
* * *
TO HAVE it done.
* * *
SO I went around.
* * *
TO THE photographer.
* * *
AND GOT mugged.
* * *
WHEN THE pictures came.
* * *
I SHOWED them to a gang.
* * *
OF AMATEUR art critics.
* * *
AND PROFESSIONAL crabs.
* * *
DISGUISED AS friends.
* * *
WHO FAVORED me.
* * *
WITH SUCH remarks as.
* * *
"DOESN'T HE look natural?"
* * *
"HAS IT got a tail?"
* * *
"A GREAT resemblance."
* * *
AND THAT last one.
* * *
MADE ME sore.
* * *
SO WHEN friend wife.
* * *
ADDED HER howl.
* * *
I TRIED again.
* * *
THIS TIME they were great.
* * *

FOR HERE'S what happened.
* * *
THE PHOTOGRAPHER said.
* * *
"LOOK THIS way, please."
* * *
AND HELD up something.
* * *
AS HE pushed the button.
* * *
AND NO one could help.
* * *
BUT LOOK pleasant.
* * *
FOR WHAT he held up.
* * *
WAS A nice full pack.
* * *
OF THE cigarettes.
* * *
THAT SATISFY.
* * *



In packages of 20 protected by
special moisture-proof wrapper.
Also in round AIR-TIGHT tins of 50.

LIGHT up a Chesterfield and
sense the goodness of those
fine Turkish and Domestic to-
baccos in that wonderful
Chesterfield blend. Taste that
flavor! Sniff that aroma!
You'll register "They Satisfy."
You can't help it.

They Satisfy **Chesterfield**
CIGARETTES

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Have you tried

Clow's Waffles

served day and night at the
Twin Cities' only real

Waffle Shop

If you haven't ask those
who have and see what you
missed.

Doughnuts and coffee also
served.

Across from the Inman
on Walnut

ALWAYS OPEN



WHEN your hatter recommends Stetson, he is interested not only in affording you genuine satisfaction, but also in having his customers numbered among the really well dressed men in the community.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

STETSON

Splendid for Students and Athletes



The Original

The diet for physical and mental fitness

"Horlick's the Original" is so convenient, nutritious, palatable, and economical that it is employed as a quick luncheon by thousands of students, and as a building nutrient that sustains and invigorates after study or other mental and physical effort.

Avoid imitations at the fountain

Keep a jar in your room

Parties

Those of you who have had occasion to stage a successful party realize the convenience of being able to get just what you want for its success at this store. We carry at all times a generous supply of Confetti, Serpentine, Horns, Crickets, Balloons, Squakers, and noise makers of all kinds. Your orders filled promptly.

Knowlton & Bennett

URBANA, ILL.

We Lead in Town Life. We Carry

SEND IT TO GORDON'S FOR CLEANING AND PRESSING

511 S. Goodwin Avenue

4232--Main

THE man who gives no thought at all to his personal appearance is almost as foolish as the man who thinks of nothing else. The right collar makes for a minimum of worry about dress.



EARL & WILSON, TROY, N.Y.

Collars & Shirts



S

He: "You know, I could die dancing with you?"

She: "If it wasn't for the publicity, I wish you would."

Sun Dodge.

S-

He—"You never show any gratitude for anything I do."

She—"I'm not that kind of a girl." —*Puppet*

We have the novel of the year

MAIN STREET

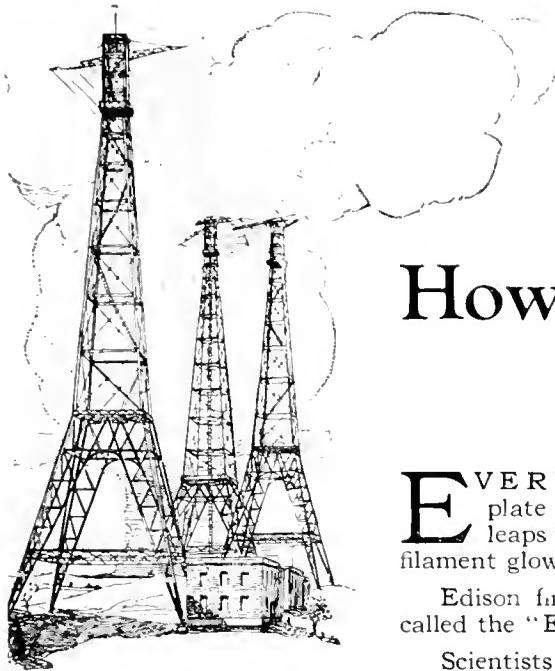
By Sinclair Lewis

Jacket in color \$2.00

"Best Novel Ever Written in the U. S.—Prof. S. P. Sherman.

The Co-Op

On The Square



How is a Wireless Message Received?

EVERY incandescent lamp has a filament. Mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament. A current leaps the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows.

Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"—exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"—a purely scientific discovery.

No one can foresee what results will follow from research in pure science. Sooner or later the world must benefit practically from the discovery of new facts.

For this reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are concerned as much with investigations in pure science as they are with the improvement of industrial processes and products. They, too, have studied the "Edison effect" scientifically. The result has been a new form of electron tube, known as the "pliotron", a type of X-ray tube free from the vagaries of the old tube; and the "kenertron", which is called by electrical engineers a "rectifier" because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current.

All these improvements followed because the Research Laboratories try to discover the "how" of things. Pure science always justifies itself.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

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Money Refunded

Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men's Wear

Jos. Kuhn & Co.
31-33-35-37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

THE SIREN

THE WINDY NUMBER OF THE WINDY MONTH OF MARCH, 1921.



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Clothes of Quality
\$25.00 to \$55.00

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Drop Cord and Plugs

*All kinds of
Accessories*

*Mazda and Nitrogen
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Aper Suction Cleaners

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Main 4046

URBANA

**"The best
Coffee in
the world"**

*When you are hungry and
want real, appetizing food,
drop in at—*

SAM'S

*Hot Waffles,
T Bone Steaks,
Soft Drinks.*

Across from the Chem Building

Always open.



A LOOSE NUT

— — — — —
"Taxi, sir?"
"Go to hell!"
"Sorry, sir, can't leave the city
limits." — *Tiger.*

COAL

*The Best from Southern
Illinois*

Be careful that you do not con-fuse our coal with the central Illinois varieties. There is no comparison.

We also handle the Genuine Carterville Coal and make a specialty of Washed Nut varieties.

We guarantee your satisfaction with every order.

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SONS**

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PHARMACY**

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TENNIS
SLIPPERS

Main 134

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Cleaning Co.**

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"Efficient and Reliable"

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We give special attention to
your individual needs.
— — —

Work called for and
delivered

— — —
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— — —
217 West Main Street, Urbana

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Barnhart Millinery

Each hat carries just that last touch that makes it a little more than stylish.

My spring display is unusually attractive. I am proud to show it. You will be proud to wear a hat chosen from it on Easter Sunday.

Millinery that is Different

Mary A. Barnhart

Second Floor Flatiron Bldg.
URBANA

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Dance Programs

Wedding Invitations

Stationery

Fountain Pens

Menus

Tucks

Ringbooks

Call Main 602

The
GEO. D. LOUDEN
PRINTING CO.
Printing and Binding
114-116 Walnut St. Champaign

NOW, I'LL MATCH YOU
Mike—Give me a match, Ike.
Ike—Here you is.
Mike—Well, bless me, if somebody ain't swiped my pipe.
Ike—Dat's too bad. Giff me my match.

—*Chaparral.*

—S—

"Well, of all the nerve," she said, slapping his face when he kissed her. "Well, then," he pouted, "if that's the way you feel about it get off my lap."

—*Lora Firof.*

—S—

GRATITUDE!

I gave her love. I gave her gold.
I Gave her love. I gave her gold.

She gave me back a sack to hold.

—S—

Polly—I hide my head in shame every time I see the family wash out in the back yard.

Dolly—Oh, do they?

—*Lampon.*

Especially Attractive

Easter Greetings

at—

STRAUCH'S

THE HOME OF GOOD
PHOTO FINISHING

Work in before 9:00 is ready at
5:30

The Popular Eating Place
IN URBANA

—is—

The Court House Cafe

G. W. LAWRENCE

Furniture, Pianos, Columbia and Brunswick Machines, Brunswick and Columbia records.

Special prices to Fraternities and Sororities on Grand Pianos.

G. W. LAWRENCE

112 W. Main St. URBANA

If you like things good to eat this is the place where you will find them

"When I get through with you,
if you're not dead, the city is go-
ing to bury you on suspicion."

—Brown Guy.

S

She: "I suppose you had a
pleasant voyage?"

He: "Oh, yes, everything came
out nicely."—Jack o' Lantern.

Got an Illinois Pennant for your room?

If you failed to select one
of the new Illinois Pennants
we have just received, Come
and get yours—

Every loyal Illinois stu-
dent should have one of these
pennants—the cost is but a
trifle—

—THE— CO-OP STORE

Everything for the Student—
On the square

On with the dance! Thirst
will come, but with it inimi-
table refreshment.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA



Learn to Dance!

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woman who is an easy and graceful dancer.
It is no longer necessary to spend a lot of
good time and money attending a large pub-
lic dancing class—where you get little or no
attention.

Peak System of Mail Instruction

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ATTENTION. You can learn to dance in
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without a partner. Practice any time you please.

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quickly learned—always remembered.
The Peak Instruction Courses are strictly up-to-the-
second—presenting the very latest steps of New
York's and Chicago's newest dances.

Sixty Thousand Successful Students

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the Peak System of Dance Instruction.

Write today for free information and interesting
booklet of dance facts—also special low tuition
offer. No obligation. **WRITE AT ONCE.**

WM. CHANDLER PEAK, President
The Peak School of Dancing, Inc.
4737 Broadway Est. 1880 Chicago, Illinois



31 squares

*There's the one I was trying to describe - Fairway, fourth
from the top - why don't you buy one?*

*Buy one nothing - if you like it, I'll get a dozen. One
can never go wrong on a box of Lion Collars.*



*—A satisfied patron means
a steady patron*

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

Champaign Tea & Coffee Co.
201 North Market Street
Auto 1586 Champaign, Ill.

Daughter (having just received a beautiful set of skunk skins from her father): "What I don't see is how such wonderful furs can come from such a low, sneaking, little beast."

Father: "I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I really insist on respect."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

D'JA GET THIS ONE?

Hefty Quem (at dance)—Oh, I'm danced out!

Gallant Stude—Aw, maw, you ain't you're just nice and plump." —*Mugramp*

"Sorry, miss, but we are not in need of any more work just now."

"But I'm sure that the little work I'd do wouldn't make any difference."

Jester

S

Father: I thought I heard that fellow kissing you last night. I hope you didn't encourage him.

She: No, Father, I didn't need to.

**AFTERNOON
LUNCHES**

*served each afternoon from 3:00
to 5:00—except Sundays*

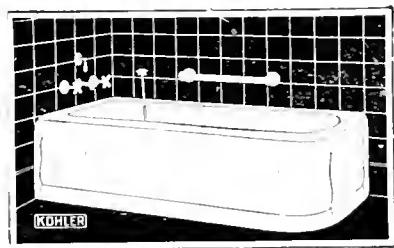
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STOLTEY'S GARAGE

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories—Storage
Repair Work—Mobil-oil

THAT NOISE

"John, wake up. What's that noise down in the library?"

"Oh, never mind. Probably it's only history repeating itself."

—S—

Pat—"You wuz in bed when Oi passed the house this mornin'."

Mike—"How d'yez know?"

Pat—"Oi saw your shirt hangin' on the clothesline."—*Drexerd.*

—S—

A man's clothes reveal his tailor, a woman's, herself. —*Tiger.*

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offers
**FRESH BAKERY
GOODS**
At All Times

To fraternities and sororities, we can give special service and price. Our goods are always fresh and are baked in a clean, sanitary bakery by expert bakers.

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47 Main Street

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Garfield 1216

for EASTER

Candies that you will be proud to give her.

Fancy candy, box candy, specialties for the Easter time.

You will be as well pleased with our candy as you are with our malteds.

We are here to please you. Drop in after your class.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie
In the ARCADE

*When in Urbana
Drop in at the*

“PLAYMOR”
*and see the Twin Cities’
Newest and Finest*

BILLIARD PARLOR

Eleven Brunswick Tables

Just the place for University Students

106 N. Race—Urbana

Oh boy!— they're here

Another shipment
of Herring Bones

Talk about snap and style—Just
step in and look them over.

*They came direct
from the mills*

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CHAMPAIGN

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Or if it only needs cleaning, bring it to us and we will put it in condition in short order.



We can guarantee satisfaction because our work is done by experts.

CHARGES REASONABLE, TOO

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Company*

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The little extra one pays is forgotten quickly in the pure, unadulterated satisfaction one gets in wearing Stetson Quality.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
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STETSON



SPALDING *Athletic Equipment*

THE old Spalding stuff is back on the market better than ever. There has been a recent reduction in prices which appeals to most of us.

You will find this merchandise to be better in quality and design than the equipment of any other make.

HARRY C. LEE RACKETS

The famous Dreadnaught Driver is a wonderful racket. We also carry the Lee Monogram and other popular rackets.

STUDENT SUPPLY STORE
Service Saving Satisfaction



Here, reader, is an undesirable type of whom it would be well that you be warned. His full name is Sistil Crabbe Fitz-Steamheat; the most useful thing he ever did in college was to pass a special in Library Science; his favorite sport is fault-hunting, and his favorite attitude is the horizontal; he doesn't even dance well. At the moment above depicted he is saying "Stadium? Say—if those birds think *I'll* kick in a couple hundred bucks for any such foolishness, they're all wrong, all wrong. *I* came here for a *education!* Whatta they want of a Stadium, huh?"



PREJUDICES

By PRO
I Like

Being introduced.
Symphony concerts.
Kissing.
Alma Rubens.
Posing.
Frankness.
Publicity.
Long sentences.
My own way of doing things.
The essays of Phillip Littell.
40% of the faculty men I know.
Rupert Brooke.
People who can talk without having a "line".
Anne Pennington's legs.
People who like me.

I DISLIKE

Risqué jokes with no point.
Jokes.
Babies.
People who eat lunches on the train.
The proprieties.
Hotel clerks.
Girls who talk about other men.
People who don't agree with me.
Undergraduate *précieuses*.
People who divide musical literature into "classic" and "the kind I like".
People who say that they are unprejudiced.
Small automobiles.
Poems of passion.
God's noblemen.
People who do not like me.
People who wear more than three pins.
People who say "You and I".
Wild west movies.
Sex movies.
Movies.
Sunday schools.
People who say "They say."
Militant optimists.
Small towns.
Socially-minded people.
Rubbers.
Cold baths.
The writings of Henry Van Dyke.

S

A PICK UP

Slowly the big gray limousine worked its way through the traffic. With the exception of the tall young man at the wheel, it was empty. His mind was apparently not on his driving for his eyes were continually turning toward the sidewalk. After driving on in this aimless fashion, he came to a large department store. On the curb stood a beautiful young blonde about nineteen—a common American type. A close observer would have noticed that she had been following the young man's course down the street with keen interest and was now gazing at him.

Soon the young man noticed her and apparently understood her gaze, for he smiled at her and bowed. She smiled in return and leaving the curb came strolling a step or two into the street to make it easier for the young man to stop. Seeing this, he at once moved up to the curb and opened the door.

She lightly hopped into the big car, settled back in the comfortable seat and turning to the tube, said in a bored tone, "Home, James." —*Brown Jug*.



Jack: Darn my lapses of memory.

John: What happened?

Jack: Called up my best girl last night and asked her if it was her night off.

—S—

SUCH IS HUMAN NATURE

A maiden fair will bob her hair
And powder up her nose,
To "rate" a "date" with some ingrate
Who'll totter on her toes.

—S—

I see you can get beer now on a doctor's prescription.

Ah! The beer is getting more and more near isn't it?

—S—

HOW COULD THIS BE?

Inside the darkness was all dark.
Outside the snow was snowing.
And as he doffed his hat and coat,
She knew she had him going.

—S—

NOT SO WRONG AT THAT



Do you like Nietzsche?
Occasionally, with beer.

—S—

Prof: What are you in college for anyway?

Stude: Gee, you too? That's what Dad's always asking.

—S—

The moon shines on the mountain,
The moon shines on the hill,
The moon shines in the valley
While the moonshine's in the still.

A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



Over the rough hewn paving stones

Rastus and Sambo rattled the bones.

Rastus was rattled, complete the pun,

The bones were loaded; so was the gun.

—S—

"This here now, Carpentier-Dempsey fight," ruminated Lafe Jabson of Still Valley, Kaintucky (he pronounced it 'carpenter') makes me wonder. The way I'd like to see the fight would be with this here guy George usin' a machine gun an this here guy Dempsey usin' a steam riveter. The boys are right familiar with them implements, which means somethin' if you was to stop an' consider it."

—S—

My name was Smith,
But I was a spiritual nephew
Of Emma Goldman, and
A soul-relation of
Lenin and Trotzky.
I was first skeptical
About the Honor system;
Never believed in it.
Whenever some new thing
Came to us here—
Whenever the Spirit of
Progress
Suggested an innovation,
I straightway set about
Giving Progress
A theoretical and verbal
Licking.
I laughed at the talk
About the Chimes.

Then — —

Having heard the chimes,
And seen evidences of honor
Under the Honor System,
I became skeptical about
The Stadium Plans.

.
The Boneyard has claimed me
For its own—although I protest
That I do not believe in
Boneyards.



"Poetry," says Lafe Jabson of Still Valley, Kaintucky, "poetry" is a wonderful melange of harmonies by which a man fools you into thinking he has said somethin', whereas if he was to write it out you'd find it didn't mean nothin' 'thout you had an encyclopedia to disintegrate it with."



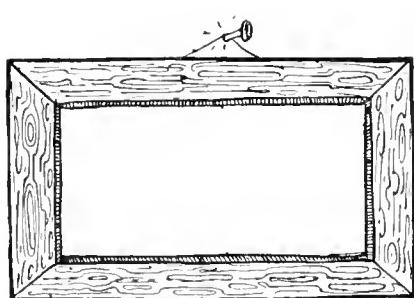
He: What costume shall I wear at the masquerade

She: Just go sober and none will know you.

—S—

I knew of a girl in Bombay,
Who gained thousands of ounces
each day,
One day in despair
Her dad seized her hair
Dragged her out, and gave her a-
weigh.

—S—



The above picture is a marvelous likeness of the young lady military company sponsor who can shoot an issue rifle without batting the right eye when she pulls the trigger.

She was a very simple maid,
I liked the way she smiled;
But all my love forsook me, when
She quoted Oscar Wilde.

—S—

He: My name may be Price, but honestly I haven't had a drop since July 1, 1919.

—S—

I love to gaze at little lambs,
A-frisking on the heather;
But its not lambs, its calves I see,
In March's windy weather.

—S—



RAOUL HARVEY

Raoul Harvey says, "Remember the old chaps that used to stand on the street corner and ask, 'Mister, would you give a poor feller something for a drink?' Remember? Well what would you tell him now. For me, I'd fall on his neck and say 'Sure bo, how much do you want to get rid off?'"

"Some people," said Raoul Harvey disgustedly, "don't trust their fellow men a bit and it sure is disgusting. Why would you believe it? I tasted carbolic acid in the last bottle of shellac I bought strictly for household purposes?"

OUR MODERN SLANG



"He blew past."

—S—

No matter how high the cost of living goes writing paper will always be stationery.

—Virginia Reel—

—S—

And Bloomington will always be below Normal.

—S—



Why are you hanging around the barnyard?

I'm waiting to milk the cow, I just saw her eating dandelions.



MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

It has been my unique privilege to witness a battle of wits between two of the world's most noted men of genius, namely: Sir Cyril Waffleiron (who, you will recall, invented the Union Depot, the Disappearing Poker Chip, and other useful household articles) and Levi de Mayonnaise, editor of the Vie Parisienne and French correspondant of the Police Gazette.

The two men of letters and myself were having a go at the billiards at Mawruss's Place, in Monte Carlo. I was ahead of the game, and permitted myself to twit my eminent companions on their ill fortune. This friendly spoofing was taken in good part, because Sir Cyril was too full of old Falernian (or was it Pinard?) to feel insulted, and the Sieur de Mayonnaise was unable to catch much of my French. The game progressed fitfully for perhaps half an hour, until Sir Cyril took the notion of emptying a siphon of seltzer on the table, saying that "there jolly well ought to be a water hazard on this bally course!" We stopped playing, and were debating whether to finish the game out on the lawn where there would be more room, when we were startled by the sound of a door being violently slammed. The Sieur de M. lifted one of his hands to command Sir Cyril's rather wayward attention.

"Mon ami," he said "is it that you are to know when is ze door not ze door—when is ze door not ze door?"

"I think not," answered Sir Cyril, attempting to climb into the clock. "When is a door not a door, old chap?"

The great editor smiled sardonically and rang for the waiter before answering:

"When—eet—ees—LOCKED!" he said.

S

CAVE MAN

He grasped her by her swan-like neck and drew her to him. She uttered a scarcely audible sigh as her lithe form was rudely crushed against his muscular frame. She leaned back, but could not escape the rude kiss which he forced upon her chaste lips. His coarse beard scratched her face, and his nose dug into her cheek.

At last he released her and she started back with a sharp gasp.

"I hate you," she cried,.....and she meant it.

S

TIME DOES CHANGE THINGS

What has become of the old fashioned Womans' League reformer who said the Toddle was terrible?

Oh, she's now saying it's terribly—nice,

CHECK

I had loved her dearly for many an evening. I felt that my life would end if anything ever came between us. We were seated on the veranda, and a silver moon high in the heavens filled my heart with an irresistible appeal. I drew her to me and whispered in her ear, "Helen, is there anything in the world that you love better than all else, better than music or art, better, better even than life?"

"Yes", she replied, and her voice fairly trembled with emotion. "Yes", she repeated, "chocolate malt floats".

S

I thought I had cornered her affections.

Hadn't you?

No, I Bulled my market too much.

S

First He: Going to "Pan-Hel" tonight?

Second: Out of who?

S



Helen: Did you know Marlamay was engaged to Jack?

Worse: Yes, and, would you believe it, she says she intends to marry him.



VIEWPOINT



The Extinct Fish: Goll-ee! A museum is sure an interesting place. One sees so many peculiar people!

—S—

WELL DONE

"Maybelle certainly has wonderful presence of mind."

"Well, she got away with some pretty good ones of mine, too." —*Chaparral.*

—S—

He—"Nothing is so beautiful as the sunrise in the fall."

She—"Oh, yes, dear, I could watch it all day." —*Virginia Reel.*

—S—

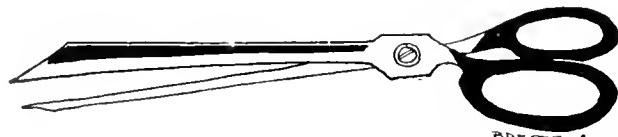
She—"Isn't it rather difficult to eat soup with a moustache?"

He—"Well, it is quite a strain." —*Banter.*

—S—

Prof: The pride of the geologist comes in being able to see farther below the surface of the earth than a human being can.

—S—



Handy device for taking spots out of clothing.

THE——RESERVE

While I'm struggling here at my studies,

Turning out poems and themes

Spring straggles again o'er the campus,

Bringing its myriad dreams;

Dreams of the rollicking days that have been,

When, wearing the horizon blue

I sat with Lizette in a Paris cafe

And ordered up Volnay for two.

Its a far, far cry from a Paris cafe

To the classrooms of Varsity Hall,

And I know that I really should turn my back

And keep right on rolling the ball;

But somehow the springtime just forces on me

The dreams of the days on the Rue,

When troubles and worry were all swept away

As I ordered up Volnay for two.

Heigh-ho, I've a chapter of French to translate

I'm behind in my written work now,

And the darn stuff won't come as it honestly should,

It seems I've forgotten the "how."

Let's see—"avez vous, but avez vous *what?*"

And then, "do you speak—Parlez vous?"

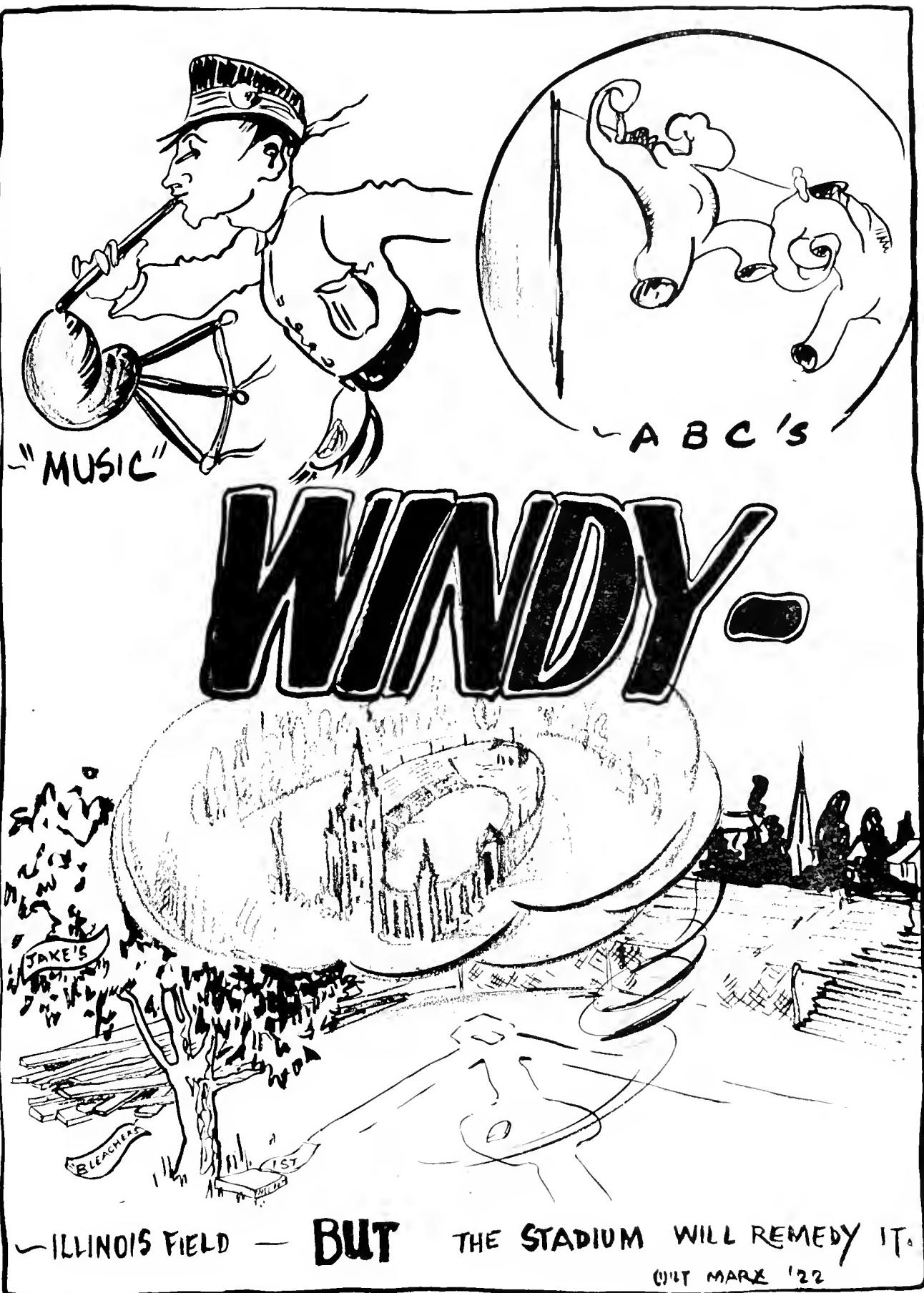
Why surely I speak, and in dreamland I say

"Garcon, make it Volnay for deux."

—S—



The above is a sketch of a heated moment of the last Gotch-Hackenschmidt bout drawn at the orchestra pit by a *Siren* staff artist. Note the Pre-Pulverizer grip that Senor Hackenschmidt is exerting on M. Gotch.





The Siren



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THIS, the Windy Number of *The Siren* demands a dedication—it is sacred to a type. So, let it be. We then dedicate this issue:

To the Stadium committee members, first of all for with all their windiness, they are doing a great work and *The Siren* wishes them the best of luck and promises to work her wiles in their behalf whenever her aid is requested.

To the politicians of the campus—for they are the true wind-jammers.

To the co-eds, who frequenting the booths of Mosi-Over's, (adv.) in their shy way manage to use a greater amount of wind than one would expect.

To our *befored* lecturers, who make our most able politicians listen with awe.

And last—but not least, to the month of March who in previous years has found work for his winds at the street corners, but who now has been so far outdone by Style, that he needs must hide his head in shame along with mankind.

— — — — — S — — — — —

The cover on this month's *Siren* carries an idea. It typifies modesty. We sincerely hope that some one in our vast thousands of readers will catch the significance of the sketch—which, you may note was drawn by a member of Daubers.

Two weeks ago "A Line o' Type or Two" ceased to appear in the Chicago Tribune, we thought temporarily. March 19 it ceased forever. This loss is a severe one to American humor, and it is with profound regret that *The Siren* bids farewell to that prince among humorists, Bert Leston Taylor, who has written his last, last line.

————— S —————

ILLINOIS has tentatively started a drive for a stadium, to be erected somehow, somewhere hereabouts, sometime in the future. Where and when we are not informed at present—but HOW, we know instantly.

The stadium will be erected by the loyalty of its thousands of alumni and students, by the generosity of a state that refused a second place in progressiveness, by the millions within the state limits, who being among the first to send their sons to the service of their country, will be among the first to establish a memorial fitting to their heroic sacrifice.

When in future years the people of the state gather in the stadium to cheer our teams on to victory they will know that their money has been put to the best advantage, and that a memorial fitting to the sturdy youth of the state who gave their lives in the service, stands for all time in their memory.



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

BY PAUL LEACH

It is a wonderful thing to hear utterance of new thoughts, whose sound reason and acceptability are apparent immediately upon their expression, despite their strangeness. Gilbert K. Chesterton, whose newspaper appositive is "the English essayist," gives this pleasure to the hearers of his lecture "The Ignorance of the Educated."

Chesterton's discourse is based on no detailed outlines; he follows no brief, point by point, clinching each as the carpenter clinches nails. Rather he takes a few examples of his theme and by illustration and many words, he adequately clarifies his subject. He tells of the proneness of the educated to regard theory over fact, as witness the age-old English belief that the English and the German

are fundamentally the same, and that the German should be treated as such. He chides the fallacies of the educated, their swing from individualism to socialism, with the failures of each in practice. Then he points to the fact that the advocating class, instead of admitting its mistakes, is inclined to exult over the fresh remedy.

Chesterton appreciates. He calculates and makes allowances for his subject, audience and its state of mind, and his impression on that audience. The result, of course, is a great success. Those who attended expecting earnest argument, potential comedy, or a fine style full of literary allusions and highbrow patter,—these must have been disappointed. The author's presentation is slow, lucid, and lightened by his pervading geniality, which often crops out in the lecture.

Spring, formally initiated with sanguine and youthful disregard of the vernal equinox, seems to be upon us. With shoutings and trumpets, with red fire, saxaphones, banjos, and much negligé pageantry, grim winter has been flouted. A serenading party on a truck went by, playing a fox trot. Somebody yelled, from sheer excess of animal spirit. Somebody leaned out of a window and fired a gun—and howls and yells and gunshots spread like wildfire. There was a mad parade, a bacchinal without wine—and winter was over.

"Fill then the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Thy winter garment of repentance fling."

Will the gentlemen of the psychology department suggest an explanation?

S

Politics—campus politics seems to be with us again, the students will elect a Student Union president shortly. *The Siren*, wearied with too much "politiking," wonders what it would be like to have an outstanding man put up for the place, one who would be so outstanding that he would be elected without opposition, avoiding a repetition of the snarling campaign of last year.

S

The Siren is a bit late this month, but her momentary clump is pardonable. She and Brother Harding have had some little trouble in picking a cabinet that would meet with approval—and the French translations have been more difficult as well,



Speaking as chairman of the stadium committee Zupp wants a gigantic Campinale "to tower above the stadium, piercing the clouds and gazing down on the plains of our fair state. A tower that may be seen for miles." (Not an exact quote, but it does sound like it, doesn't it?)

Well and good Mr. Zuppke, but listen, we're going to oppose you on that score unless the Council of Administration promises not to put class-rooms in the Campinale and make a second Education Building out of it. Five flights of Uni. Hall is bad enough.



The appalling predicament of a Stadium committee chairman who called a meeting in order to get acquainted with his committee.

—S—

Oswald was a student and labored at his books.

While Harry was a campus coot' and thought just of his looks.

Now you may think that Oswald

Grew rich in after life.

Well, you're right.

—S—

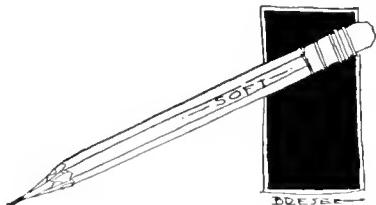
Jack and Jill

Went up the hill
To get a pail of suds
Unlucky pair

When they got there

They found that the price had gone up and the only way they could get what they wanted was to hock their clothes and slap a mortgage on the what-not.

—S—



A handy invention calculated to do away with ink stains.

CLYTIE IN SEARCH OF HER TRUE LOVE

We had such an interesting talk up in our room the other night! Some of the girls dropped in and we sat around in, well, just whatever we had on, you know. I don't know how it happened, but somehow we got to talking about men.

I think its just terrible the way some girls talk about men. I mean, the flippant attitude they take towards them. I'm not at all flippant that way. I think when a girl gets to be twenty it is time to take a serious attitude towards men. Of course I don't mean that one ought to consider every man whom one kisses as a prospective husband. Good gracious, no! I would hate to think of marrying some of the . . . well, you know how it is!

I think a girl ought to think about these things in a really serious way. I do! I'm terribly serious sometimes, and I think about life, and doing good, and being a Useful Member of Society . . . But I told you about that the other day, didn't I?

Recently I haven't been so keen about being a Useful Member of Society. I think one's first duty is to one's husband. Wasn't it Cromwell who said "Happiness begins at home?" Or maybe it was Judge Landis. Well, anyway, I was reading in the paper the other day that some great figure in history said that. That's just what I believe too!

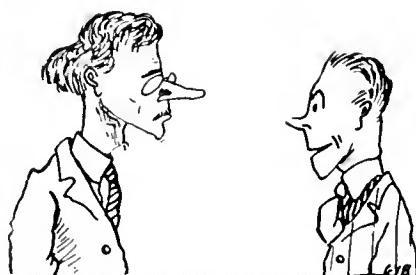
Sometimes I get awfully discouraged about finding a man I could love. I don't think having money and being good looking is all there is to being a good husband, do you? Kaye Manthriller said the other night—at our little discussion, you know—that what she wanted first of all was a man who was a good lover. I was so

indignant, I just *looked* at her! And the other girls just laughed. I don't think she ought to be encouraged that way. She just said it to be smart, anyway.

Clara—you know how poor dear little Clara Mudd throws herself at Toodles—just sat there with a dreamy look on her face. Honestly, you would have actually thought that she was engaged! She isn't tho, because I asked Limpy—you know I've been dating with him quite a bit since I dropped Toodles—and he says *positively* that there isn't a thing to it. Well, Clara said that all she wanted was a chance to make the man she loved happy, and that happiness comes through making others happy. Poor absurd little dear!

Oh yes, I was going to tell you the kind of a man I could love! What—really! *Honestly*? I'm so sorry, dear. I've got to run down and get a marcel. I'm late now. Well, spring's coming, you know, dear, and I don't think I want to settle down on one man yet—you understand. Come over and see me. Would you like to see my new gingham bloomers?

—S—



Teacher: Is that your father's signature?

Stude: As near as I could get it.

Taking a walk on an empty stomach is said to improve the digestion—but be careful whose stomach you walk on.

—S—

Mary, Mary quite contrary
How does your garden grow.
Oh! Not so very good kind sir.
I've rolled my hose you know.

—S—

"Bursts and Duds" of the American Legion Weekly fathered this one:

Banker: Are you sure you understand the Federal Reserve System.

College Grad: I should say so.
I was in the R.O.T.C.

—S—

A girl from Champaign, Illinois
Once fell for a Maryland boi.
He wasn't quite bright
But his checks were all right
Now they're happily living in jois.

—S—

Peck: I told Alice a "snappy story" the other night and I was never so embarrassed in my life.

Bill: Ah! a faux pas?

Peck: No, she'd heard it.

—S—

THE GAMBLER

A gambler is an evil youth.
He bets and rolls the bones,
He scarcely ever tells the truth,
And gurgles ice-cream cones.

—S—

I once knew a mercantile checker,
Who answered the surname of
Decker:
He married for money
His wife, to be funny,
Now calls him her little exchequer.

Hakonlie
1921



"Harold is a terribly windy person.

"He talks incessantly. Do you know the other evening he interrupted me three times in two hours, trying to say something about a beastly athletic contest right in the middle of my explanation of how poor dear Fido lost his collar....."

B.—
ADAUBER

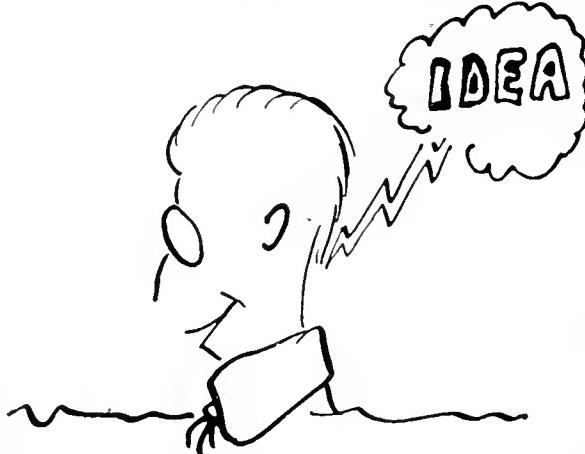
The Master MIND



This stadium idea is Jake
We'll put it over—no mistake



We're under way—now for the dough
That's what we're working for you know



An idea strikes the neutral zone
Between the linen and the bone



To see that every brave kicks in
With his percentage of the tin



We'll put each one on some committee
And then (so easy its a pity)
There will be no denial of—if
For every one from his own self



Rakes in the money that's expected
Thus all are covered—the job collected!

The Shortest Way Thru College

After (a long way after) George Ade.

When Wilbur dropped down to the University for a Four Years' Set-to with the Profs, it was Evident that there were various Ideas in the Family as to the Aims of a University Career. Sister Fanny, who had always been a Fluke at the local Frolics because of her Funny Features was heard to make Insidious Suggestions in regard to the Social Life at the Old School, and it was Evident that she considered Wilbur as the Open Door thru which she was going to Whirl into the Inner Circle of the College Cut-ups. It really looked like Wilbur might become Useful for the First Time.

Wilbur's Mother begged him not to run up the Light Bill too far because of his Yearning for Wisdom and to Try and get some Sleep. She reminded him that he Never had been Strong.

His Dad told him not to Get Buck Fever the first Time he got a shot at some Important Facts camouflaged in Fair Plumage. He told the Offspring that he need not be afraid of Overwork as he had been Resting for Eighteen years. Which shows who Knew him Best.

But Wilbur had the Correct Dope. He had his Future Career all Mapped Out in his Mind and didn't need the Family in an Advisory Capacity. He was going to be a regular Fellow at Illinois. He knew that he would be There and Then Some because he had been Hot Stuff among the Greeks in the Hopedale High School. The Pillars of the Ladies' Aid Society conceded that he was a Wild Boy. Since no Counsel for the Defense appeared the Matter was Settled.

The Family finally Shipped him to the College 'mid Torrents of Tears. His Mother reminded him of his Rubbers and told him to Write on Both sides of the Paper and his Sister Chipped In to tell him to be sure and Snag a Big Pin and his Dad told him not to be too darned Free in letting his Friends Take a Little because being a Loan Shark pays only when you get the Principle Plus the Customary Percent. Then he said "Goodby Kid" and Cleared his Throat vigorously.

When Wilbur saw the old Depot receding in the Distance with the Family still giving him the Chantanqua Salute with commendable Energy he began to feel Funny. For the First Time he Reflected that

he had a Fine Mother and that he was really Attached to the Old Man.

After Wilbur hit the Twin Towns and had shaken Hands all Around, did he Tear into the World's Knowledge with the Idea of Depleting the Stock on Hand? He did not! He forgot all about the Baccalaureate Address and Life's Larger Lessons and set out to put a Crimp in Dad's Currency. He seemed to have a Natural Gift for making the Mazuma Move On, and among the Business Men was Well Liked. He had a Charge Account at Mosi-Over's and Zout called him by his First Name just like he was an Athlete.

Wilbur went Big with the Boys as the Ability to Check Out is no drawback to a Live One. By Christmas he had achieved the Distinction of being Well Known and every time he dropped in the Ice Cream Foundry the Boys all said "Hello Old Man! What'll We have?" Under the Magic Spell of a Coupla Cokes he usually Relaxed his customary Reticence about Himself and told the Boys how he was Kidding the Profs. They all said "Great Stuff" and had Another One while Wilbur swelled out his Chest and said to Put it on his Account.

He found Several Ways of making the Evening Pass. Seven-thirty usually found him shooting a Game at the Arcade or Checking In at the New Orpheum where he occupied a Box Seat. He always got a Laugh somewhere in the Show even if it wasn't Funny. He had to, being a Carefree University Student. But he said he wasn't Able to hand Much to the Cuties who Cavorted there in Terpsichorean Contortions. He even Ventured to Indicate audibly that they had one Quality in Common with Lillian Russell and it wasn't her looks. From this you can see that he was a Clever Boy and right There with the Quick Comeback.

Needless to say, Wilbur and his Beaucoup Scheckles and the Line of Bla-Bla which he picked up around the Fireplace after Dinner when the Talk got Intimate and the Brothers spoke freely of War and Conquest, went Big with the Flappers. He was Nice to Look At and after he had learned that Freshmen don't wear Spats and Derbys and Perfumery he became a frequent Visitor at the better known Houses, including Sunday. He didn't invent the

(Continued on Page 27)



The Diary of Samuel Pepless.



March 12.—To the Orpheum this evening to gaze awhile at the wonders of nature, but was forced to wait a time for the shows start, it seems the chorus had just arrived and had not had the time to undress. The act was passing fair. But 'faith the old Globe is not to be outdone by these modern day marvels.

March 13.—Came within an ace of winning a goodly number of pounds sterling this day. My opponent had four kings however, which lost me the price of the Easter doublet.

March 14.—To the Mosi-Over Tavern with My Lord Saffer this morn, where we discussed various and sundry things until two ladies ensconced themselves in the nearby booth, and rather than whisper we wended our way onward to the musty class-rooms. These learned gatherings at the Tavern are becoming the essence of life here in Blahemia and oftentimes with My Lords Davis, Stevens, Traut, Richards and others, even sundry Zetes at times, we talk long and learnedly over our cups. Sir Rodney Stonecutter did deign us his company one day recently and added much to the conversation.

March 15.—Observed with impatience that the politicians of these classic surroundings are again at work, this time in their endeavor to select the Union president for the forthcoming year—odds bloods but this capital and labor problem is waxing strong when so many non-laboring men can become interested in presidents of unions.

March 16.—Conversing today with Sir Clancy Conrad who informs me there is to be a dance come April 16 at which the plumbers and steam-fitters (pardon me, the engineers) will cavort to weird music. Was especially pleased when Sir Clancy said he would leave a window open for me to enter, thus escaping paying the three cart wheels asked by the dance committee for entrance.

March 17.—This being St. Pat's day did to an Irish meeting and spoke against Home Rule, whereupon my wild Irish rose and rotten-egged me from the hall. Which is inconvenient.

A CHINESE PIG-TAIL

A Chinese lad named U Chee Chop
Was cursed by one bad bandit,
Which was the use of warm red pop
With onions and Welch rabbit.

He chewed not, neither did he smoke
He never did have bunions
But night and day his "tum" he'd choke
With rabbit, pop and onions.

His mother warned, "O! Takee care—
"By-by you gettee painful."
But onions he ate by the pair
Eke pop and rabbit baneful.

As prophesied, at last he died
But not from pop or onions,
No rabbit harmed his tough inside;
In fact—he died of bunions.

BONE YARD BLUES

Standing one day in the Bone Yard,
I was weary and ill at ease,
For the inky murk of its waters
Enveloped me up to my knees.

Down my back there ran a quick shudder,
It was followed close by a chill,
Standing there in the Bone Yard,
Bathing against my will.



The wind howled wildly. Captain Jones, standing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 28th Street cursed mildly as the pretty girl abandoned her skirts and clutched wildly at her hair.

"Damn," he murmured, "I almost saw her ear."



Spring comes, and brings us many things, badges change hands, and diamond rings are seen on hands, here-to ungraced and badges and rings are oft misplaced because of Spring's weird mystic spell that binds poor man—and binds him well.

But then—some other things are worse—the Dean's K. O. the slow drawn hearse—and last, but worst in many ways—the worst of things—the spring tag days.



Each man kills the thing he loves;
 By each, let this be heard.
 Some do it in deep secrecy,
 By some, help is preferred.
 The coward hides his acts in shame;
 Brave men boast, "It occurred."

 Some kill a quart and some a pint,
 Some hoard it drop by drop.
 Some kill with great hilarity;
 Some weep with each cork's pop.
 But glad or sad with his crime goes on
 And each man kills his stock.

Some drink it bonded, hundred proof;
 For some the cost's too high,
 So they buy moonshine where they can,
 And kill it with a sigh:
 For each man kills the thing he loves,
 Yet each man does not die.

In his last hour he does not see
 Before his tortured brain,
 The visions of the days gone by,
 When men looked with disdain
 Upon the lowly H₂O,
 As only good for rain.

PLAYS AND BOOKS

The title "PLAYS AND BOOKS" is centered above a cartoon illustration. To the left of the title, a woman in a dress and apron stands next to a man in a top hat and bow tie who is holding a string. To the right, a man in a graduation cap and gown holds a book and a diploma, while another person's arm is visible behind him.

The indispensable member of the editorial staff who reads but is unable to write his views of the latest books, and of some not so late, dropped into the office and said:

"I just finished 'The Moon Calf' by Floyd Dell. It is great. In some respects it has 'This Side of Paradise' and 'Main Street' lashed to the mast—but it is in a sense comparable to neither. It is as different as they are different from the regular line of best sellers.' Alfred A. Knopf, who published the work says it is 'the most distinguished and most significant first novel by an American that has ever been offered for publication,' and he adds that 'it will command wide attention and universal respect' and he's right, I believe."

"The Moon Calf, tells the life of a man, from his early youth to his young manhood. He is a dreamer, a poet and withal a real boy. He has love affairs that seem a little more impressive than the usual cub-loves and the book closes without a fond clinch and the ringing of wedding bells. It's decidedly worth reading."

Floyd Dell, the writer, has just entered the novelist class with this book. He is better known as associate editor of *The Liberator*.

—S—

An organization, to be known as "The Lambkins" has recently been formed from the cast of "Sweethearts" and will have as its reason for existence, the production of musical plays in which both men and women will participate. In all probability one play a year will be produced and if they are as successfully "student directed and acted" as was the play this year the society will indeed be welcome to our campus.

The new club will not conflict with Pierrot in

its time-honored custom of producing the Student Opera.

The Siren welcomes the Lambkins and will watch their gambolings with interest.

—S—

Headlines for the coming month will announce the change of type recently adopted by Mask and Bauble, in the selection of a staid and sedate three-act drama, "Our Children" by Lewis Ansbacher, for presentation on April 15 and 16.

The story of the play is that of two old men who look back on life with far-seeing eyes, in a comparison and contrast of their lives and of those of their children. Although the play is a drama, it is replete with amusing situations and complications, that do their share to lessen the tense grip that many productions under the appellation of "drama" take upon their audiences. The piece requires seven men and four women, and presents an excellent opportunity for character portrayal.

Noteworthy as the successes of Mask and Bauble have been, the decision of the organization to produce something more worth while than the customary two or three-act comedy must call down the applause of university and local audiences. The best of the university talent is available, and nothing clouds the further climbing of the Illinois dramatic sun.

Mrs. C. A. Gille, of Decatur, who is now coaching female parts for David Belasco productions, has been secured again as producer. Mrs. Gille needs no introduction on the campus, inasmuch as her work has been in a large measure responsible for the success of previous pieces chosen for production by Mask and Bauble.

With three premier assets—a coach, a club, and a play—to guide the play to success, the university audience should have given to it playing of the best class.

The Best From the Rest

Old Lady to drunken student: "Young man, don't you know when you have had enough?"

Student: "Madam, I don't know anything when I've had enough, I'm unconscious."

—*Virginia Reel.*

—S—

Hunks:—"Smith, I hear, played poker last night for seven hours straight."

Binks:—"Huh, he couldn't play straight for seven minutes." —*Froth.*

—S—

Dear Beatrice:—"How shall I treat a young man who always kisses me on the porch?" "What d'ya mean porch?" —*Buffalo Evening News.*

—S—

THEY'RE ALL LIKE THIS

"Yessir," howled the prizewinner, "he tried to tickle me, in that last clinch. Lemme at 'im! I got a good notion to poke 'im one."

—*Sun Dodger.*

—S—

BUT THEY SATISFY

Gentleman caller (to young boy): "Good heavens, boy! What would your sister say if she saw you smoking cigarettes?"

Boy (calmly): "She'd have a fit. They're her cigarettes." —*Sun Dodger.*

—S—

OLD STUFF

Definition: A co-ed is a girl who can look at a piece of mistletoe and never get a thrill.

—*Sun Dial.*

—S—

K. O.: "I went up the Hudson for a rest during the vacation and met a most beautiful girl."

O. K.: "Then what?"

K. O.: "You can imagine the rest!" —*Lampoon.*

Spic: "My fiancee insists that I obtain her a huge bouquet for the dance tonight. Is it being done?"

Span: "No, you are." —*Sealper.*

—S—

MORE FREE ADVICE

Don't bluff during a recitation: It is better to keep quiet and be considered a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt.

—*Sun Dial.*

—S—

It often takes a good, solid damn to stop a flow of tears.

—*Sun Dodger.*

—S—

A HOLD OVER

She—"Harry told me a story last night."

Her—"Can he tell a good story?"

She—"Yes; he holds his audience from start to finish." —*Chaparral.*

—S—

"Darling, I kissed the very stamps on your letters because I knew they had been touched by your sweet lips!" "Oh! Jack, I moistened them on dear old Fido's nose!" —*Bystander (London)*

"I told her I was going to kiss her once for every step of the way home." "And what did she do?" "She went upstairs and put on a hobble skirt." —*Pearson's Weekly.*

—S—

SUSPENDED SENTENCE

Judge: You are sentenced to hang by the neck until dead.

Sentenced: Judge, I believe you're stringing me.

—*Chaparral.*

The Shortest Way Thru College

(Continued from Page 21)

Toddle, but he had mastered the Movement early in Life, and it is worthy of Note that the Girlyies always closed their Eyes when he Steered them in the Mazes of the Dance.

But what really made him a Success was what happened after the Ball was over. He usually had the Sisters eating out of his Hand about the second Date. Even the Wise Girls admitted that he Got By Nicely.

Along about Christmas he got a Shock. He discovered that there was a Conspiracy on Foot among his Instructors to Flunk him. He went to see the Good Dean about it. The Dean However was Prejudiced and broke the News to him very Gently that he was Overent in three Subjects, and that his Idea of a University seemed to be decidedly Hazy. Wilbur countered with the Simple Assertion that he had never been Accustomed to rising Early. Wilbur was Pained to find that the Attitude of the Dean was very Unsympathetic, and Quoted his Mother to the Sceptical Personage across the Desk. After Delivering his Ultimatum he walked Out, leaving the Dean Flat. He knew what was Good for him, he said.

After that he Passed us several Warnings from the Brothers and continued on his Career of Speeding up the Circulation of Jack in the Twin-Cities. He planned on bringing the Car down for the Second Semester, he Confided to the Vacant-eyed Flapper who was the Receptacle of his Inmost Thoughts.

Then the Crash Came. They Flunked him. He was hit Hard, but after the Realization came to Him that he had been Betrayed he rallied like a Man. He wouldn't Argue, he said. He would Preserve his Dignity, or die in the Attempt. So he Wrote to his Dad that he was coming Home for a Rest. He told the Mater that he had had a Case of Nervous Breakdown. Meanwhile the Old Man was figuring up the Expense Account. He thought that he must be Seeing Double.

After Wilbur had Listened to the Dean's famous Remark in Re the Time of Departure of the Six-fifteen, and had shaken Hands with all the Boys he brushed a Furtive Tear from his glistening Orbs, and Climbed Aboard the I. C.

The next Time that he was fully Conscious of his Surroundings he found Himself Safely on Board with a One Way Ticket in his Clutches. As the Landscape slid Swiftly Past, he Looked Backward at the smudge of Smoke that represented Champaign, and Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Well, I'm the College Type, anyway!"

MORAL: FATHER WAS RIGHT!



Silk Hose

An unusual value of Wilson Bros. chain knit silk hose

75 cents

ROGER ZOMBRO

Apparel for University Men
Green street—of course

We Supply Ice Cream

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and other large gatherings where food refreshments are served. We guarantee prompt deliveries of the best ice cream made under strictest sanitary conditions and shall be pleased to arrange with committees and others for supplying this best of all refreshments and deserts.



Champaign Ice Cream Co.

Bell 175 115-117 E. University Auto 2107

MURAD

The Turkish Cigarette

We go 6000 miles for the
Turkish tobacco used in Murad—Why?

Because—Turkish has a taste—Turkish has a mildness—Turkish has a delight—far beyond all cigarette tobaccos of all other lands—

Murad gives you real enjoyment, and true delight such as no Tobacco other than 100% Pure Turkish Tobacco can give.

Facts—Facts—FACTS—!

Tens of thousands of smokers—tens of thousands of times—have PROVEN this—

"Judge for Yourself—!"

20¢



Anargyros Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



Apperson's Little Plumber

It's Not a 1921 Home if You Have an 1891 Basement

Is your basement equipped with modern, sanitary laundry tubs, hot and cold running water, and a drainage system that keeps it dry?

If not

Come in or phone us for full information about our modern plumbing and heating system.

L. W. APPERSON

Phone Main 906

120 S. Race St. URBANA

Dancing Instructions



Classes are now open for dancing lessons. Learn how to dance for the spring season.

Private Lessons by Appointment.

MARY ELLEN McCLAIN

INSTRUCTOR

614 E. Green St.

Garfield 3323

STRICT INTERPRETATION

Putman conductor: See here, porter, what do you mean by hanging a red lantern on that berth?

Rastus: Rule 23 says to hang out a red light when the rear end of the sleeper is exposed, salut.

—Jester.

—S—

Hostess—It looks like a storm, you had better stay for dinner.

Jackson—Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that. —Virginia Reel.

—S—

He—May I call you by your first name?

She—By your last name if you wish. —Yale Record.

—S—

She—What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?

He—A magician. —Banter.

Kant C

See WUESTEMAN

♦ ♦ ♦

Eye Helper—it isn't as if it would cost you anything—a little of your time is all I ask—glasses only if you need them—and then too; prices for glasses are reasonable not fancy.

♦ ♦ ♦

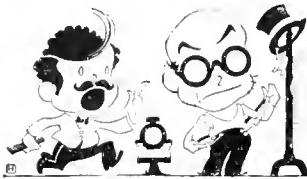
WUESTEMAN

Eye Sight Specialist

CHAMPAIGN



Every man in the class knew the answer



PROFESSOR HASKINS.

WAS A kindly soul.
 * * *
 BRIGHT ON some subjects.
 * * *
 BUT SO absent-minded.
 * * *
 THAT ONE day at the barber's.
 * * *
 HE TOOK off his collar.
 * * *
 TO GET shaved.
 * * *
 AND FORGOT where he was.
 * * *
 AND KEPT right on.
 * * *
 TILL THE cash-girl screamed.
 * * *
 AND A barber stopped him.
 * * *
 HE WAS a great smoker.
 * * *
 BUT HE'D often put.
 * * *
 THE BURNT match in his mouth.
 * * *
 AND THROW away.
 * * *
 THE CIGARETTE.
 * * *
 HIS STUDENTS loved him.
 * * *
 HE WAS so full.
 * * *
 OF FUNNY surprises.
 * * *
 ONE DAY he had a tube.
 * * *
 OF RADIUM and he told.
 * * *
 THE STUDENTS all about it.
 * * *
 AND FINALLY, by mistake.

INSTEAD OF the tube.

* * *
 HE PULLED out one.
 * * *
 OF HIS cigarettes.
 * * *
 AND ASKED the class.
 * * *
 "WHAT IS the one thing
 * * *
 WHICH DISTINGUISHES.
 * * *
 THIS MARVELOUS substance.
 * * *
 FROM ALL others on earth?"
 * * *
 AND THE class roared.
 * * *
 "THEY SATISFY."



WHAT is it you've always wanted a cigarette to do? You know the answer. Chesterfields do it—they not only please your taste, they satisfy! It's all in the blend—a secret blend of fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. It puts Chesterfields where none can touch them for quality and value.

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Harriet—I weigh exactly 125 stripped.

Harry—You can't tell exactly, these drug store scales are liable to be wrong. —*Gargoyle*.

—S—

Our idea of a tough situation is for a fellow to get a kiss fairly well launched and then have a sneeze beat him out.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

—S—

Prof.—“Hey, what's that noise out there?”

Stude:—“Why, I just dropped a perpendicular, sir.”

—*Voo Doo*.

Slater—I say, why don't you wait on this table?

Waiter—Thank you sir, but it's more comfortable on this chair.

—*Brown Jug*.

—S—

Judge: What is the prisoner charged with?

Attorney for the defense: Your honor, he is charged with striking a woman, but there must be some mistake, for he merely mentioned that he didn't like her apartment.

Judge: Proceed sir, for in so doing he has knocked her flat.

—*Virginia Reel*.

—S—

Freshman—Barbah, how long will I have to wait for a shave?

Barber—(looking at him) —Oh, about two years. —*Record*.

“I'll say one thing about my brother, he never comes into the house drunk.”

“You don't say so.”

“Of course, sometimes we find him in the gutter.” —*Froth*.

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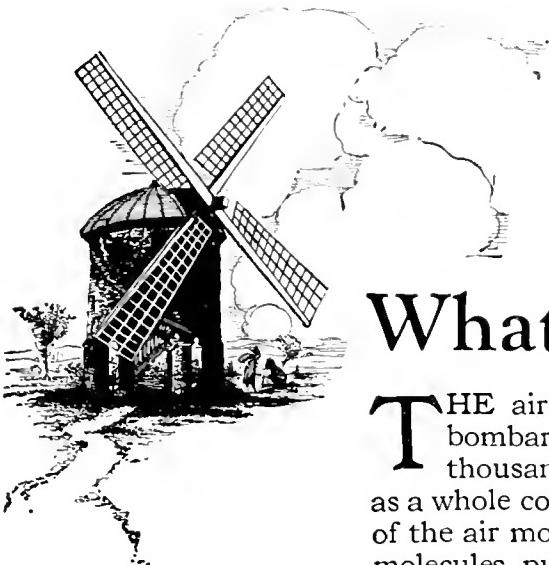
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CHAMPAIGN



What Is Air Pressure?

THE air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.

Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science — research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.

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THE SIREN



18

MAY '21

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HISTORY

Son: It says here that the fellow named Whitney invented the cotton gin.

Dad (drowsily): What's the good of it with products?

—Jester.

—S—

E. T.

Mr. Rawld: "Did the canary which I ordered to be sent around arrive in good condition?"

Mary: "Yes, sir, except they forgot to send the bill." —Taper.

—S—

"TWAS THE MORNING AFTER

One half (to husband, still in bed): "I'm tired calling you."

The other half (drowsily): "Well, why don't you raise me?"

—Sun Dodger.

—S—

"Papa, what is a humdinger?"

"A humdinger, my son, is a man that can make a deaf and dumb girl say, 'Oh, daddy!'"

—Gargoyles.

ALONG THE ROAD TO MATRIMONY

When mutual admiration and confidence entwine a maid and a man, they are in the first lap of the love race. Usually, it is the young lady who is on the young man's lap and it denotes heart progress along the road to matrimony. The happy running mates always pace as a team. But, no matter if one of the pair should reach the minister first it would probably result in a tie with the preacher doing the tying. After the knot it tied the newlyweds but that is another story.

—S—

NOT THE VICTROLA WAY

Fair Maiden—Will you start "Whispering"?

Curious Student—Is your old man home? —Jester.

—S—

"I'll never take another drop," said the Soaked One as he fell off the cliff. —R. O.

The Popular Eating Place

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In the words of the littlest news editor: "I like fellers what is good fellers. If you can't be a good feller there ain't no use bein' a feller at all."

"This permitting of buying drinkin' beer on prescription may be all right," said Raoul Harvey, "but you tell 'em one thing; its goin' to ruin a lot o' amateur research."

More Brains: What is that charming thing he is playing?

Less Brains: A piano, y' dub.
—*Octopus.*

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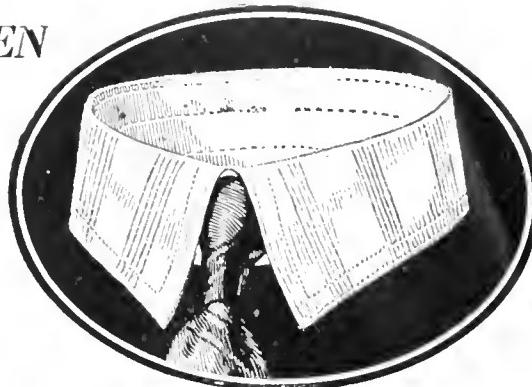
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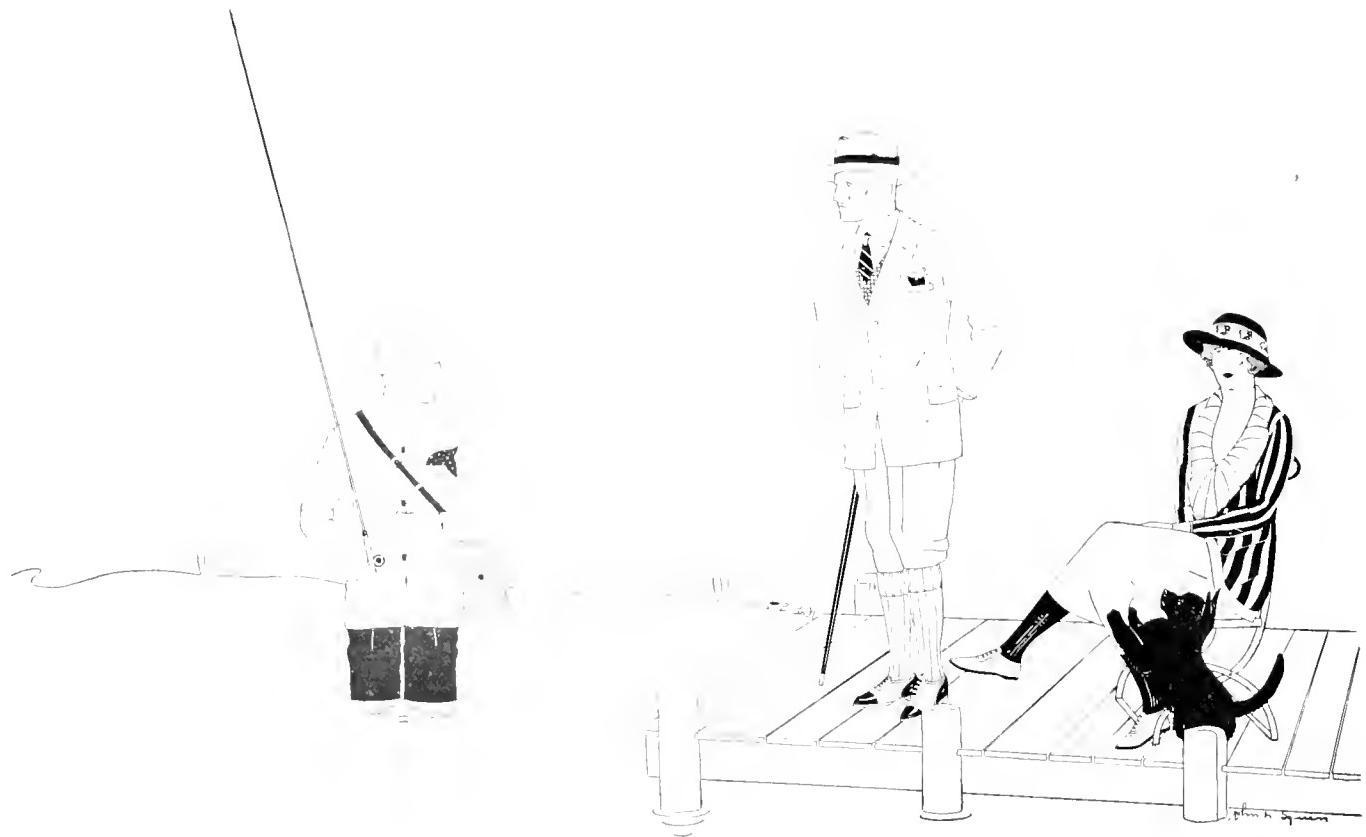
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What line did you use?

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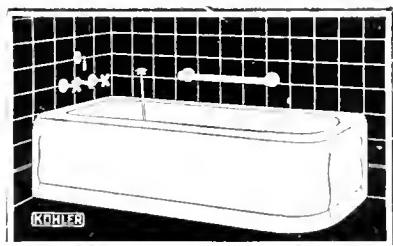
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"Matrimony," remarked Lafe Jabson of Still Valley, Kentucky, "is more of a chance than buyin' a auttymobile—you can't tell what's under the hood til you hear her run with the muffler off, and any good agent'll let you try out a car that-a-way."

۷۱

Kutie Agnes slipped on her veranda last night.

Brutie Well, well, did it fit her? *Chaparral.*

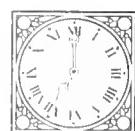


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"Where's that dog you fellows used to keep over at the chapter house. The one that used to hunt up the lost balls for us out at the Golf Course?"

"Well, we had to get rid of him. He was mighty useful, but some of the Alumni objected to our keeping him. Said they didn't like the idea of a tee hound around the house."

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URBANA

WILLING HOLD UP

"I've been reared in the lap of luxury," said the millionaire's daughter.

"Try mine for a change," suggested the impeccuous young man. —*Baltimore American*.

—S—

May—"Have you ever talked this way to any other girl?"

Rap—"No, love; I'm at my best tonight." —*Penn. Punch Bowl*.

—S—

HARD LUCK!

Frosh: (who has just taken a new Fair One home): "I hope to see more of you."

Fair One: (Indignantly): "Well you will be disappointed. Good night!" —*Burr*

—S—

She (proudly)—You'll always find some of the big bugs at my father's hotel.

He (truefully)—I know it. I slept there one night.

—*Columbia Jester*.

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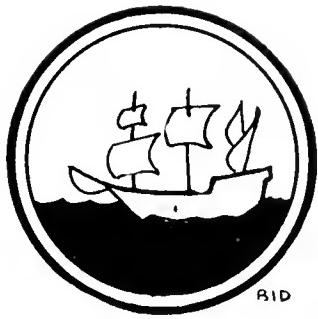
606 E. Green Street



Tense moment. The annual farewell. Moonlight—presumably, Serita. Timothy. Train leaves next morning. For Serita, the occasion is in its fifth phase—when she was a freshman she stood under the same peculiar tree and said the same sweet things. So Serita says goodbye rather well, albeit she finds it rather tedious by now. This is but the third last God-speed for Timothy, and his technique isn't so good. Listen: "Yes, Life is funny. Will we ever meet again? Or won't we?" and—"Ah, but I'll write, every day, or at least every week!" and again—"I'll never forget this spring. It has been *so* wonderful!" Great Egyptian Deities, Readers! Doesn't it make you sick—when you are not one of 'em?



The Siren



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C. M. Ketchmer, '22 ----- Assistant Business Manager
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The time has come, the Walrus said—for the has-been editor to tie a "For Rent" tag on his room mate's Corona, to turn over his membership card and leave Bla-hemia—for better things, he hopes.— To those on the campus, and elsewhere, who have appreciated the efforts of the present regime and to those who have helped make it successful, if it has been successful, we parting ones express our sincere appreciation. You have helped more than you have realized.

To those who wish to make *The Siren* better next year we have what we believe is a message—Work for it.

The last two years have been an uphill fight to put "The Old Girl" back on her chaise lo. Next year promises as great a struggle. It is not right that a mere handful do what a great many should be doing.

It is true your efforts on *The Siren* will not be paid for. You will receive no high honors at the hands of the student body. The editorship or business management will rate you no honors as honors

go about the campus—yet your efforts will bring a reward, if you are interested in having a *good* humorous publication at Illinois.

Just what the reward is, the outgoing editor is not sure, although he has been working for the magazine since the days of Raphaelson and Miller. Whether it is the satisfaction of having done your best—the glow that comes from the knowledge of having done something to make Illinois real to people who otherwise wouldn't realize that quality or whether it is simply the satisfaction of being in "activities," we can't say. Yet the reward exists. The present staff feels that it has accomplished something. Perhaps that may show next year—in increased interest in the publication by the student body.

This year the subscription list was somewhere around 1,200 in a school of nearly 8,000. Pretty poor you say? You are right.

Is it the fault of the magazine? Many of our contemporaries have circulations of almost 75 per cent, in some cases as high as 85 per cent of the student body—yet their publications, if they excell



The Siren are not so greatly superior in quality.

No, the trouble lies with a student body too lazy or too disinterested to labor for a student institution or too content to read the copy purchased for the fraternity house table.

The Siren of the future lies not with the newly elected editor and business manager—it lies with you, the average student of the University of Illinois.

S



When ye Olde Girle remarked so coyly last issue that she disliked people who wore more than three pins, she spilled an awful lot of good solid thought in a line or two.

What she meant to say was to this effect:

There are among us many who desire to belong to anything that they can join, and to have at least one or two means of recognition for each organization. Just for a little good wholesome fun, let's imagine that we belong to that crew—just for a minute.

To begin with, we must immediately organize into one big body, and of course, we must have a pin for it. That goes without saying. Now, we'll divide and get a watch charm, and a couple weeks later, we'll subdivide and—well, pins are always good, so we'll get one. So we won't cause too much talk, let's wait three weeks this time, and then take a jaunt over to the left hand side of the big organization and its offspring. Now, no one here on the campus will know that we're pulling old stuff on them, so we can get pins for the groups as they look from the left hand side. Naturally we'll give them new names.

Before the end of the semester, we can really afford to look at affairs from the bottom, and give some aspiring fraternity jeweler a job.

Now, the end of the semester is upon us. Well! well! Here are four of the old crew taking the same final at the same time. Steady, fellow fraters, because we can form another club. Each one of us will bring in a friend, and we can put it over.

So, fellow citizens and fellow joiners, take a slant at the beautiful corduroy vest, very carelessly exposed to the elements and to the admiring gaze of the very few who do not know the meaning of all the pins. But father won't the elements hurt the vest? Oh, no, the elements won't hurt the vest. There are too damn many pins on it.

"Follow me and wear diamonds?"

"Join the R. O. T. C. and wear service bars."

Why not! Everybody does it. Without overexerting one's eyes, it has become exceptionally easy to distinguish at least five service bars on the manly breast of some of the officers of the R. O. T. C. who, as we are already aware, sometimes find it necessary to sit up during the silly night to design new places for decorations.

In one of the instances of the five service ribbons, inquiry revealed that one was for the world war. Check! The man deserves it if he was in the army, and it is the mark of recognition given by a more or less generous nation as a reward for performing a duty. The second ribbon was covered with stars, and informed the world in general that the wearer is a member of a military organization. Not that membership in the honorary fraternity of college military men is to be laughed at. That is not the point; but why is it necessary to flaunt such membership before the eyes of people as a mark of heroism? The third service bar was for a summer camp conducted for members of the R. O. T. C. The fourth and fifth were ribbons whose authorization could not be determined, for, to use the words of the wearer, "O' they're just a couple I picked up."

Years ago, a major who knew his stuff remarked to us that a service ribbon was given to men in the army who had done their share, in some way or other, to keep the stars and stripes on the top of the pole, with the stars uppermost. If our 1921 eyes are to be believed, many of our R. O. T. C. officers are to be carried upon the shoulders of their fellow men, for have they not rendered so many separate and noteworthy services to their country that they have two rows of ribbons across the left side of their blouse?

Now, let's do one of two things: either wear only the ribbons that have some definite meaning in the eyes of the world at large, and not alone in the mind of the wearer; or give service bars for those who smoke a certain brand of cigarettes, those who are able to spit the greatest distance while standing on one foot, and for the still more accomplished heroes of the day—those who can swallow present day moonshine.



HOW TO BE "COLLEGE"

(and unpopular)

Broaden our "a's,"
Forget acquaintances,
Go without a hat,
Cultivate the ego,
"Cellar-dig" on our friends,
Crib,
Use Pinheads,
Wear more than three pins.

—S—

The freshman co-ed who has collected three fraternity pins this year remarks that she disapproves of the application, "four dollar and fifty cent romance," to a college love affair.

—S—

Soph: Wonder if we'll have any option on that Algebra exam?

Frosh: Gosh no, we didn't have that in class.



Why do you call the milkman
Pharaoh's daughter?

Well, he got a profit out of the
water didn't he?

—S—

My head is all a swimming,
It fairly makes me moan,
But I can easily guess the cause;
I ate an ice-cream cone,

—S—

Oh a co-eds life
Is a world of strife,
Tis a heluva life, quite a pity:
For imagine it when
She's engaged to three men,
And her fiancee comes from the
city.

A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



BEHOLD....THE wraith of Jabez

Sauer.

On earth I was known
Far and Wide
As the man with the
Mortuary Physiognomy
I... passed the Blue Laws
I... prohibited beer
I... throttled joy in every
Shape and form wherever found.
And why not?
Beer hurt my stomach
Golfing made me stiff in the joints
Therefore I throttled them.
Why should others be happy
When my dispesia kept me from
Being happy?

—S—

ALEMONY BLUES

One I love,
Two I love,
Three I cast awa,
Into court,
Judge no sport,
Now I have to pay.

Lusher—"What costume shall I wear at the masquerade?"

Soak—"Just go sober and no one will guess who you are."

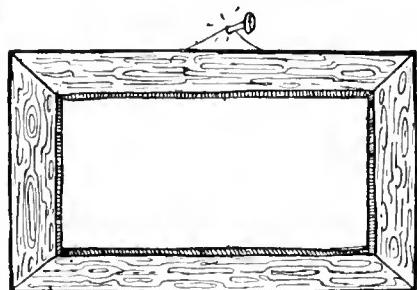
—Tiger.

—S—

AN EXERCISE IN PUNCTUATION

When first I tried to kiss her,
She was quite vexed with me;
I still recall her very words—
"Frank! Please don't! Stop!"
said she.

But now that I have kissed her,
It sounds quite right, you see
Her meaning's difference when
she says,
"Frank, please don't stop," to me.



The above is a pleasing likeness of the student who stands on the Co-op corner each afternoon and recites through a megaphone, "I think "The Green Eye" is better literature and more true than "And it Came To Pass."

(We don't expect everyone to get the drift of this.)

—S—

PAGE BURTON HOLMES

A girl from the island of Yap
Once sat on a Yaplander's lap.
He said, "Careful, please,
I have caps on my knees
Which explode at a very light
tap."

—S—

"Just got a doggy letter from
my girl at Wellesley." —

"Ah, a little Boston Bull."



MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

Affairs of state pressed heavily upon me during my stay in Nowhat. Therefore when the Nargileh of Yupoore invited me to spend a week-end hunting pythons with him I was constrained by patriotic regard for my health, to accept. The Nargileh kindly explained the ingenious native method of outwitting the ferocious python, which was to tie the huge reptile in a bow knot, and then to untie it so quickly that its shoulder blades would be shattered. Before we started I spent an hour or so practicing upon a length of garden hose, much to the amusement of the head hosier, who remarked that I was, in the Yupoore vernacular, "Sheemish".

We entered the humid jungle at daybreak. Until evening we looked for snake-tracks without result. The Nargileh seemed disappointed, and suggested that we forgo the chase of the wily python and spend the evening hunting Indian snipe, of which, he said, there were an abundance. I readily agreed, and was highly pleased when to me was awarded the honor of holding the Sakh, a bag-like affair with which, in Nowhat, the snipe is snared.

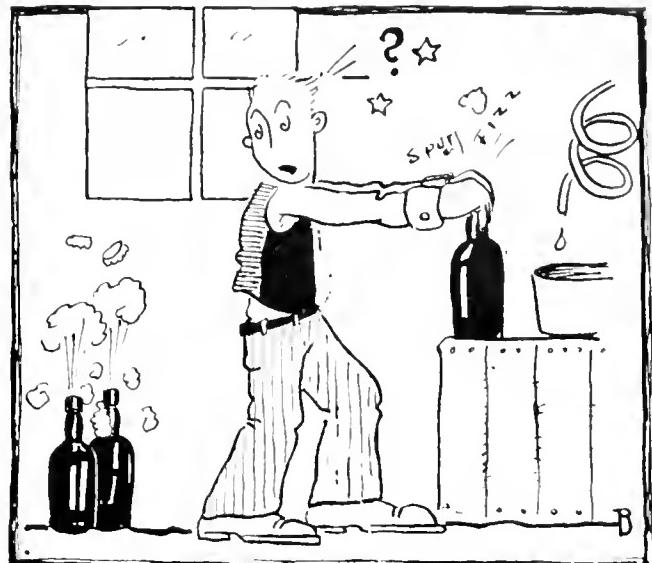
At dark, then, I was given the Sakh, and instructed to hold it in readiness for the Indian snipe, which would be driven in by the Nargileh's huntsmen. I waited, therefore, without a sound, in the tropic moonlight. An hour passed. Two hours. Not a sound reached my ears. Not a snipe fluttered into the Sakh. Undismayed, I stayed by my post until daybreak. Then, very much disappointed, but with a proper pride in my inflexible patience and sportsmanship, I went in search of the Nargileh and his party.

I regret to say that when I found my royal friend he was drunk, lying under a shrub at the edge of the jungle. He attempted to speak, but was so far in his cups that he could only laugh foolishly, repeating the while some native phrase I could not understand. It sounded some thing like "Sylas! Sylas!"

— 8 —

Annabelle has ankles neat,
Slender arms, and lips petite,
Grecian figure, tilted nose,
She has charm in every pose.

—
Annabelle has baby eyes,
And modest ways, but the kid is wise:
Though she looks demurely rare,
You should here our Annie swear.



TROUBLE BREWING

— 8 —

THE IDEAL COED:

- Doesn't speak of old dates in front of new ones.
- Speaks to men after meeting them once.
- Keeps her knees covered.
- Swears when necessary, with neither an apology or a devilish look.
- Powders her nose.
- Does not bob her hair.
- Kisses only those who won't tell about it.
- Will break house rules once in a while.
- Is not afraid of being caught when she does.
- Never tries to shimmy by herself.
- Powders her nose.
- Knows some good stories.
- Never asks for advice.
- Dates men who can't possibly compare notes.
- If she must smoke, inhales.
- Powders her nose.
- Refuses to elaborate upon the "men at home".
- Can see a joke.
- Takes what she is told with a grain of salt.
- Doesn't "talk back".
- Isn't *too* damn inquisitive.
- Realizes that she isn't perfect.
- Powders her nose.
- Realizes that her sisters aren't perfect.
- Realizes that men aren't perfect, but
- Doesn't rub it in.
- Refuses to wear fraternity pins where she can use the plainer kind.
- Powders her nose.



The Artist: What do you think of the Renaissance artists?

The Bohemian: Oh! Really you know, I haven't been there in yeah's, I just couldn't say.

—S—

Romeo: Are you a T. N. E.?

Hamlet: No, but I know where you can get some.

—S—

"Burn my clothes," remarked the city boy who had thought he was petting the barnyard tom-cat.

—S—

MODESTY

He: What does the dean think of the shimmy?

She: Oh! I couldn't say.

—S—

But no kidding, did you ever hear a Frosh call it Homer's Ilio.

—S—

"What in time were mosquitoes made for?" groaned the tired vacationist.

"I'll bite," returned the one that had crawled inside the netting.

—S—

"Time," declaimed the eminent geologist rehearsing his speech on "How the World was Made," "Time is nothing to the geologist. A life-time is but a moment. . . ."

"All right Henry," called his wife, "Use about a second beating these six rugs and cleaning out the furnace."

NEW FABLES IN SLANG

By Ineeda Aid.

Once upon a time there was a Frosh. He performed the Great Act and entered the University in Exchange for a Fee. It's worth 25 berries to anyone to Loaf a Year. Our hero was full of Ambitions, Ideas, and other such Matter entirely useless on a campus. To Appreciative Audiences he recited in glowing detail his marvelous Future, of Phi Beta, Football Letters, etc. The audience was appreciative of James' cokes at the invite of Aforementioned Hero.

In the meanwhile, the sophisticated Jrs. and Srs. hunched up their Society Brand sleeves and thought of the coming Flop. Which however delayed as the Frosh managed to pull down more citations to wear alongside his toque than they had pulled in two (2) or three (3) years. MORAL: What good is an education?

—S—

"Pardon me captain, is that our barque?" queried the poetically inclined old lady, pointing.

"Listen madam," returned the old salt, "Just because my name is Shepard, don't think I'm a dog."

—S—

Poor Murphy had a bad cold. He couldn't talk above a whisper. He decided to consult a doctor, and, not finding him in his office, went to his home. The doctor's wife opened the door, and Murphy said in his loudest voice, which was little more than a whisper, "Is your husband in?" The doctor's wife replied in a whisper, "No, come in".

—S—

ODE TO THE ANGLE WORM VARIETY

Your eyes are like two shining stars,

Like roses red, your lips,

You'd give this Venus bird a rum,

If you just had some hips.

—S—

Ai: You better get a hair cut.

Fal: How so?

Fa: Well, that's cheaper than buying a violin.

—S—

As to short skirts, if they get much shorter they'll be a hem!

—S—

"Speaking of cheek-to-cheek dancing", said Simple Sal, "I always did claim that two heads were better than one."

TILLIE'S ROMANCE

A beautiful broiler was Tillie,
The star of a vaudeville troupe,
As pure and as fair as a lily;
But she whistled when gargling soup.



While John was a young college student,
Engrossed in pursuit of the "A",
Who never considered it prudent,
To venture abroad after day.



Till flirted each night with the "buddies,"
While John kept his nose in a book,
And John shook his head o'er his studies,
While Tillie, her white shoulders shook.

Now to all the fact is quite patent,
That a rendezvous neither would seek,
But poets can always be blatant,
(My license was issued last week.)

Now Tillie, (my license is working,)
Just happened to John's town to go;
While Johnny, his calculus shirking,
Just happened to take in the show.



You see I am really offending
By using the troubador's right,
However my tale has an ending;
I cannot keep writing all night.

One look, and with inwardly quaking,
The couple locked looks in a glance.
Till's left arm refused to keep shaking -
John sat in his seat in a trance.



"Go on," you say, "Finish the story,
"Did Tillie and Johnny get wed?
"Did Tillie quit shaking her shoulders?
"And Johnny quit shaking his head?"

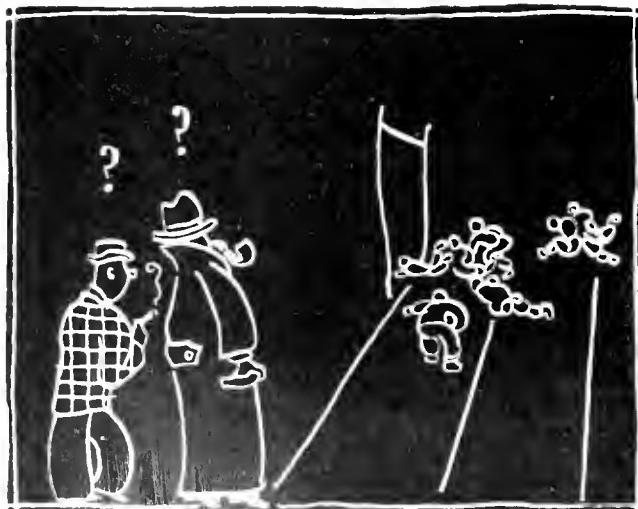
Ah! No, I must tell you precisely,
The absolute truth you must know;
John went back to work very nicely,
And Tillie left town with her show.

EVENTS O



The year starts, heigh-ho for a prosperous year. Edgar goes to the registrar, receives a long sheet of paper on which he is to write his name 2,000 times, his father's age 9,000 times and his mother's maiden name 6,000 times, then tell how many people live in his home town and why. Easy—he puts a freshman on the job—but after that—the advisor, and five days later (if he's lucky) Edgar gets a slip telling him he can pay his \$900 and get the privilege for four months of buying drinks at Mosi's and Jimmie's and tripping to the High Ho house on weekends.

HOECOMING. Ah! what a glorious season for young and old and those not so young and not so old. Then, if ever come perfect days, and nothing's the matter with the night. At this season come the old-heads, bedecked in their finest and convoying that which they have saved for months and months, to share with the brothers of yesterday—only to see it disappear down the parched throats of the multitude in a few minutes. That is a season when fraternity grips are dearer than ever—provided them come heavily laden, and 'tis a season when—but the least said the better, perhaps.



The Doubtful Touchdown—this is a farce skit staged annually. It consists of two groups of eleven men each who struggle over a leather oval for an hour or more. The main point of the game lies in getting the ball real near the line and trying to put it over—but not succeeding. Then the other side tries. This was most successfully staged last fall in a contest with a group of boys from Ohio—when it appeared that the ball went over the line three times. There was an error somewhere however. Someone slipped—and slips don't count. It will be produced again this fall.

THE YEAR

Twice a year come—the finals, the final test of the honor season, the dean's office advises. Often compared to "absolutely the last tour" of Sarah Bernhardt. Here the patient relaxes, if possible, and writes as much as he can in a vain attempt to spoof the prof., a prehistoric method of "getting by." In the interim he looks about to see if anyone is cribbing so he can soothe his honor by reporting them—then signs the pledge. He has accomplished the impossible—written in four hours what a minigraph couldn't do in six.



Then—the prom. A function to which all Juniors are invited and which six attend annually. It is also attended by 800 Seniors who didn't pay because they belonged to T.N.E. last year or were on the Freshman cap committee eight years ago—and which nine-tenths of the Freshmen and Sophomores who can rent dress clothes attend by laying down the 6.63 (wartax included.) It is a gala season of cellar digging and getting your roommate's best girl to give back his pin and take yours. A highly productive season for \$1.50 courtships, as it were.

And last—the sweet girl graduate of 1921, demure and shy she steps on the rostrum to grasp her sheep-skin (not the truck driver variety.) She smiles coyly, but appropriately. Her senior gown trails gracefully, one might say a bit raspingly, against her dimpled knees. Still demure she trips out—the sweetest of the sweet girl graduates of centuries, hiding but little from us . . . of her emotion. En Avant . . . may she learn to cook before the ceremony.





"POLLY WITH A PAST"

—S—

JUST ABOUT

Johnny: Paw, why do they call the doctor that brings the babies a stork?

Paw: Because he has such a large bill, my son.

—S—

ASTRONOMICALY SPEAKING

Twinkle, twinkle movie star,
I bet I know how old you are;
Forty-nine, if you're a day.
Tell the truth, What do you say?

CLYTIE GETS REALLY ANGRY

I'm so mad I could just die! I was reading the most fascinating book the other day (you know how I am when I am reading, I simply get *wrapped up* in whatever it is that I'm reading) well I was reading (let's see *what* was I—h yes, I remember now. I was reading a book on psychoanalysis. It was by a Mr. Freud—no, it wasn't either. Now I remember. It was by another man, but it seems that this Mr. Freud invented psychoanalysis. Well, anyway, it was a perfectly fascinating book. I got so interested in the book that I completely forgot to powder my face before dinner and I went down looking like a perfect fright!

I think it is really a duty to understand these scientific things, don't you? Its so broadening on one's personality these days, can one? Almost everybody has a personality now.

Of course you have to get behind the technical side of psychoanalysis before you can really understand it. And then you find that it isn't really nice. It seems that there is a terribly naughty streak in all of us which we never know about. I never knew it until I read it in this book. People are all so naughty anyway I was so discouraged at health lecture the other day. It seems that Dean Mason thinks people are pretty bad too, and she knows all the nicest people too.

I tried to psychoanalyse Clara Mudd the other day. But she got mad when I asked her what she dreamed about and told me I was a horrid girl and cried, the little silly! There isn't anything I wouldn't do for the girl—I think she's *so* sweet, and I won't begrudge her poor old Toodles one bit. She probably has a terrible

complex. I think she's in love with Toodles, myself.

Would you like to see my new book? What? Oh yes, I was going to tell you why I was so mad. I never was so mad in my life. I was simply *furious!* Well, let's see... That's funny; *I was*; *I know* I was. I—well, I've forgotten now. Maybe I can remember later. Did you see the new organdie dress I wore at the Phi Epsilon dance? It's a darling. I'll show it to you!

—S—

We walked into the gardens,
The moon smiled down that night:
From what he saw, I'd think the
moon
Would have to laugh outright.



Brother Goodefellow: 'Faith, an' I wish 'twere not a pleasure to shoot red-skins, for 'tnth they get bloody aggravating o' Sabbaths.'

—S—

"Key, don't you just huff to dance?"

"Jazz."

—Puppet.

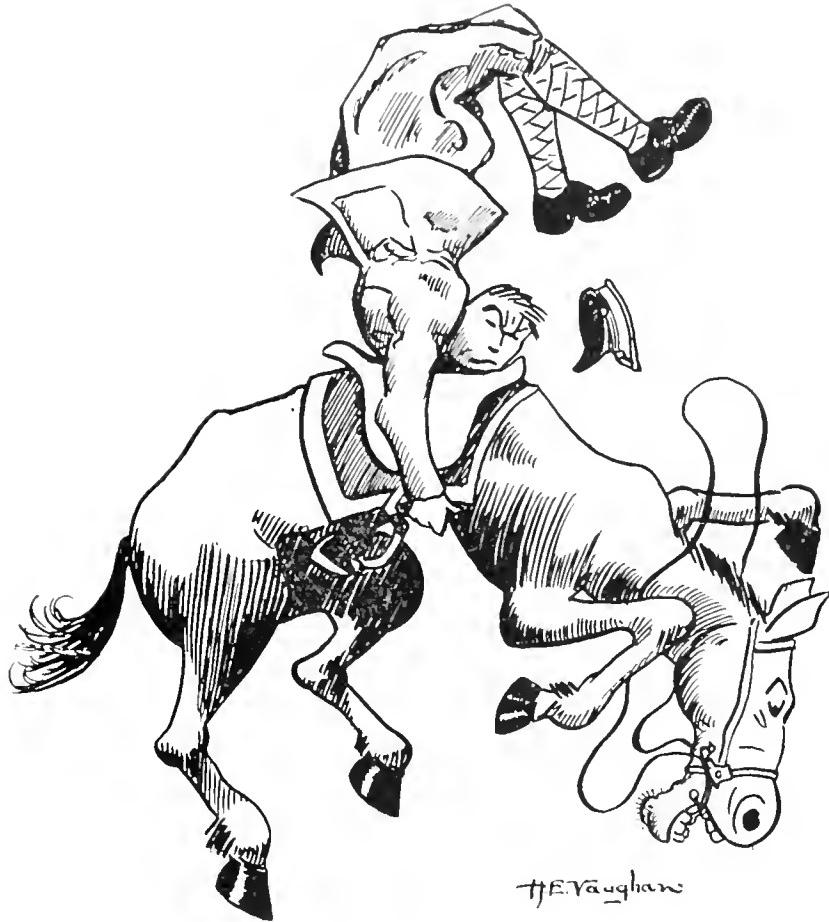


They went to a movie,
Then somewhere to eat;
She ordered till Johnny
Was getting cold feet;
He pulled out a dollar
And edged toward a door
That's all there is,
There's not any more.

They walked out to Green Street,
The porch was quite dark;
For just one nice long one
She said he could park.
She left his embrace
And edged toward the door
That's all there is,
There's not any more.

—S—

Pete: You're too effeminate.
Repeete: How so? I don't smoke.
Pete: No, but on wear socks.



(Editors Note: A cruel reader, tiring of Raoul Harvey's physiognomy as displayed each month inquired the other day as to why the old man wasn't killed. We thanked him for noticing the repetition of the illustration—now we kill him.)

If you want to read something that's funny and witty,
That's chuck full of pep to the sill,
That's full of horse sense, to a rollicking ditty
That wont let your brogans keep still;
If you want to read aught that will make you a thinker,
Ere over the bucket you kick,
You'll peruse, ere you croak, with your slow dimming blinker,
This witty old girl. She is trick.

Oh, tell me of poets who chant to the skies
Of love on the moon-lit board walk,
Oh, give me the rhymer who sings of Ma's pies
In the good old American talk,
If your collar bone's rusty, your derby is dusty,
You're spavined and knockneed and lame;
Rely on THE SIREN so jolly and trusty
To cheer you and brace up your frame.

From the Business Staff.



Professor Combyses MacNutt,
Once was trailing a butterfly; but,
In the heat of the chase,
He climbed up to a place
From which palaces looked like a hut.

The Professor was brave as could be;
He clung to the trunk of a tree,
While the butterfly twittered
And scoffingly tittered
"Combyses, you'll never get me."

When the roots of the tree-trunk gave 'way,
The Professor fell downward all day,
And he said, as he fell,
"One is puzzled to tell
Where that butterfly learned how to say—

"Combyses, you'll never get me"
It is curious as it can be—"—
—But then he hit ground
With a sickening sound,
While the butterfly tittered with glee.

A NOVEL CHECKING SYSTEM

Two slightly intoxicated gentlemen wandered into a public dance. One asked the location of the cloak room, and was told to take the first door to the right, and to go down three steps. Due to the lickerlogged condition of his brain, he got the elevator shaft by mistake, and fell eight stories to its bottom. His friend watched his sudden departure, and leaning through the door called out, "What you doing down there?" After a short pause the following answer came up the shaft, "Hanging up my coat. Look out for that first step: it's an awful one".

S

Dr. Beard (to foreign student): Stick out your tongue and say a-a-ah.

F. S.: No speaka da Eenglish.

THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT

The air was filled with the smell of blossoming cherry trees, and a silvery moon cast pale shadows over the rolling lawns. Far down the street, the dying strains of an impassioned serenade were wafted upon a fairy breeze.

John made a noble effort to control the impulse which surged within him. A lump rose in his throat, and it was all that he could do to keep from crying out to the person who was seated next to him. At last he could stand it no longer. He turned suddenly to his room mate and cried out, "Oh, let's let this Trig go, and take a shot at the Spanish".

S

Fresh Collich Chappy: Have you red flannels?
Blushing Co-ed in great anger: I'll show you young man!



When the first warm crack o' summer puts old winter on the hummer and the crocus starts a croaking on its vine, then a tingle for a frolic ties the tin can to the cholic and it enervates your system just like wine. There's a great demand for action that encourages your traction and the thing to do is give your feet their swing—Let 'em join in aerobatics that will cremate your rheumatics and indulge in two-steps while the birdies sing.

Take your fly rod from its cubby—choose the worms most sleek and chubby, put your "bait" in liter bottles on your hip; then go out where nature's beauties wile your thoughts away from duties and sit on the mossy bank and—catch the gripe.

Or, if so your being calls you, and in case such luck befalls you and you're neither blind or sick, nor halt or lame, let your brogans do the choosing and go find out who is losing—take a side slant on the home teams latest game.

Oh the spring-time is for boating, eke for tennis and wild-oating and in some outrageous instances—for beer; so let nature take its measure, spend your leisure time in pleasure and don't ever let your duties interfere.



Three cross eyed men were called before a cross eyed judge.

Judge: (looking at the man on the extreme right) What's your name?

Man on the extreme left: John Smith, Sir.

Judge: Shut up! I wasn't talking to you.

Man in the middle: I didn't say anything.

THIS ONE'S REALLY TRUE

Simple Co-ed: Would you call a train mason line, feminine, or neuter?

College Boy: Why, neuter of course.

S. C.: But what if it was a mail train?

C. B.: Well, what if it was a milk train?

The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



April 15—To the Globe theatre the night to see My Lords Davis' and Keck's company produce "My Children." Was much surprised when invited for I had thought them both bachelors. Enjoyed the preformance withal, and a clever minstrel yclept Hemings amused me, forsooth.

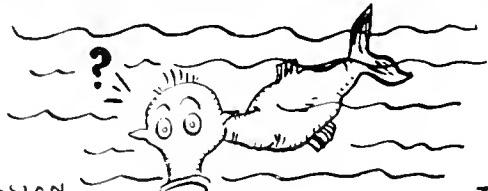
April 16—Did this night in hose and doublet of a brother to the Engineers dance, where Sir Clancy Conrad and My Lord Cook having left a window open, did enjoy myself immensely. Mentioned to a patron that I had a large acquaintance hereabouts and he smiled mirthfully at Madam Pepless. Odds bloods, what could have caused him his mirth? Well, natheless the boiler-makers did fling a mean party.

April 21—Did by invitation of a unique nature foregather this night at a so-called Gridiron banquet where certain scribes and some Pharisees had joined to chaff their betters and eke their inferiors. Listened to the chiding right merrily 'til one wight twitted me on my fondness for sack, which was in no wise funny, though the assembled hordes laughed raucously. Odds bloods and little herring I am even now attempted to put the entire affair into the hands of my solicitors. (That was a hot one on My Lord Sir "G" Huff however).

April—This night to the Globe for a performance of Sir Hal's opera, "Hootchy Koot . . ." er, er, (you say it,) anyway was right well pleased and patted Sir Hal on the shoulder for his work. My Lords Bryan and Heath had written some clever melodies which beguiled the evening which was made doubly enjoyable by the fact the tickets cost me nothing but were donated by a kind rival. I wonder if writing operas is hard work?

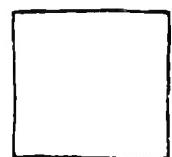
May—Well, the time approacheth when I must close my diary—though odds bloods I do long to foregather another year with Ben Johnson Davis, Sir Gerald Carson others about the emps (coffee) at the tavern an dpass the time of day, and more material things . . . but if't so hap I may not, I bid my readers good-bye (the others may . . .) and so close The Diary of Samuel Pepless.

Facts Hitherto Unknown to Science



EXPRESSION
ON FACE OF A
PRE-CAMBRIAN FLAPDOODLE ON MEETING
A SUB-MARINE LAVA FLOW.
J.

II.



FLAMINGO'S EYE-
VIEW OF THE
S AMERICAN
EQUATOR

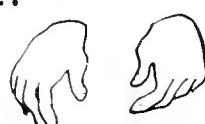
PROF. THADDEUS ARROW
INVENTOR OF COLLAR
FOR LITTLE-NECK CLAM.



IV.

MOVIE STARS HAVE DIFFICULTY IN
ARRYING HOME THE WEEK'S
STIPEND.

V.



UTENSILS FOUND TO
BE HANDY IN
"ROLLING YOUR OWN."
ALSO USED IN WORK.
(AT TIMES.)

VI.

SUGGESTED METHOD
FOR TESTING THE
WOOD-ALCOHOLIC
CONTENT OF
OBVIOUS
DRINKING
LIQUOR.



VII.

• - - - -
School of molecules pursuing yeast
bacteria thru the foam on a bottle
of home-brew.



Ring out your royal banner,
Blow the lusty castinet;
While I clarionet the story,
 Of Tibernus of Tibet,
 Of Tibernus, noble king of Tibs,
 Who, many years agone,
 Sold off his father's husband—
 Put his mother's wife in pawn.

One day while stars were falling
 About the castle yard,
I saw a stranger pause and stop
 To criticize the guard.
They sent him to the King of Tibs,
 Our old friend Tibernus:
Who napped beneath a whiffletree
 When interrupted thus,

Tibernus rousing from his dream,
 Spake loudly in his wrath:
And smote the stranger soundly,
 With a two foot piece of lath.
Then, as the stranger fainted
 When struck this fatal blow:
He shouted, "Hold your horses,
 There is one thing you should know."

But sad to say we never knew
 What he had come to say;
He died that night at midnight,
 In the hottest part of day.
And of the tale that he conveyed
 We never heard a peep.
Which shows what comes to people,
 Who wake others when asleep.

S

Her waist is greater than her life, for Life is
but a span.

S

As They Say In History:—"Ann was an efficient Queen because she was a woman."

S

It is announced that the red heads have solved the patent leather pomp problem with Mrs. Snider's Catsup.

S

"Pardon me, but did you drop your handkerchief during the last toddle?"

"Oh, I'm so embarrassed—that's my dress."



Yes, Madam, that is the only existing auto-graphed copy of that author's posthumous book.

—————S—————

Of leaves the trees are still quite bare,
No flower has yet awoke;
But Spring is here or else darn near,
A spot's replaced each toque.

—————S—————

*THE BROKEN HEART

With joy I greet the morning mail and rip the letter wide, in hope that there's a check from dad or banknotes large inside. For weeks I've lived on bread and milk, I have no coat or vest; I've hocked them and my overcoat to buy a place to rest. The money that I got from home has left on girls and song, unless I get another check I cannot get along. With hopes on high I open wide each envelope I get, there is no solace for myself, there is no check as yet. Alas, alack, fate racks my heart, from home I get a jerk, the old man writes in fiendish glee 'why don't you go to work'?

*Editor's Note—The author has life insurance and is not afraid of Walt Mason.



THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

I love the golden sun-set.

As day is nightward sped.

I love the blue of summer skies,

But Oh! yon "Dago Red."

—S—

In days of old when knights were bold,

Each man he went a wooing,

But Now-a-day it doesn't pay:

There's really too much sueing.

—S—

At the phone: Hello, hello, who is this?

At the other end: How in hell do I know? I
can't see you.

NO LONGER TRUE PERHAPS

It may be a coincidence, but you never hear that old song "They're Wearing Them Higher In Hawaii" any more.

—S—

If "life is but an idle fancy", we certainly can't say much for the wordly consequence of a bird who wears a corduroy vest and uses a three foot cigarette holder.

—S—

First Souse: Shay lend me a dollar?

Second Same: Sure, here it is.

First S: What's this for? You don't owe me any money.

PLAYS OF THE MONTH

Mask and Bauble presented "Our Children," by Anspacher, at the Illinois theatre, on April 16th and 17th.

In justice to club, players, and coach, this production must be credited as one highly successful, from the viewpoint both of audience and players. A sob, floating from audience to stage during the last act during Willy Engel's speech to his daughter, tells the story of the success of this play. It was not the only sob of the evening,—and there was also much smiling, much laughter.

This sob may be considered a fair criterion, for, when a student production can bring real tears and real sobs from a student audience and with all due respect to a student audience it cannot be denied that it loves to laugh—it seems fair to praise it as unusual.

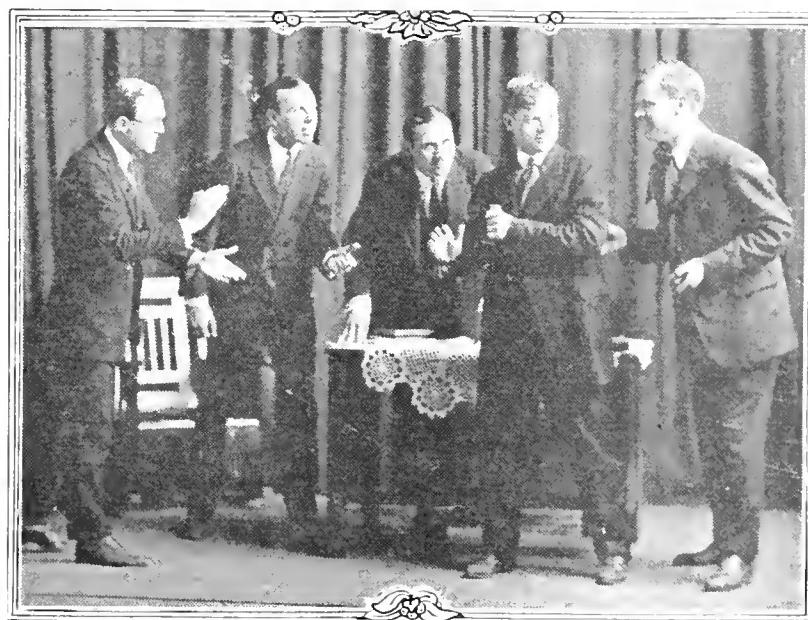
This credit must go to Ed. Henning, playing the part of old Engel, with this qualification: that behind all successful acting is successful directing. Behind Henning we find Mrs. Gille.

Let us look at Mrs. Gille a moment, and then perhaps realize how student casts are moulded into the field of professionalism.

"Come, come, COME! I simply cannot put up with this mudding of lines any longer. You must get those lines right away. Now! We'll do that over again!" Then:

"Sofie, you must get that smile off your face. How in the world can you put that part over if you laugh when you are supposed to be dead serious? I CAN'T have you laughing all the time. NOW STOP IT!"

These two bits of driving are but samples of the mould used. Many other moulds are used by Mrs. Gille; sympathy and kindness are among them in abundance. However, this is behind the scenes. We saw it from the balcony. It was a good show.



On the nights, April 29 and 30, and the afternoon of the 30th, The Pierrots of the Illinois Union presented "Caonchone," (pronounced koo-chic the posters told us) to well filled and enthusiastic houses. The 1921 student opera "went over."

Credit belongs to "Hal" Beardsley the writer of the book and lyrics for a clever story and lifting, witty lines for the songs. For the music we have "Jinks" Bryan and "Bill" Heath to thank. For the direction of the play, Neil Moore of New York and points in all directions therewith.

In spots the masculinity of the feminine characters detracted from the real merit of the lines and music. Clever acting abounded however and all members of the cast are to be congratulated. The "prize" comedian of the show is however to be taken aside and given lessons. He overacts and plays to the audience to the detriment of the piece.

But withal the play was eminently successful and was worth the production, and it brought a neat return to the student union . . . which as "they" say, "ain't to be sneezed at!"

— S —

The Engineers gathered at a real party April 16 when the greater portion of the school turned out for the annual Engineering dance. Decorations, music and refreshments combined to make it one of the best events of the season, with the least appreciable amount of formality showing. The committee in charge should be marked for further use by the University, it has a way of getting things across.

— S —

Pinky is a speedy boy. Why ten minutes after he has met a girl he can kiss her.

She: "What takes him so long?"

The Best from the Rest

"What sort of people are Bill's ancestors?"

"Oh, they are cheap skates."

"I thought they came across in the Mayflower."

"They did, but that's the last time they did."—*J. E. D.*

—*Brown Jug.*

—S—

ER-ER-ER-NICE WEATHER!

"Do you believe women should exercise their rights?"

"Well, I believe in exercise, but I don't think it should be one-sided."—*Widow.*

—S—

Judge—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?"

Witness—Yes, your honor, that is where I met him. —*Burr.*

—S—

"I just bought a Ford." "I got a Rolls-Royce."

"That's a good car, too isn't it?"

—*Bystander aLondon.*

—S—

"Why did they put Bob out of the game?"

"For holding."

"Oh, isn't that just like Bob!"

—*Virginia Reel.*

—S—

"Shay, offisher, where's the corner?"

"You're standing on it."

"Sno wonder I couldn't find it."

—*Puppet.*

—S—

Stage Struck Maiden (after trying her voice)—Do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Stage Director—Well, it might come in handy in case of fire.

—*Augwan*

—S—

"There is something new under the sun," sighed the fond mother as she sewed another patch upon the pants of her offspring.

—*Widow.*

He: You look better dressed than I have ever seen you before.

She: Thanks for the compliment.

He: Oh, I'm not complimenting you. —*Scalper.*

—S—

"That's just like a woman," said the tourist, as he looked at the statue of Venus de Milo.—*Refl.*

—S—

Ta-ra

Mr. H.....—Are you a candidate for the band?

Frosh—Of course.

Mr. H.....—What instrument do you play?

Frosh.—Let's see what you've got. —*Jester.*

—S—

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this quart while I tie my shoestring." —*Lyre.*

—S—

Heeh—"Would you like to hear the theory of Kissing?"

Shee—"No; I only care for applied sciences." —*Sun Dial.*

—S—

FOLLOW COPY

Editor—Have you ever read proof?

Frosh—No, who wrote it?

—*Jester.*

—S—

THE GRANITE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

1st Frosh—I don't think that psychology exams was a real test of mental ability.

2nd Frosh—I was below the average, too. —*Jack o' Lantern.*

—S—

Maggie—The garbage man is here, sor.

Professor (from deep thought) —My! My! tell him we don't want any. —*Tiger.*

[26]

PROVIDENCE !

"George, dear," whispered his intended one, "isn't it wonderful, this love of ours? True we are not rich in worldly goods as men count wealth, and yet with such a love as we bear for each other we could live on bread and water."

"Ah, yes," sighed George, shaken with emotion. "You furnish the bread, dearest, and I will skirmish around and somehow find the water." —*Gargoyle.*

—S—

"My, but 'sh foggy," remarked the envied gentleman as he tried to maneuver through a frosted glass window. —*Sun Dodger.*

—S—

TWO TICKETS, PLEASE

He—"Do you believe in free love?"

She—"No. Take me to a movie first." —*Friol.*

—S—

A LITTLE COTTON TALE

Kitty: Really, I seldom cross my feet in a street car.

Katty: I hardly ever wear silk ones either. —*Sun dial.*

—S—

"Do sit down, man. There's a limit even to respect."

"It isn't respect, sir. It's a boil." —*Jack o' Lantern.*

—S—

Love is noon on a sun dial—but marriage is seven A. M. on an alarm clock. —*Brown Jug.*

—S—

"Aren't you losing flesh lately?"

"Yes, I've bought a safety razor." —*Carnegie Puppet.*

—S—

Caller—Would you scream if I kissed you?

Staller—I suppose you flatter yourself that I'd be speechless with joy. —*Lord Jeff.*



PERSISTENT

That's the seventh time that young man has passed our house.

Then why don't you come away from the window?

Not likely. I don't see why I should give in first.

—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid)

—S—

Irate Mother: "What do you mean, sir, by kissing my daughter last night?"

The lad: "That's what I've been trying to figure out ever since I saw her this morning."

—*Sun Dodger*.

—S—

She: (kissing him again): You know I never do this to anyone else.

He (absently): So my friends tell me. —*Purple Cow*.

HOPELESSLY GROUNDED

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the millionaire.

"It would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."

—*Boston Transcript*

—S—

"That's a hell of a note," remarked the impresario as the diva took a mighty gulp and pounced savagely on a high E.

—*Jack o' Lantern*.

—S—

His name was B. V. Dyer. He signed his initials B. V. D. on her dance program.

"Ah—you don't mind, do you," she cooed, "if I call you Teddy?"

—*Wampus*.

THE SEX

Yale—Did you ever hear that one about the minister and the chorus girl?

Vassar—No?

Yale—It's nice and rough.

Vassar—Well you needn't tell me any of your nasty stories.—Unless you want to. —*Jester*.

—S—

STRAIGHT DOPE

'21—A good deal depends on your luck in poker.

'23—Not at all; rather, your luck depends on a good deal.

—*Jester*.

—S—

QUITE A PICTURE

She—Father bought a Rubens when we were in Europe last fall.

He—Really! What wheel-base?

—*Burr*.



STRANGE that Stetson alone seems able to interpret the smartness and high distinction of the current style.

You have only to pull a Stetson snugly down on the forehead and look at yourself in the mirror to see what we mean.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
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STETSON

*Got an Illinois
Pennant for
your room?*

*If you failed to select one of the new
Illinois Pennants we have just received,
Come and get yours—*

*Every loyal Illinois student should
have one of these pennants—the cost
is but a trifle—*

**—THE—
CO-OP STORE**

Everything for the Student—
On the square

MURAD

The Turkish Cigarette

We go 6000 miles for the
Turkish tobacco used in Murad—Why?

Because—Turkish has a taste—Turkish has a mildness—Turkish has a delight—far beyond all cigarette tobaccos of all other lands—

Murad gives you real enjoyment, and true delight such as no Tobacco other than 100% Pure Turkish Tobacco can give.

Facts—Facts—FACTS—!

Tens of thousands of smokers—tens of thousands of times—have PROVEN this—

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It' Not a 1921 Home if You Have an 1891 Basement

Is your basement equipped with modern, sanitary laundry tubs, hot and cold water, and a drainage system that keeps it dry?

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Come in or phone us for full information about our modern plumbing and heating system.

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IS THERE A REASON WHY

Knees rhymes with breeze?
Bliss rhymes with kiss?
Strife rhymes with wife?
Spoon rhymes with moon?
Peach rhymes with beach?

—*Show Me,*

—S—

"Jack, do you still love me?
You haven't asked me to marry
you for two weeks."

"Why, Marian, I wouldn't ask
anybody to marry me for two
weeks." —*Yale Record.*

—S—

"Last evening, sir, I distinctly
saw my daughter sitting in your
lap. What explanation have you
to make?"

"I got here early, sir—before
the others." —*Judge.*

—S—

"Say, I want two girls for the
dance, and I want 'em bad."

—*Ocelopus.*

*We're here to
serve you*

Ostrand's

Third Street
Delicatessen

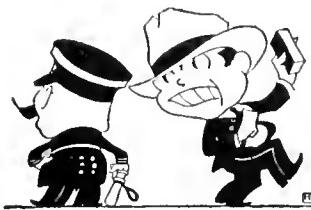
*"The little store
with the big eats"*

*"Keep her sweet
with candy"*

MOSI-OVER

On Green Street

"How I saved a policeman's life"



EVEN THE eggs.
 WERE TIRED that morning.
 AND THE coffee.
 DIDN'T FOOL me one bit.
 BUT WHEN after breakfast.
 MY CIGARETTE tasted awfnl.
 IT WAS too much.
 AND A grouch started.
 AND WALKING to work.
 I SWORE off smoking.
 AND DECIDED to fire.
 MY OFFICE boy.
 BUT JUST before I decided.
 TO KILL a policeman.
 A MAN passed me.
 SMOKING A cigarette.
 AND SAY but the smoke.
 THAT DRIFTED back.
 DID SMELL good.
 AND I followed him.
 INTO A store.
 HE THREW down two dimes.

AND SAID "The same."
 AND SO did I.
 AND SO I'm still smoking.
 AND STILL keep that.
 OFFICE BOY and I let that.
 HANDSOME POLICEMAN live.
 AND I'M going to boost.
 THAT MAN I followed.
 FOR PRESIDENT or something.
 FOR REALLY those cigarettes.
 DO SATISFY.



JUST a whiff of that spicy aroma of fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos will make you hungry for this "satisfy" smoke. There are blends and blends, but none like this one. Chesterfield's blend is a secret and it cannot be copied.

They Satisfy **Chesterfield**
CIGARETTES

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Air-Tight Tins of 50
Ask your dealer to show you the new vacuum-sealed tins of 50 Chesterfields. A compact, convenient and absolutely AIR-TIGHT packing—the cigarettes keep fresh indefinitely.

*The Best in
Ice Creams, Malted and
Confectionery*

Schuler Bros. Confectionery

No. 9 Main Street

*We are now
serving fresh strawberries
shipped direct to us
from Florida*

Try a Sundae

THE YOUNG AMERICAN **\$\$\$\$\$**

Medico: "You have the measles my boy, so you must stay away from school and go to bed."

Y. A.: "But, doc, what'll you give me to go to school and spread it?" —*Virginia Reel.*

Percy: "How would you—aw like to own—a—a little puppy, Miss Dowley?" "This is so sudden, Percy!" —*Detroit News.*

—S—

John did not come straight home. Hence he did not come home straight. The towering form of his wife loomed above him, as his stumbling shoeless feet sought the steps.

"Drunk again," she said caustically.

"Hooray, m'dear," he replied cheerfully, "So'm I!"

—*Sun Dial.*

—S—

Papa: Daughter! Daughter! isn't that young man gone yet.

Daughter: No, father, but I've got him going. —*Chaparral.*

—S—

He: Would you like a book or a kiss for your birthday?

She: Well, I have lots of books, now. —*Voo Doo.*

—S—

Cheek is Cheek

I love your eyes,
I love your lips,
I love the gentle way you speak,
But when you say:
"Come kiss me, dear,"
Oh, lady, then I love your cheek.

—*Sun Dial.*

Kant C

See WUESTEMAN

Eye Helper— it isn't as if it would cost you anything—a little time is all I ask—glasses only if you need them—and then too: prices for glasses are reasonable—not fancy.

WUESTEMAN

Eye Sight Specialist

CHAMPAIGN

PRIDE

Excited Frosh (to surrounding throng of admirers)—Yes, sir, the 'varsity fullback spoke to me, going down to the train.

Skeptic—What did he say?

Frosh—Get the hell out of the way, will you? —*Burr.*

WE THANK YOU

Thinking this may be the last issue we want to thank you one and all for backing the

White Line
LAUNDRY

The way you have

"The favorite"



The ORIGINAL

Ideal food-drink during
mental and physical training

Relieves the fatigue of study and exercise—A condensed "training-table" of concentrated nutrition that strengthens, refreshes and invigorates. Satisfying and economical as a daily quick luncheon. Keep a jar in your room.

Get "Horlick's the Original" at the fountain—costs no more and has the DELICIOUS QUALITY that imitations lack.

WHY NOT?
"You'd better lengthen those skirts, Marie."

"Uh?"

"Gentlemen are apt to mistake you for a little girl and take you on their laps."

"Well?" — *Judge.*

— — S — —

MODERN LIFE

"Go choose a wife and settle down."

My father said to me,

I thought a while and then I asked him,

"Whose wife shall it be?"

Sun Dodger.

— — S — —

"It's a new one on me," said the sorority house davenport as the president led in her new date.

— — S — —

Lovers in the hall-way;
Papa on the stair;
Bull-dog on the front porch
Music in the air.
— *Cornell Widow.*

Kodak Finishing Mail Service

During the Summer,
Mail Your Film in
At any Time. Open
All Summer.

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The Home of Good Photo Finishing
Watch our window for Event Pictures

AT THE BANK

Souse (producing roll): "What (hic) can I get for this?"

Teller:—"Four per cent."

Souse (handing over roll):—"Good by! Wrap up' the whole works." — *Panther.*

— — S — —

*You may perfume your breath
With clove, if you will,
But the scent of the moonshine
Will stick to it still.*

— *Virginia Reel.*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY DENTAL SCHOOL

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BOTH GAME

Tony—(mischievously)—"I promise you I shall never kiss you!"

Toinette—(with surprise)—"Do you always keep your promises?"

Tony—(with mock dignity)—"Well, I keep within the law."

— *Rutgers Neilson.*

— — S — —

"What progress are you making toward matrimony, Edith?"

"Well, Uncle, I'm on my fifth lap." — *Minnesota Footscap.*

— — S — —

Gip:—Did you notice that girl I was with last night? She's the daughter of the cash register king.

Gap:—What's her name?

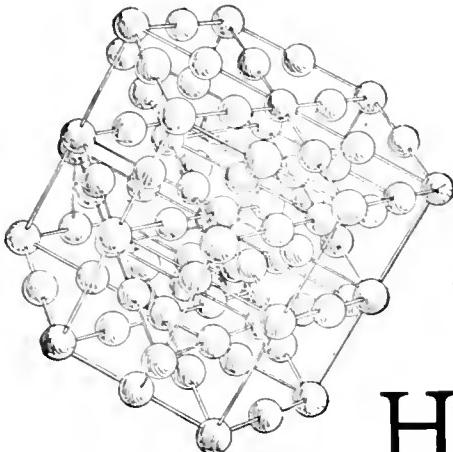
Gip—Tillie. — *Sun Dodger.*

— — S — —

She: This is the first time I've ever been kissed by a man.

He: That's sort of a slam at the rest of 'em, isn't it?

— *Jack o' Lantern.*



Who Was Moseley?

HE was a young Oxford man, only twenty-seven when he was killed at Gallipoli. Up to his time, man had never seen the inside of an atom. He turned the X-rays on matter—not figuratively but literally—and made them disclose the skeleton of an atom just as certainly as a surgeon makes them reveal the positions of the bones of the body. Moseley proved that all atoms are built up of the same kind of matter. He saw, too, just why an atom of copper is different from an atom of gold.

Atoms are built up of electrons. Each atom consists of a nucleus, a kind of sun, with a certain number of electrons grouped about it, like planets. Moseley actually counted the number of electrons of all the metals from aluminum to gold.

When you discover what gold is made of or a new fact about electricity, you open up new possibilities for the use of gold or electricity. For that reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the "how" of things—atoms and electrons, for instance—as they are with mere applications of the electric current.

Hence Moseley's work has been continued in the Research Laboratories, with the result that more has been learned about matter. How does water freeze? What is lead? Why are lead, iron, gold and tungsten malleable? Such questions can be answered more definitely now than ten years ago. And because they can be answered it is possible to make more rapid progress in illumination, in X-ray photography, in wireless telegraphy, and in electrical engineering as a whole.

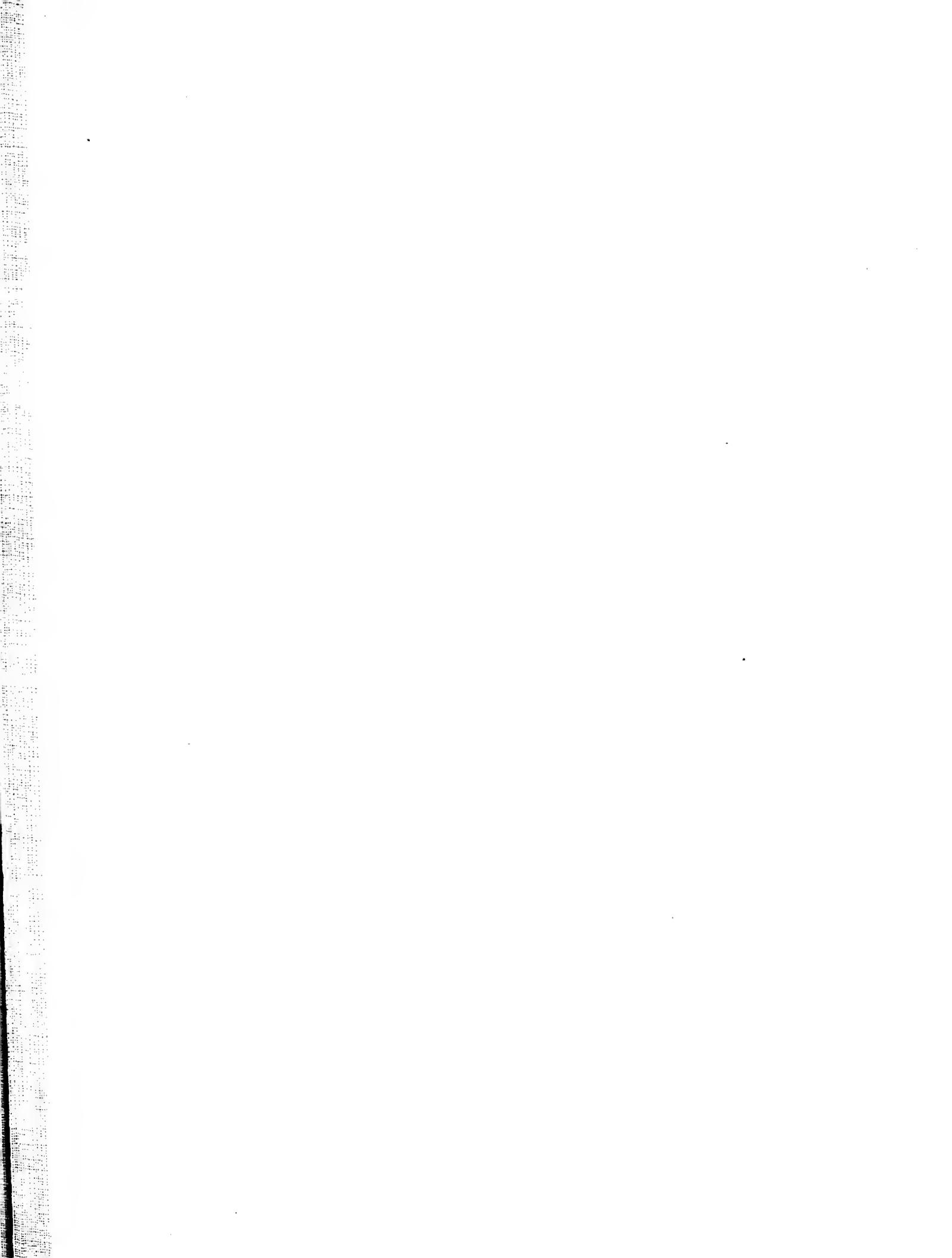
There would have been no coal-tar industry without the vast amount of research conducted in organic chemistry, and no electro-chemical industry without such work as Sir Humphrey Davey's purely scientific study of an electric current's effect on caustic potash and caustic soda. Sooner or later research in pure science always enriches the world with discoveries that can be practically applied. For these reasons the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company devote so much time to the study of purely scientific problems.

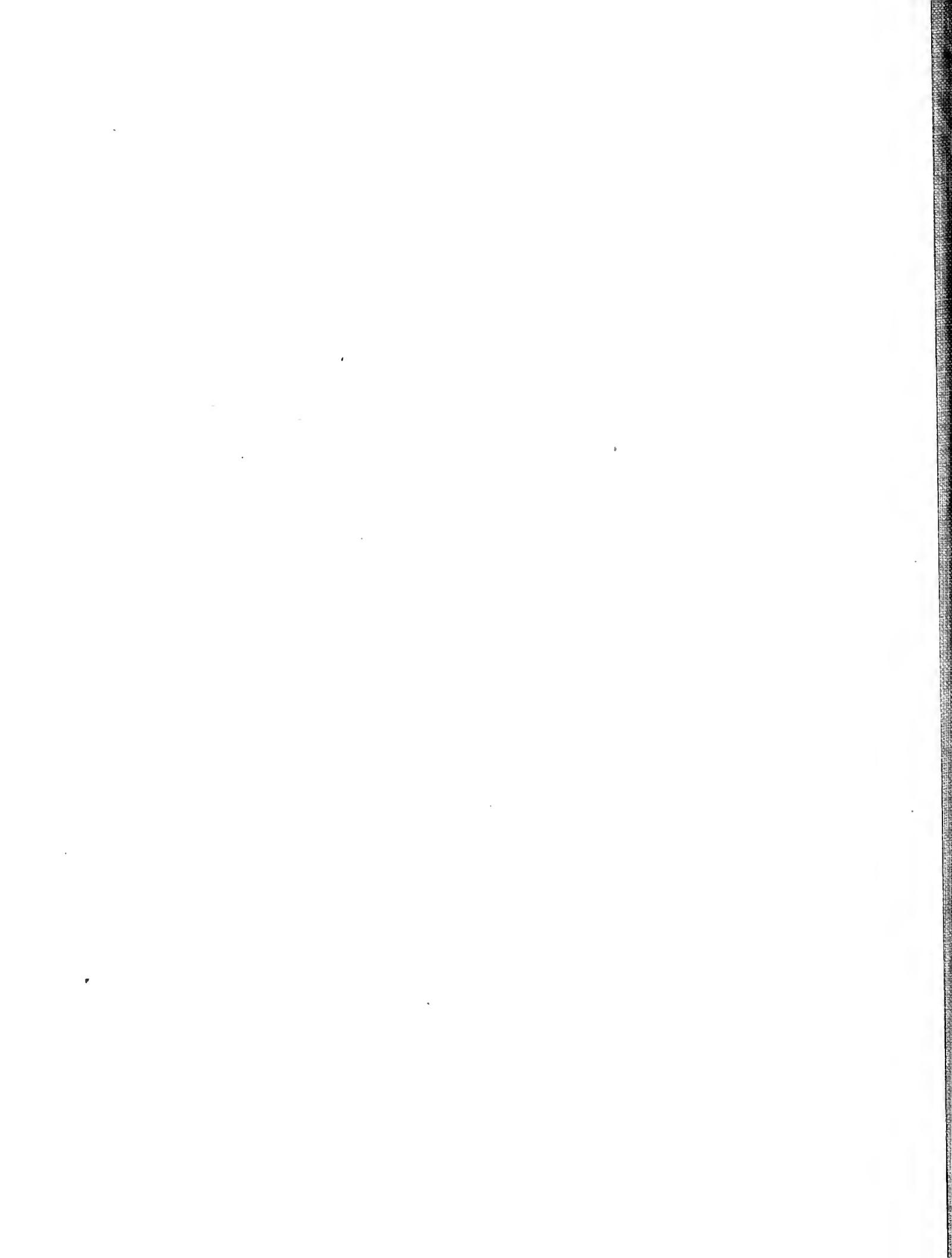
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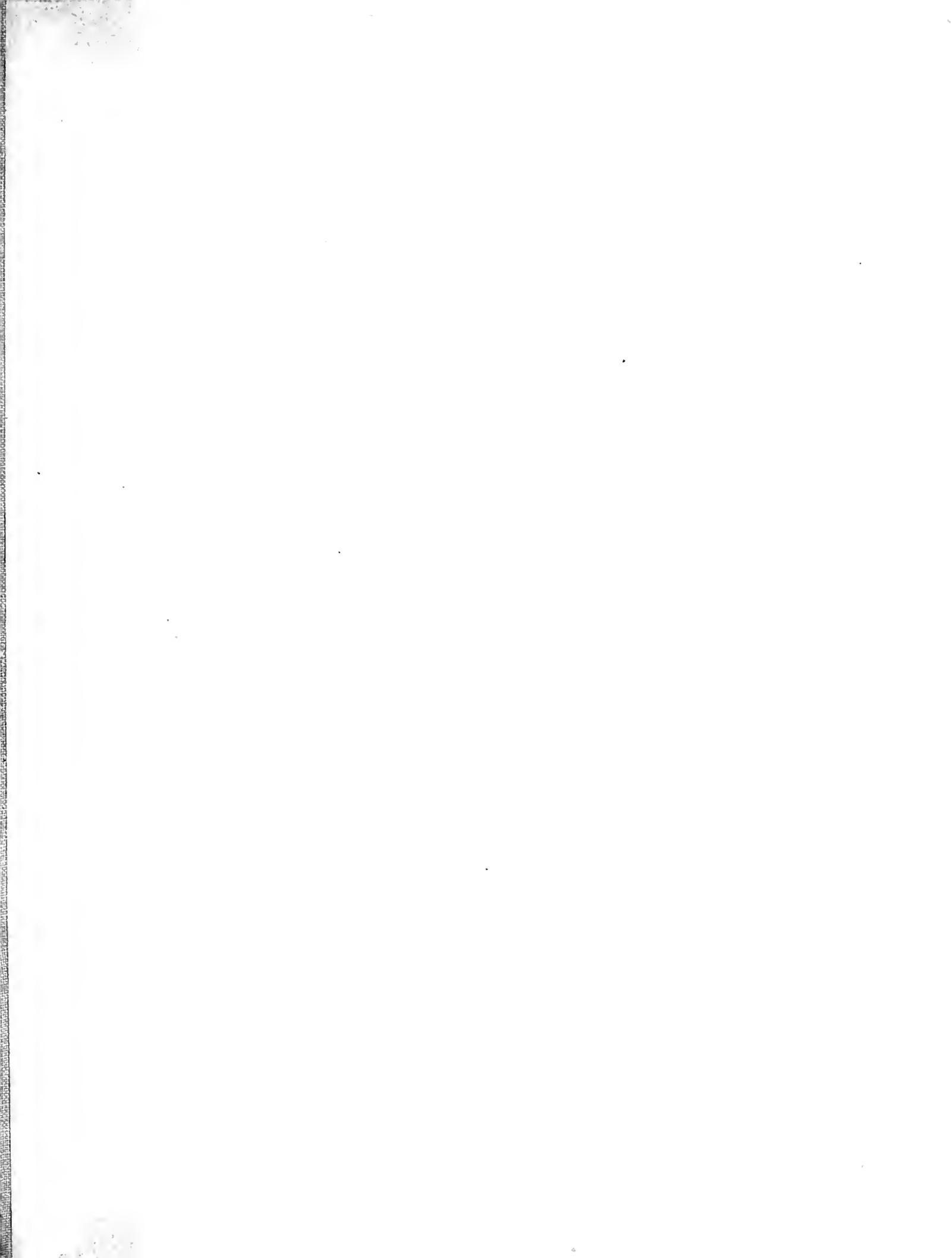


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